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See page 197.

*It is Thyself!*

Published as the Act directs Jan.y 1.1799, by Murray & Highly 32 Fleet Street.

# ROMANCES;

SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED,

A

## MODERN ROMANCE.

BY

I. D'ISRAELI.

Isaac Disraeli

*LONDON:*

PRINTED FOR MURRAY AND HIGHLEY,

FLEET-STREET.

1801.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

IN the former edition of theſe Romances, it was mentioned that, the hints of the tale of Mejnoun and Leila, were derived from a Perſian MS. ſplendidly illuminated, and preſerved among the literary treaſures of my learned and valued friend Francis Douce, Eſq. I have ſince been favoured by Sir William Ouſeley, with a Perſian Poem, edited by the late Sir William Jones. The Preface offers ſome intereſting information relative to this celebrated love ſtory.

Sir William Jones obſerves, that there are no leſs than eleven or twelve poems on the ſtory of Leila and Mejnoun. The tale itſelf is extremely ſimple, and the more affecting becauſe it is TRUE; for Kais, who became frantic from diſappointed love, and thence had the ſurname of Mejnoun, was a moſt accompliſhed and

amiable youth; the ſon of an Arabian Chief, in the firſt age of the Mohammedan Empire. Fragments of his poetry are ſtill repeated with rapture, and the beſt works of the Perſians abound in alluſion to his unfortunate paſſion. Leila was the daughter of a neighbouring Chief, and was alſo eminently accompliſhed; yet ſhe had no tranſcendant beauty in any eyes but thoſe of her lover. She had a ſwarthy complexion, and was of low ſtature; an Arabian Poet addreſſing her, ſaid—Art thou the damſel for whom the loſt Mejnoun became a wanderer in the deſert? Thou ſurpaſſeſt not other girls in beauty.—She replied—Be ſilent! for thou art not Mejnoun!

From the repeated peruſal of the poem of theſe lovers, Sir William Jones aſſures us, he continued to receive the greateſt delight; and ſhould the whole poem ever be tranſlated into Engliſh, he recommends a verſion in modulated proſe, in preference to rhimed couplets.

The hiſtory of MEJNOUN and LEILA is as popular in the Eaſt, as the loves of ABELARD

and ELOISA, or thoſe of PETRARCH and LAURA in the Weſt. But from my narrative the reader can form no idea of the Perſian Poems; I have, indeed, been enabled to preſerve the few romantic incidents which form their hiſtory, and have interwoven into the poetical pieces fragments of Perſian poetry. I have employed great attention on the local deſcriptions, for they were ſuſceptible of ſome novelty. But for the grace, or the diſgrace, of the compoſition, I alone am reſponſible; I adopted a diction which ſome have as fervidly approved, as others, I am told, have as coldly condemned; it is a ſtyle, with as much of the freedom, the colouring, and the ſpirit of poetry, as proſe when exquiſitely wrought will certainly allow. I ſincerely confeſs that I am an indifferent artiſt; but talents far more exalted than mine, would fail to delight thoſe imaginations, which have a coldneſs in them, like a froſt in ſpring.

Sir William Ouſeley, whoſe verſions of ſome Perſian poetry are compoſed in a proſe melodious and elegant, would confer on the world of taſte, a gift of novelty and delight, in diver

fifying

fifying his more learned labours by a verſion of Hatifi's poem. The great blemiſh of Perſian poetry conſiſts in ſome harſh metaphors, remote conceits, and play on words; while theſe are eaſily avoided, it will be found that there is no poetical character of which they are not in poſſeſſion; in the epic grandeur of Firdauſi and Nizami; the philoſophic poetry of Sadi; the Anacreontic vein of Hafez; and the elegiac tenderneſs of Jami.

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# MEJNOUN AND LEILA,

THE

# ARABIAN PETRARCH AND LAURA.

## PART THE FIRST:

*An Arab Chieftain—A Perſian Student—The Lovers—A Perſian Garden and a Kioſque or Summer Apartment—A poetical Deſcription of the Land of Caſhmere—The Lovers ſeparated—A Perſian Ode to Spring—Kais diſguiſes himſelf as a Mevleheh Derviſe; a Coffee-ſeller; and a Perfumer—The Emir ſurpriſes the Lovers, and Kais is brought back to his Father—He eſcapes into the Deſert deliriouſly by Moonlight.*

WHERE YEMEN, or Arabia the happy, borders on Arabia the deſert, (1.) among the BEDOWEENS, or paſtoral Arabs, Ahmed Kais was a diſtinguiſhed Schieck. His numerous tents were ſtretched through many a green valley, while his innumerous herds told the traveller, their maſter was now old, and in peace with the world. Ahmed in youth had been a predatory adventurer; Want had conducted him to Opulence, and Valour to Power: but in his Opulenoe there was no avarice, and in his Power there was no tyranny. His former life had conſiſted but of two kinds of days, the days of council and the days of combat; the hoſpitable man now found no other than feſtal days. Unknown to fame during his erratic youth, when



(1.) This and the ſubſequent numbered Notes are placed at the end of this Romance.

his virtues became ſtationary, his magnanimous ſoul diffuſed itſelf in the domeſtic enchantments of peace; nor with the penurious feeling of age, was he negligent of that creative benevolence, which is felt by the next generation. Old as he was, he ſtill planted young trees; and, full of glory, he ſtill ſought for ſolitary ſpots to open new fountains. He was deſcribed by the poets to be bountiful as the rains of ſpring, warm as the ſun, and cheerful as the moon.

Ahmed, without offspring, ſighed to perpetuate himſelf in his deſcendants; and mourned to think that the populous felicity his princely hand had created, ſhould be diſperſed with his laſt breath. At length he had a ſon, the ſolitary hope of his tribe. To this cheriſhed child he ſought to give all that inſtruction can communicate, and all that humanity can feel. Tell me, he would exclaim, where the prince can diſcover a ſage, and majeſty ſhall proſtrate itſelf before wiſdom!

The revered name of the Effendi Lebid, the Perſian ſtudent, reached the ear of the Arabian chief. Lebid had choſen the tranquillity of retirement; and when his name became every where celebrated, his perſon was unknown. He might have been ſeated with indolent glory in the chair of the royal Medraſſeh* at Iſpahan, but he preferred to interrogate Nature in a ſublime Solitude. In the plains of Shinaar he had accurately meaſured a degree of the great circle of the earth; on the ſhores of the Boſphorus

* An Academy.

Boſphorus he had taught the deſpiſed inhabitants the arts of an invaluable fiſhery, and the voice of population broke along thoſe ſolitary ſkies. In benighted deſerts he diſcovered a path for the caravan, by the guidance of a friendly ſtar; and the ſame eye that traced the courſe of a ſtar, watched the growth of a flower. He gave to chemiſtry the alembic which ſtill retains its Arabian extraction in its name. He had compoſed one of the Moallakat, or poems ſuſpended in the temple of Mecca, and Arabia was delighted by the novelty of his diction, which was a fine uniſon of picture and of melody. He enriched the copiouſneſs of the Arabic, by the delicacy of the Perſian, and the fire of the Turkiſh muſe; and received the ſecret graces and the fine conceptions of his favourite poets, as iron often, attracted by the loadſtone, catches ſome particles of the magnetic influence; and in touching the magnet becomes itſelf a magnet.

Such was the Effendi Lebid, to whoſe Perſian academy reſorted thoſe young Arabians who were ambitious of acquiring Perſian literature, and habituating themſelves to Perſian urbanity. Kais, the ſon of Ahmed, proved a pupil worthy of the preceptor. About the ſame time, and nearly of the ſame age, was there placed the lovely Leila, the only daughter of an Emir. (2.)

The Effendi diſcovered in theſe early aſſociated children that facility of diſpoſition which at once characteriſes genius, and a tender heart. Soon, without rivals in the academy, each was attracted

to the other by a mutual admiration. Leila inſtructed herſelf by fondly repeating the leſſons of Kais, and Kais taught himſelf to retain whatever charmed Leila. With eaſy grace the ſtudious youth diſcloſed the moſt ſolemn truths, while the more touching and delicate ideas were diſcriminated by the quick ſuſceptibility of Leila. They loved to mingle in the ſame taſks, and in the arts of imagination their gentle ſpirits perpetuated their fineſt emotions. The verſe of Kais gave a new exiſtence to their moſt delicious ſenſations; from the wild intonations of Leila he often caught the air he compoſed; and when they united to paint the ſame picture, it ſeemed as if the ſame eye had directed the ſame hand.

They ſaw each other every day, and were only ſenſible to this pleaſure. Their mutual ſtudies became ſo many interchanges of tenderneſs. Every day was contracted to a point of time; months rolled away on months, and their paſſage was without a trace; a year cloſed, and they knew it but by its date. Already the firſt ſpark of love opened the heart of Kais; already he ſighed near the tender form of Leila; already he liſtened for her voice when ſhe ceaſed to ſpeak, while her ſoft hand, paſſing over his own, vibrated through his ſhivering nerves.

Endearment was his occupation. He loved to conſider himſelf as her ſlave, and playfully intreated to be chided by her charming voice. In the winter, as ſhe ſat beſide him, he burned the

coſtly

coſtly wood of aloes, and hung around perfumed tapers. The nails of her fingers he tinted with the ſofteſt bluſh of the roſe, and drew the dark line of the brilliant ſurmeh* under her lids, which gave her eyes a ſhining and tremulous languor. He ſprinkled the ottar-gul†, more precious than fluid gold, on her tiſſued caftan‡. He pounded rubies to cover her rich confection, (3.) and infuſed in her repaſt the ſeed of the poppy, that ſhe might enjoy light ſlumbers, and awake with eyes luminous with pleaſure, and a glowing cheek that bore the ſoft veſtige of a ſoft dream.

In ſummer he blended the Turkiſh magnificence with the Perſian amenity. In his garden he had raiſed a fountain paved with the verdurous jaſper, and adorned with pillars of the red porphyry, and leading up the waters over maſſes of white marble, they lightly tumbled along, flinging their ſpray in a ſoft caſcade. Near its cooling murmurs he built a pleaſant KIOSQUE§. The water from the fountain was conveyed into conchs, fixed in the gilded fret-work of the cieling, and now melodiouſly chimed along, and now fell daſhing from ſhell to ſhell. The columns were embelliſhed with moral ſentences

* An impalpable powder employed for this purpoſe. Lady Montague diſlikes the roſe colour with which the Orientals tinge their nails.

† Gul is roſe; ottar is eſſence.

‡ A robe.

§ A banquetting or ſummer apartment.

ſentences from the Koran; while through the green trelliſes he had ſo thickly woven a living tapeſtry of vines, of woodbines, of paſſion-flowers, and the triple-coloured roſes of Perſia, that the tender obſcurity of its chaſtiſed light threw over the garden-pavilion ſomething like enchantment. Often our lovers felt there the charm of a delicious reverie, amidſt the flowers, the waters, and the ſhades.

In this retreat he preſented her with ſherbets covered with ſnows, and flavoured with the diſtilled dews of roſes; and ſpread before her thoſe pomegranates whoſe impalpable kernels diſſolved at the touch in a refreſhing and dulcet water*. His garden exhauſted the ſplendid year of the Perſian Flora, and through the umbrageous wilderneſs of flowers the eye could not find a paſſage to eſcape. Arbours, fountains, grottos, fruit-trees, and a labyrinth of walks, were all thrown together in a playful confuſion. Beautiful ſpot! where no other regret was known than the thought of quitting thee!

Seated in the Kiosque, they would read the Perſian Tales. The tender eyes of Leila were ſometimes for a moment fixed on Kais, while a warm modeſt ſuffuſion coloured his ingenuous cheek. What taſte thou haſt diſplayed, Kais, (would Leila ſay) in the compoſition of this delicious

* Chardin ſays, "Il y en a, dont le pepin eſt ſi tendre, qu'on ne le ſent preſque pas ſous le dent."

licious ſcene; and how thou charmeſt me with thy tales! Thou makeſt my hours ſo pleaſant! Ah! what were life without romances and without a garden! Indeed, Leila, (would Kais reply) I have done little more than borrow hints from Nature. The earth has been at once my canvaſs and my colours; and I have made it my PICTURE. Where I found an amiable ſcenery, I opened the ſoliciting luxuriance; where, an embowering ſhade, I placed a ſeat; and where Nature wantoned with irregular fancies, I was careful not to baulk the charming caprice: I have drawn no ſtrait lines, no formal ſquares, no ſmooth inſipidities. The heart, Leila, claims one ſpot in this univerſe for its attachment; let it be an embelliſhed garden, and rich fields of cotton and rice ſhall never cauſe me a ſigh." Thou art right, Kais; in a garden its labours are concealed by its pleaſures, and Art, which has touched every thing, never points its viſible finger. The ſenſes feel nothing but enjoyment. And I do think that gardens are favourable to lovers; for thou mayeſt obſerve how, in thy tales, it is ever in a garden that lovers converſe with extreme tenderneſs. True, replied Kais; CASHMERE, the land of love, is one wondrous garden. It is haunted by the delicate forms of the PERI, "gay creatures of the element," whoſe pure natures are created of odorous ſubſtances; who veſt themſelves in the lucidity of light; adorn their heads with rainbow hues; bathe in the dews of the morning; and touch nothing more groſs than the

vapour of fragrance. It is ſaid, that ſhould a lovely Peri ſuffer one drop of her ambroſial ſaliva to fall on the earth, no human ſenſe could live in the poignancy of its perfume. (4.) I have heard much (ſaid Leila) of Caſhmere; doſt thou believe that the place exiſts? Aſſuredly it does; but who equals Leila? I have never ſeen a Peri! Thou knoweſt it is difficult to gain admittance there; a happy man, who once did, gave me this deſcription of the Paradiſe of Love.

## THE LAND OF CASHMERE. (5.)

BELOVED CASHMERE! as far as proud CATHAY
Light fall thy odorous ſhowers, thy ſun-lights play. (6.)
Fair EARTH! they break in hills, and ſcoop in vales!
Fair HEAVEN! whoſe ſparkling azure, Beauty hails!
A muſic wild thy wandering waters pour
By coral banks, and many a glowing ſhore. (7.)
O more than India rich, than Perſia fair!
Self-pleaſed, the infant Nature, wantons there!
The waning earth is young in mild CASHMERE,
And a ſoft ſummer lights its verdant year!

Gorgeous their Palaces, and light their Domes;
On terraced roofs a TULIP GARDEN blooms;
There oft, till Spring concealed, the beauties lie,
Then burſt their ranks, and ſeem to burn the ſky. (8.)
The EMERALD'S verdure, light the BRILLIANT FLOWERS;
Each blue CONVOLVOLUS, a SAPPHIRE pours;
An AMETHYST, their purple VIOLET glows;
A TOPAZED JONQUIL and a RUBIED ROSE. (9.)

So

So bright their paths, the flowers enamel here;
And light and fragrance flow along CASHMERE.

In groves of date-trees feed the CIVET RACE,
And each lone vale the love-eyed GAZELS grace.
At morn, they chace their AZURE BUTTERFLIES,
And watch, in walks of flowers, their quivering dies. (10.)
Their mimic FLUTES, the NIGHTINGALES, provoke,
Who as they chaunt within the moonlight oak,
With ruffled feathers and delirious throat,
Faint o'er the ſtrain, and die along the note.
So muſical the Woodlands of CASHMERE!
So true their BOSOMS, and ſo true their EAR!

To wake their quiet LAWNS, in foreſts tall
Is heard a high CASCADE's romantic fall.
While on their criſped LAKE the CYGNET floats,
Some drop their ſilken nets from gilded BOATS;
Some race, ſome hawk, ſome yield their ivory OAR
To Beauty's hand, an idle wave to pour;
She, as her OARS a little tumult form,
Shrieks at her ſport, and thinks the wave a ſtorm.
Thro' SUMMER NIGHTS, to charm the drowſy ear
Their light oars daſh the cool LAKE of CASHMERE.

Stretched on ſilk cuſhions, ſighing fervent Rhimes,
Their tender eyes ſome dear Romance ſublimes;
They read, and love, and call their choirs to wake
Sounds which can paint, and Motions which can ſpeak.

Light in ſome nut-tree, the CASHMERIAN YOUTH
Toils for his MISTRESS there, and ſings his truth;
She looks, his garland weaving in a bower,
And paints her ſoul in every MYSTIC FLOWER. (11.)
The pleaſant land of Love is in CASHMERE,
And NUTS and FLOWERS are all the treaſures here.

Who tells the SHAWLED BEAUTIES of thoſe bowers!
Each day their moon-light foreheads, veil'd with flowers. (12.)
Their ebon treſſes in fine knots entwin'd,
Or their fair yellow locks that catch the wind.
Thoſe hairy beams, thoſe glowing treſſes ſhed,
A ſtar of beauty round each graceful head;
And as each ringlet like an arrow darts,
All feel, all own, theſe plunderers of hearts.
They loſe their freedom for a LOCK of HAIR;
A RINGLET chains a captive in CASHMERE. (13.)

A thouſand youths, a thouſand damſels pair,
Who by their true love's BLACK EYES ſweetly ſwear; (14.)
Lovely as JOSEPH, when he bluſh'd to love;
Warm as ZULEIKHA ſighed, the boy to prove. (15.)
Call'd by a kindling ſmile, the Lover roves
Roſe-dropping bowers, and citron-breathing groves;
But ſoon he aſks a ſtill and lone repoſe;
The quiet twilight of the curtained boughs.
What can like BEAUTY, SOLITUDE, endear?
The LONELIEST SPOTS are happieſt in CASHMERE!

Though

Though many a brilliant charm adorns their Noon,
They love more dear the SOLITARY MOON;
Then half-breathed whiſpers cloſe their kiſſes ſweet,
While, through the ſhades, are ſeen their chacing feet!
Then burſts th' enchantment round! The wanderers mark
The ſhining rocks, dim vales, and arbours dark;
Some ſit retired, and ſome in dances bound,
While hollow hills their ſilver voices ſound.
No moonlight ſcene to Lovers is ſo dear,
As when its yellow light ſleeps o'er CASHMERE.

The Effendi was not inſenſible to the progreſs of a paſſion of which the lovers were too young to conceal the ſentiment, and too innocent to fear the indulgence. Age had not chilled the gentle ſoul of Lebid; he renewed a delicious remembrance of the pleaſures of his youth in thoſe of our lovers; and enjoying their happineſs, frequently for the remuneration of Kais, he decreed a kiſs from the lips of Leila.

With the aged Effendi beſide them, they would ſtroll to gather THE FIRST ROSE OF SPRING, and watch its virgin and glowing bud, and gaze in fondneſs on its maturer bloom, and ſigh with the laſt breath of its departing ſweetneſs. (16.) With roſes they wreathed the hoary head of the Effendi, and his dim eyes would then ſparkle with the lambent radiance of youth. He preſſed the young lovers to his heart, and exclaimed, looking on Leila, "Ah, to whom will the ſmiling roſebuds of

thy lips give delight! Oh ſweet branch of a tender plant, for whoſe uſe doſt thou grow*?" Are they not mine? would Kais quickly reply, while his young eyes beamed with joy. Yes, they are mine! are they not, Leila? Yes, the bluſhing maid replied; thine and the Effendi's.

The mother of Leila obſerved that when ſhe quitted the academy of the Effendi, ſhe paced penſively, with reluctant feet; but on the day of her return, ſhe was ſeen tripping as ſhe went, with opening ſmiles, and light ſteps. Leila (ſhe ſaid) will become a celebrated ſtudent; to me ſhe brings only a ſilent form embelliſhed by new graces; in the academy ſhe leaves her whole ſoul. At length the beauteous Leila ſeemed to mourn in the tents of her father, and, to concentrate her thoughts, ſought a ſolitude of palm trees. The cautious mother commanded the ſlaves, who accompanied her, to be vigilant over their miſtreſs, even to her eyes. Ah! the diſcovery was too eaſy! All was too faithfully reported to the parents of Leila. They were told how the eyes of Kais were only occupied by the face of Leila, and how Leila never wandered from his ſide; and that in a magnificent Kioſque they paſſed their evenings reciting Romances.

The father of Leila was a haughty Emir. The green turban which he wore as the deſcendant of Fatima, was inceſſantly before his eyes, and rendered his heart obdurate. He heard with indignation

* Sir William Jones.

nation of the affection of our lovers, and conſidered that the vulgarity of the blood of Ahmed was not yet purified through an age of nobility. Poetry he conceived was a diabolical magic, of which though his ſanctity and his ignorance preſerved him from the influence, he had heard was potent over the feeble heart of a woman. He recalled Leila; ſeverely reprimanded the ſufferer for cheriſhing an ignoble paſſion for a poet without a green turban; and aſſerting that no woman ſhould aſpire to be poetical: he added that terrible Perſian proverb uſed on theſe occaſions, "When the hen crows like the cock, we muſt cut its throat." (17.) He hired a Derviſe to admoniſh her of the fate of an imprudent paſſion, and to remind her of her father's green turban; but the pompous admonition was unfelt by the enamoured beauty. The learned doctor was more ſkilled in genealogy than in eloquence; he received no other reply than the warmeſt tears, which he perſiſted to ſay were no arguments.

The ſoul of Kais beat with the peculiar vehemence of genius, and he had not been long ſeparated from Leila, when he found himſelf incapacitated to purſue his ſtudies. He who, at the feet of his maſter, had ſtood with his hands folded on his breaſt, to liſten with reverence to his dictates, now voluntarily rejected the ſtudious glories of the Medraſſeh. He wandered at times in his mind, and remembered nothing of the college but the affection he felt for the regent. He neglected his food;

food; his whole frame was debilitated, and at times his actions were extravagant: at times awakening from a long reverie, he ſeemed deſirous of eſcaping from his mental irritation by the efforts of his corporeal powers. His pulſe was accelerated, his nights were ſleepleſs, and his whole frame was ſhaken by chilly fits or glowing heats. To mention even the name of Leila was dangerous. The Effendi ſent Kais to his father, and warned him of his paſſion for Leila, but Ahmed ſolemnly forbid the alliance. The Emir was haughty for the glory of his deſcent; but Ahmed was haughty becauſe he was glorious without nobility; one exulted in men extinct in their graves, and the other the living men around him.

In vain Ahmed forbid the paſſion of Kais; his nights only yielded dreams of love, and his voice only repeated amatory verſes. Every day he compoſed ſome tender poem, which was ſoon treaſured in the memories of his admiring Bedoweens. As he wandered among his tents, he liſtened to the recitation of his own verſes; the world ſeemed occupied by his paſſion. The name of Leila was echoed through a wide extent of country, and the poliſhed poetry of Kais then promiſed the immortality it has ſince obtained. His eminence as a poet was known to diſtant tribes; and in her paternal impriſonment Leila liſtened with complacency to verſes painting her beauties and reſounding her virtues; the immortal rhimes wafted his eternal ſighs, and as they were carolled by the

traveller,

traveller, to her the whole world ſeemed to be the witneſſes of his affection.

One of his ſmaller poems, compoſed about this time, was the following, in which the Nightingale perſonifies the Poet:

## A PERSIAN ODE TO SPRING.

ALMOND! thy drops of light are hung *,
And the old Earth again is young!
Through the blue rejoicing ſky
Oft the laughing echoes fly!

The weſtern GALE o'er BEAUTY flows,
Whiſpering and kiſſing as he goes;
VIOLETS that weep with eyes ſo blue;
The bent NARCISSUS' languid hue;
The MYRTLE, in whoſe verdurous glow
Hangs a chaſte tuft of downy ſnow;
The JASMINE, from whoſe pallid cheeks
Rejected Love her death-tint ſeeks;
Th' ANEMONE's reſplendent breaſt,
A virgin in a bridal veſt!

Say, loitering ROSE, where haſt thou been?
Awake thy bluſh, inflame the ſcene!
Thee, all our creeping VIOLETS eye,
And kiſs thy feet, adore, and die †!

Fair

* Alluding to the *white bloſſoms* of the almond tree.

† It is well known that at the appearance of the roſes the violets begin to fade.

Fair Conqueror, mid thy armed train *,
Aſſume thy diadem, and reign!
Queen, heareſt thou not thro' every bower
The NIGHTINGALE, thy paramour?
Oft has he lift each leaf and ſighed,
Lo! on his wild wing hear him chide!

Odorous GALE, where wouldſt thou rove?
Thou beareſt the incenſe of my LOVE;
Ah, cautious in her treſſes play,
Then o'er my faint form ſlowly ſtray.
O PINE, though tall thy graceful head,
And wide thy ſtately arms are ſpread,
Yet know my LOVE is but a FLOWER,
And leſſer graces I adore.
NARCISSUS, bending to the gale,
Thou lookeſt diſconſolate and pale;
How faint thine eye! but her I weep,
Has Paſſion in an eye of ſleep!
BASIL, thou art ſweet, but ſoon
The night comes o'er thy beauty's noon;
I graſp thee, and the touch is death;
Withered, and gone thy fragrant breath!
My MISTRESS has a cheek and form,
The more I touch, the more I warm;
I preſs, more crimſon glow her cheeks!
I kiſs, her breath more muſky breaks!

Ah,

* An Arabian image. A poet, deſcribing this flower, ſays, the roſe approaches with her *army*, whoſe beauty is all-conquering.

Ah, tell me where MY LOVE does ſtray;
Three days are loſt, three days of May!
'Tis this, O ROSE, my grief renews,
To think THREE DAYS in MAY we loſe!

Ah, what were SPRING without the ROSE,
The ROSE without the NIGHTINGALE;
Without a cryſtal cup that glows
With odorous WINE, this vernal VALE!
And what thy BARD without his MAID?
Light of theſe eyes, warmth of this blood!
The Spring—were but a deſert ſhade;
And choirful Heaven—a ſolitude! (18.)

At a ſolemn banquet held in the tents of Ahmed, to celebrate the riſing geniuſes of his tribe, and at which the Effendi aſſiſted, the chief preſided. Although a military man, he patronized theſe exerciſes of genius and intellectual combats, in which Arabia gloried. He ſat on an elevated ſeat, under an umbrageous platane, ſurrounded by the judges. On each ſide were four copious vaſes filled with gold and ſilver; and as he was pleaſed, and they approved, he put his hands into the vaſes and diſtributed his rewards in proportion to the merit of each candidate. To ſome he conveyed a handful of ſilver for their encouragement; to others he meaſured his gold, to excite their emulation; while ſometimes he would riſe from his ſeat, and empty, in

quering. By the figure of *army* is meant the *thorns of the roſe*. Richardſon's Arabic Grammar.

in the rapture of pleaſure, an overflowing vaſe*. But when the public ſhouts diſtinguiſhed Kais among his peers, Ahmed ſlowly raiſed his venerable form, a tear glimmered in the old warrior's eye, while he ſaid—Alas, my friends! why do ye celebrate the glory of my ſon? Ill is the divinity of poetry obtained, if its inſpired poſſeſſor is miſerable in proportion to his glory. Ye, too cheriſhed ſenſibilities, whoſe fine point is agony! ye dwell not with peace!

Believe me, my friends, the poet, the tender poet, is like the rich perfume, which, the more it is cruſhed, the more deliciouſly yields its odours. Is Kais a ſuperior genius? Envy will darken the path of his glory. Is it not the tree luxuriant in fruit at which we throw ſtones? Ahmed, replied the Effendi, the glory of Yemen is Kais. Behold him! a herald of fame ariſes to immortalize your tribe. Already inſcribed in characters of gold, his poems are ſuſpended on the Cauba; and who, having read them, ſhall dare to place his own rhymes on the ſame column? The people echoed, Happy, thrice happy Ahmed! the verſes of Kais give grace to thy name! But Ahmed felt as a father, and dropt another tear at the glory of his ſon.

The acclamations of the people covered the declining face of Kais with one bluſh, but the pulſe of his heart throbbed with a tumultuous ſenſation. That

* Richardſon, in his preliminary diſcourſe to his Perſian dictionary, notices this national aſſembly held for poetical *conteſts*.

That night the ſenſibilities of love and fame gave to his bed a diſturbed repoſe, a thouſand dreams. Deep in his ear yet reſounded the echoes of the multitude, when the glare of the ſun diſperſed the grateful darkneſs, and with the darkneſs his thouſand dreams.

The exanimate frame of Kais had waſted in ſilence. He could no longer ſuffer ſeparation from Leila, and projected means by which he could be admitted into her tent. Leila, he well knew, loved to be her own almoner, and when her hand relieved, her voice conſoled. Miſery had ſufficiently diſguiſed his features, and Melancholy had ſhaded his face with a religious ſemblance; he dreſſed himſelf in the humble garb of a Mevleheh derviſe, whoſe practices he had learnt, (19.) and approached the tent of Leila. To attract the attention of her ſlaves, he whirled himſelf with great velocity on one foot, and held a red hot iron between his teeth; and ſometimes with the *Nek*, or traverſe flute, ſo muſically warbled his wild and enthuſiaſtic notes, that the ſlaves ſoon approached him. They pitied his piety and admired his muſic; till exhauſted by pain and fatigue, he fell on the earth, and ſeemed to faint. They raiſed the proſtrate derviſe; and although they well remembered the blooming Kais, they knew not the deſponding lover. The derviſe ſaid, he was more faint with his toiling march than his pious rite. Our miſtreſs (ſaid one of the ſlaves) has commanded us to make her abode the tent of thoſe who have no tent.

Where

Who is thy miſtreſs? Haſt thou not heard of Leila, the beloved of Kais, the ſon of Ahmed? His verſes have reſounded in thine ear, or thou haſt no ear for verſes.—Tell thy miſtreſs I heard one ſinging the name of Leila in the deſert as I paſſed.—Oh! they are ſung every where; every one who has a heart, ſoon finds a memory for the verſes of Kais.

The ſlaves returned with Leila, who in one hand held ſome pillau on a wooden platter, with hot cakes taken from the living embers, and in the other a bardak* of fair and gelid water. Preſenting the alms to the pilgrim, the derviſe turned aſide, uttering a profound ſigh. Leila looked in his face; ſhe knew her lover, and tears burſt from her eyes. How thou art miſerable, oh derviſe! ſhe exclaimed, while turning aſide ſhe whiſpered, Beloved Kais! how are thy features altered! where is the beautiful light of thine eye, the tender bloom of thy cheek? I was periſhing for one look from thee (he replied); couldſt thou but feel my fluttering heart, how faithful its pulſe! Do I not find thee conſtant? Speak, ſpeak! calm me with thy aſſurance. We are watched (Leila anſwered): how terrible is thy ſuſpicion! O Kais! I have heard all thy verſes, and thou haſt all my ſighs. Proceed thy journey, holy derviſe (ſhe raiſed her voice); give a virgin thy prayers, and I will think of thee; 'tis believed the chaſte thoughts of virgins are acceptable.

* "They put their water into *bardaks*, or unglazed pots made of a porous earth."—Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 317.

acceptable to Heaven as the prayers of holy men. In turning away, ſhe preſented her hand from behind her; he impreſſed it with a fervent kiſs, and departed, ſaying, Leila, we ſhall ſoon meet again.

This ſtolen interview reſtored Kais to himſelf, and he renewed his invention in another diſguiſe, by which he conceived he might again converſe with his miſtreſs. There was, not diſtant from her tent, a green valley where the traveller would reſt after bathing in its dark grove, in which a ſhining ſtreamlet rolled between banks of oleanders, and juniper ſhrubs. Kais obſerved at that ſpot, under the ſhade of an umbrageous plane-tree, at mid-day, the devout Muſſulman, after his ablutions, iſſue from the grove, ſpread his carpet, proſtrate himſelf, and repeat his prayers. Here, under the luxuriant canopy of the tree, he raiſed a temporary ſhed, placed a ſmall ſtove, and dealt out his coffee to refreſh the paſſenger. He ſpread on his table the largeſt melons and the moſt juicy pumpkins. All day our coffee-dealer tinkled a tambourine, and touched a ſantoor or pſaltery, ſinging Arabian ſongs, or recounting Perſian tales. Never yet had the keeper of a coffee-ſhed obtained ſuch celebrity; certainly no one was a finer muſician. Every one reſorted there to drink coffee, to liſten to his verſes and to his tambourine, and to expreſs their ſurpriſe, how ſuch a genius ſhould be content to boil coffee. Alas! every one came but Leila! She, Kais at length diſcovered, was a captive, and not permitted to wander from the confines of her father's

father's tents. As ſoon as he knew this, he inſtantly left his ſhed ſtanding, with the coffee-ſtove and the muſical inſtruments, affixing on it an inſcription, purporting, that they were left for that perſon who, though he might not acquire the glory of a muſician, was willing to become uſeful in boiling good coffee.

Nothing remained but the perilous expedient of penetrating into the very tent of Leila. Since his laſt interview there was a gaiety in his diſpoſitions, which now induced him to aſſume the character of a perfumer and confectioner. He filled his baſket with thoſe delicacies which might ſerve as bribes for the ſlaves of Leila. He appeared at the tent. His baſket was nicely arranged with perfumed waſh-balls, ſweet-ſcented flowers, candied citrons, and cryſtal phials of ottar-gul. The firſt ſlave he met he preſented with a perfumed waſh-ball. And how many aſpers, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou charge for this ball? It is thine for thy black eyes! Kais replied, and paſſed on. What a handſome perfumer this, cried the ſlave as ſhe kept her eye on the waſh-ball. He met a ſecond, whoſe taſte was attracted by his fruit. I never ſaw (ſhe exclaimed) citrons ſo enormouſly beautiful and ſo deliciouſly candied; ah! they are not for a ſlave's tooth! Take them (ſaid Kais); I give them to thee that thou mayeſt introduce me to the chief ſlave. I have ſilks to offer; the Bazár of Cairo has none ſuch. I am afraid (ſhe replied) thou art more handſome than generous; but I thank thee for thy citrons:

citrons: I ſuppoſe thou meaneſt to gain a great deal by thy ſilks? The old ſlave appeared; ſhe had a ponderous form and a hoarſe voice; eyeing the lovely Kais, abruptly ſhe cried, What ſmiling evil bringeſt thou? Thy handſome face, thy odoriferous eſſences, and thy candied citrons, are to bewilder the hearts of young ſlaves, but me thou ſhalt not paſs. My miſtreſs is not of thoſe who want thy pernicious luxuries. She was proceeding, when Kais held to her a phial of Schirauz glaſs filled with the ottar-gul. The eye of the old ſlave gliſtened at the coſtly eſſence. That is not the true eſſence, ſhe cried. He cruſhed the precious phial, and the liquid odour flowed about her dreſs. Unlucky boy! ſhe ſoftly murmured, ſighing as the full and fragrant incenſe crept over her ſenſes. Her bulky body ſunk gently to the earth; half-cloſing her ſwimming eyes, her quivering lips yield the feeble cry of a fainting voluptuary. Kais glides into the tent. (20.)

Entering he beholds Leila; ſhe is reciting aloud one of his poems, whoſe volume, embelliſhed with ſome fanciful arabeſques painted by her own hand, lies unrolled before her. A fine tremor runs through his frame in gazing on her, and it is ſome moments before he can find a voice, to continue the verſe ſhe begins. She ſtarts, ſhe turns, ſhe views her Kais! He tells her all, interrupting his narrative by many an enamouring kiſs. The eyes of Kais are brilliant with love; but Leila trembled with ſad forebodings, and ſhe lamented how the ardour

ardour of genius had, in this inſtance, prevailed over its ſagacity.

Beloved Kais, ſhe cried, thy gay magnificence betrays thy humble concealment; and thou haſt been more generous than ingenious. But Kais in the preſence of his miſtreſs forgets all danger, and Leila, as her eyes dwelt on the long-abſent face of Kais, talked of the peril, till her words, in a ſoft confuſion, murmured without meaning.

In the mean while the ſlaves aſſemble round their half-fainting chief, who ſcarcely retains her ſenſes in a reverie of odour. This laſt munificence explained the myſterious liberalities of the unknown perfumer; they now recollect his features, and the alarm is ſpread.

The Emir ruſhes into the tent. He views the amiable Kais ſupporting Leila; one glance attaches their eyes. The poem, Leila had been reading, lies abandoned with the baſket of perfumery. A hark! thunder breaks over the lovers, abſorbed in paſſion; it was the Emir's voice! They awake into conſciouſneſs, and Leila ſhrieks! Her ſlender arms tremble round the neck of Kais, and her face conceals itſelf in his boſom, while Kais raiſes a humble, yet firm regard, on the Emir. The green-turbaned deſpot at firſt could only indicate his paſſion by ferocious geſtures, and with eyes red with rage, and lips quivering without articulation, his foot violently ſpurned at the baſket of perfumery that lay at the feet of Leila; while his hand graſping the immortal poem, tore the roll, powdered with gold

gold duſt, and ſcattered the perfumed and painted manuſcript in the air. (21.)

At length his foaming lips found a voice. Is it then with perfumes that the magnificent Kais bribes? Is it with a ſong that he deludes a ſimple virgin? And thou haſt dared to ſteal into the tent of an Emir? Shall the plunderer of caravans pollute, with his impious embraces, the deſcendant of Fatima? Spirit of Mahomet, wilt thou that our glory end in a fooliſh maiden, a ſoul-leſs being, who has yielded her heart becauſe her ear is muſical.

Leila had fallen to the ground; ſhe covered her face with her hands, and her lips touched the ſandals of her father. Impelled by ſympathy, Kais inconſciouſly proſtrated himſelf; but with an air of dignity, and in a tone not accordant with his ſoftening words, the ſuppliant lover ſpoke:—

Noble Emir! deem not that the paſſion of thy daughter has been obtained by the incantation of words. Ere I yet knew to give cadence to a verſe, our ſighs reſponded; believe me, we are none of thoſe who have ſpoken of love, ere we loved. Our paſſion was not kindled by the lightning of a glance, nor maddened by a ſet of features; it was a pure pleaſure, that we firſt caught from the perfection of mind. Our thoughts mingled, and our hopes roſe, ere we felt the diſtinction of ſex; and Leila was as my ſiſter, ere I loved her as my miſtreſs. Is there a paſſion ſo invincible as that of love, formed almoſt in childhood? Nature then

adds to our inclinations her own ſweet habitudes; and it becomes, as it were, a double paſſion. And ſhall a father tear his daughter from an embrace that Nature has made holy? Deſcendant of Fatima! Is humility held to be a vice in thy race? Comes not the nobleſt race from the humbleſt origin? The lovely fountain of Juvencia, while it wanders among flowers and ſunſhine, hides its head amidſt ruſhes and darkneſs. The great Prophet, like myſelf, was of an obſcure birth; and arrogance never marked the camel-driver. Noble Emir! thy father was a ſon of peace, my father is a ſon of war; Honour wreathed thy cradle, Opulence pillowed the bed of my infancy: Thou wert born illuſtrious, I to become illuſtrious; the glory of thy race devolved to thee, the glory of mine proceeds from me.

The haughty Emir diſdainfully glanced on the pleading lover, and marking his perfumer's dreſs, replied,—Deceiver of the eye! thou canſt only triumph over a woman: nor honour nor diſhonour proceed from the ſex, who are born only to dreſs, to prattle, and to procreate. Robber of the deſert! return, for ever return to thy father, and tell him that I have ſuffered thee to exiſt.

While the proud father ſpoke, Kais had gradually changed his ſupplicatory poſture, and when his invective cloſed, ſtood before him erect in dignity. At his ſilent glance, the appalled deſpot ſhrunk with receding ſteps into the midſt of his people. There he ordered to ſecure Leila. She lay on the ground abandoned

abandoned to grief, and uttered a loud ſhriek. Kais turning towards her, they exchanged glances. Deſpair writhed the ſoft features of Leila; her eyes were haggard, and her arms ſtretched to her lover; paſſion, pity, and indignation, ſtruggled in the breaſt of Kais. He graſped her hand; once more he felt it on his lips. Torn from his contending arms, their eyes parted not, till at the extremity of the tent he ſaw her diſappear, and in ſilent agony he for ſome time fixed his eyes on that extremity, watching the wavy motions of the tent, and catching every dancing ſhadow, every undulation of light. His fixed glance was terrible; and one might perceive by its ardour, and the emotions of his geſtures, that he ſtill thought he was converſing with the departed Leila.

He ſtruck with his clenched hands his burning temples, that throbbed as he preſſed them; he paced vehemently around the tent, and then pauſing, he flung himſelf on the ground; and there more mild, more ſubdued, more tender, he poured copious tears; all-conſcious of the paſt ſcene, he again proſtrated himſelf, and again ſtretched his ſuppliant hands. He ſhuddered, as the horrid ſilence only returned his melancholy voice: he raiſed his eyes, and beheld himſelf in ſolitude!

Already through the tents of the Emir the fate of our lovers was known. The fame of Kais accompanied him wherever he went, and ſcarcely was the event known, than the public anxiety turned entirely on their cheriſhed bard. They aſſembled

in haſte, and were divided into little knots of people. Among them was an hoary traveller, who was diſtinguiſhed by a tuft of plaited hair, which, when it hung looſe, trailed on the ground, and he wore it wrapt about his head inſtead of a turban. It was not his own hair, but formed of the relics of his friends, from every one of whom he had affectionately collected a handful of hair, which he had interwoven with his own. It was in this manner the traveller had memoriſed their affections. (22.)

Whenever this old man ſpoke every one was ſilent; and now being obſerved to have riſen, the little knots of people immediately melted into one crowd, and aſſembled around him. He waved his hand, and ſtilled their generous confuſion. He ſpoke. Let us weep for Leila all our days; for what hope awaits the daughter of a mercileſs ſire? But for Kais we muſt do ſomething more than weep; for he is ſo much the unhappier, that he is at liberty to wander. Ah! where will Kais wander? He will lie down in the ſtony deſert, till "he forgets himſelf to ſtone." But he has all the vehemence of genius: Ah, then, he may grow wild! Kind Heaven preſerve the poet from madneſs! A hundred voices exclaimed, "Let us haſten to Kais!" Friends (continued the venerable man), if ye crowd around the enthuſiaſt, ye will ſeem to intrude on his grief; he will gaze on ye as if ye came in mockery; ye will make wildneſs more wild. Such is the tremulous boſom of genius! when once its generous feelings are injured, it becomes

becomes ſuſpicious and miſanthropical. Truſt me, I was once the companion of a Poet, and I have learnt to reverence the ſorrows of divine men. Solitude alone ſoothes their ſublime ſouls. Would ye heal his hurted ſpirit? indulge it. Would ye ſoften his melancholy? let a friend participate it. Would ye conſole the wretchedneſs of the ſenſitive being? let him feel that there is one who has made that wretchedneſs his own. I am old, but the nerves of my heart are tender as infancy when it firſt receives the air that wounds it. I too have been a poet; I too have had my griefs. Let me conduct the wanderer to the tents of his father: he will not quit me, though my ſteps are feeble and the journey long. No, he will not quit me; for he ſhall take no perception of time, while over the toiling path of the enthuſiaſt my tongue ſhall ſpread its innocent deceit in diſcourſing of Leila and of Nature, the inſpirers of his verſe!

The hoary ſage enters the tent. He views Kais on the ground, his hands covering his face, his arms reſting on one knee, while the other was violently writhed behind him; torture and deſpair were in his attitude. The old man crept along in ſilence, and ſtood before him; Kais raiſed his eyes on the reverend form. He ſpoke not; the old man was ſilent. Kais again covered his face with his hands, and the old man ſighed. Kais looked in his face, there were tears in the wrinkles of his cheek. Kais ſtretched his hand to the old man, and their hands were joined. Is not Age ſpared in theſe

ruthleſs tents? ſaid Kais. I have grief enough to make Youth grow old in a day. But what grief is thine, venerable man! that can give to thy pithleſs age the ſcalding tear of youth?

The venerable man replied,—Kais, divine youth! I am a lover of thy verſes; often have thy emotions made my breaſt more capacious. And now I ſee thee, how muſt I weep for thee! Thou knoweſt the eyes of age diſtil not artificial tears; whom has an old man to flatter? We have nothing more to hope: but Alla, be praiſed! I have not outlived my humanity. It is for Kais I ſigh.

Good old man, I thank thee: never till now have I found pleaſure in the ſigh of an old man. Doſt thou know where they have hurried Leila? The eyes of Kais turned wildly to the extremity of the tent.

Kais, wilt thou accept the conſolation of a fraternal heart? Who knows not Leila? Who remembers not thy verſes? And much have I to talk of the blooming maid. But reſt not in theſe tents; thy father mourns thy abſence.

Thou haſt ſpoken well, ſaid Kais: already had I forgotten my father and my friends! A mild, ſubdued tone of ſorrow expreſſed his gratitude. Thou haſt ſpoken well; it befits me not to reſt here a helpleſs ſufferer. Waving his hand, he roſe ſlowly, his eye kindled, and pauſing as he ſtept along, he cried, I will haſten to my tents; I will call three thouſand faithful Bedoweens; their ſabres will fly from their ſheathes. Sabres! Ah! what have I



ſaid?

ſaid? Leila would never pardon the murderer of her father! The father of Leila may ſpurn at the degraded Kais; for while he treats me as he treats Leila, ſhall I murmur? Love has made me like the ſandal tree, which ſheds ſweetneſs on the axe that wounds it. I thank thee, old man; I will not return to my father: I will ſit here, contemned and abandoned.

Indulging the rapid changes of his diſordered mind, the old man at length lured him from the tent of the haughty Emir. He talked as he journeyed of Leila and his verſes; and through the ſolaced ear of Kais awoke the fineſt vibrations of his harmonious heart. Love and glory ſeemed to accompany the ſteps of the enamoured poet. The old man one day pulled down his lengthened hair, and telling him at times, as he pointed at the intermingled treſſes, of the many hiſtories it remembered him, he entreated a handful from the locks of Kais; that he might ſtill add another relic to the tender memorial of friendſhip. I have choſen (he ſaid) a pilgrim's path in life, becauſe it is pleaſantly diverſified; and I did not chooſe that the ſtream of my life ſhould be a ſtagnant pool, but a river wandering in ſunſhine and in ſhade. The occupation of my life has been to acquire the friendſhip of great and of good men: with every one I found ſome new talent of the mind, or virtue of the heart; and my intelligence was enlarged, and my emotions became more pure. I have repeated my exiſtence in that of my friend; and I have preferred the

paſſion of friendſhip to that of love; for Friendſhip can be participated, but Love has but one object. Friendſhip is a torch, which will light other torches without waſting itſelf; but Love, like a ſepulchral lamp, is extinguiſhed in the ſolitary tomb. Kais ſighed, and, after a pauſe of thought, replied:—I had a HEART, and I could not help loving the moſt lovely. She was as AMBER, and I but as STRAW; ſhe TOUCHED me, and I ſhall ever cling to her. (23.) Thou canſt not blame my affection for Leila: her mind created my mind; and to render me worthy of herſelf, ſhe firſt taught me the love of glory. I was once in the bath, and they gave me a piece of ſcented clay. (24.) It was more than fragrant. And I aſked of it,—Art thou pure muſk, or ambergris? for thy ſcent delights my ſoul. It anſwered, I was but COMMON EARTH till I lived in the company of my ROSE; then every day I became ſweeter, till all her aromatic ſpirit was infuſed into mine. Oh! had I not lived WITH MY ROSE, I ſhould ſtill have been but A LUMP OF EARTH!

They reach the tents of Ahmed, and the rejoicing Bedoweens crowd around their returning lord, while the old man haſtens to the venerable chief to relate the afflictions of Kais. The eyes of the mother of Kais are filled with maternal tears. Ahmed frowned at the ignoble artifice of his ſon; he ſtarts at the contumely he ſuffered, and impatiently draws his ſabre; but his aged arm trembles with feebleneſs and anger, and the ſabre drops. He calls his ſon:—Kais! Kais! Haſt thou loſt the

glory

glory of our tribe for a woman? Avenge *me* on an inſulting enemy; take the ſabre my childiſh arm can no more wield.

Kais ſighed,—I cannot ſtrike at the father of Leila!

Degenerate youth! in the balance of life thou weigheſt beauty againſt honour! Thou haſt become a METIM*. Mahomet! haſt thou given me a ſon to cruſh thy ſervant to his grave? What ablution have I neglected? what ramazan have I broken when I have trod a parched ſoil with parched lips? I made myſelf a race, and lo! a ſon has come like the peſtilence of Cairo! I will ſtrike my tents! Diſperſe, ye happy Bedoweens! ſeek other vales! for *here* your lord was *born*, and here *firſt* ye have known *diſhonour!*

Diſtraction was in the ſoul of Kais. The reproaches of his father, and his unalterable affection for Leila, raged with a force equal and oppoſed. He ſunk before him; he embraced his knees; the voice of Ahmed was ſtifled by his emotions: he raiſed his hand to repulſe his fainting ſon, but in touching his face, it trembled, and it dwelt there. The mother of Kais bent on one knee to ſupport her ſon, while one hand was locked in the hand of her venerable hero. The crowded tent was moved. The low hollow murmurs of the ſympathiſing



* An Arabic term for *The captive of Love:* one who ſubmits to ſlavery, or the meaneſt employment, to have an opportunity of ſerving or admiring his miſtreſs.

Bedoweens were heard. They gently ſeparate the ſon from the father and the mother; themſelves clung to each other without motion, like a ſculptured groupe.

Retired, the ſenſibilities of Kais aſſumed all their energy, and the paſſions divided his ſoul. *Love* with ſeducing blandiſhment; *Honour*, with a more ſolemn, but feebler power; and *Glory* obſcurely breaking in a diſtant age. But *Memory*, affectionate memory, awoke that domeſtic tenderneſs which is the rival of Love itſelf. As he thought of his parents, he pauſed in the tumult of his heart. Have ye not adored my infancy! (he cried) Have ye not reared me to glory! Was I not the treaſured hope of your age? Yes; I was that futurity to ye which can render every paſſing day even precious to old age. I was the pride of a brave father, the exiſtence of a tender mother; and now ſhall one paſſion eradicate all paſſions? He recoils from the terrible thought; he haſtens to throw himſelf on the paternal boſom. Leila riſes in his reverie, imaged in ſoftneſs, conſtant in affection, and celeſtial in her virgin beauty. He groans, he weeps, and throws himſelf on the earth.

He ſat motionleſs, and mute, and abſtracted. His companions glided into his tent, each ſtudious to win him from dejection; but with various men he was ſtill the ſame man. There was no life in his fixed and glazed eye, ſave at times a lingering tear, that, hermit-like, ſtole ſolitary from its cell. His mother ſat beſide him in ſilence; her eye followed

lowed his eye. Sometimes he ſat in the vertical ſun, inſenſible of the unmitigated day, till his mother with his favourite gazel followed him; while often, unobſerved by Kais, above his head ſhe twined the adorning tamarind, that waved its ſhade before his tent, with the luxuriant boughs of the Indian fig-tree. The gazel would frequently lift her tender eyes on him; but her looks were unnoticed: ſhe would lick his hand till ſhe awakened him from his reverie; for a moment he fixed his eyes on her, waved his head, and gently turned her away. At times he chaunted incoherent verſes, rambling from thought to thought with a wild and pathetic ſweetneſs. Ever he deſcanted on the eternity of Love, while the ſad return of his lay ſtill repeated the ruthleſs nature of fathers. His melancholy was yet mild, and while his heart bled, it ſeemed patient.

Another change ſucceeded. From a total ſtupor to the paſſing ſcene, he awoke to its minuteſt perception. He not only ſaw what was before him, but through the vividneſs of imagination he ſaw more; of every one ſuſpicious, but moſt of his ſuffering mother, ever beſide him. He remembers ſyllables, he meditates on geſtures; ſometimes a ſenſe of his diſhonour ſtole acroſs his mind; he felt how Love had defrauded him of Glory. Every paſſion however was tranſient, but that paſſion; every object failed to impreſs his mind, but the image of Leila; to his viſionary eye that form was

brilliant in the light of the ſun, and that form moved among the waving ſhadows of the moon.

He could no longer ſupport the eye of the world. In his tortured ſenſations, his language was inhuman. He called his mother the wife of his father, but no relative of her child; and he ſurlily diſmiſſed his friends, one by one, for capricious, but inveterate diſlikes. Sometimes his anger was loquacious, his taunt bitter, his repartee cauſtic, while at times he was obſtinately mute; but his ſilence concealed not the diſorder of his intellect, for then the vacillations of his countenance, and the gliſtening and rapid movements of his eye, expreſſed his phrenzy.

Reſtleſs even to agony, melancholy even to fondneſs, romantic even to delirium, the world weighed heavy on his heart; that world he ſhook off lightly, and, in a quiet deſpair, ſtole away from all humanity.

The full moon hung over the tent of Kais in a flood of light. He ſtole from his tent, liſtening to his own footſteps. He gazed; nothing moved but the gliding ſhadows. In the vaſt ſilence Heaven and Earth repoſed. The moonlight ſcenery touched his melancholy heart. In its ſemi-day he views the tall tents, part froſted over by its white beams, part illumined by a yellower light. Bleſſed MOON! (cried Kais) in thy repoſing light every thing is perceptible, while I am unperceived! Sweet and tempered LIGHT! how thou penetrateſt my heart! how thou draweſt the tears from mine eyes!

He

He ſtarts; he hears approaching ſounds. 'Tis (exclaimed the melancholy and fanciful Kais) but the light airs kiſſing the reverend head of that tall palm-tree.

Still ſome footſteps diſturb the viſionary. They have tracked me! he cried. He turned round, he beholds his favourite gazel, that had followed him. He kiſſes her beautiful eyes, he gazes on the ſenſibility of her phyſiognomy, he fancies ſhe ſighs, and he weeps over her neck.

Tender companion! (he cries) return to the abandoned tent of thy maſter! O! thou who haſt the eyes of Leila, pierce not my ſoul with thy tender look; entice me not to return. Domeſtic beauty! dwell in the hollow and green boſom of the valley: Ah! let not thy form of delicate elegance, thy ſlender ſilver feet, thy dark brilliant eyes, lively and timid as thou art, follow an exile; for, truſt me, Beauty will periſh with Deſpair for its fellow-wanderer. Again he embraces his mute friend: a big tear rolled down the brown forehead of the antelope. Thou weepeſt! Who weeps for Kais but his gazel? Let us part. Fly me! Thou wert created to live the day of pleaſure: mine has cloſed! The antelope perſiſted in following the footſteps of his delirious maſter; and they eſcape from the paſtoral ſcenes of the happy Arabia, and wander in the ſtony ſoil of the deſert.

Scarcely had the ſun riſen ere the wakeful mother of Kais haſtened, as of late accuſtomed, to her ſon's tent. She enters, and ſhe ſhrieks. They fly to her

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from the near tents, and the venerable Ahmed was not among the laſt.

Miſerable being! (cried the mother to Ahmed) behold thy ſon flown from thy ruthleſs auſterity! Haſt thou murdered my child? Yet, yet be kind, and ſend thy ſabre to my boſom. A mother ſhould not ſurvive the loſs of her adored child. Alas! all has paſt for me! I bear no other children in my womb. Hot are the tears that ſcorch the cheeks of a mother left without offſpring; but I weep not. Oh, Ahmed! thou haſt given me the grief, that is not relieved by tears.

Fond, deſpairing woman! feebly exclaimed the old chief, ſobbing convulſively, as the ideas of his own auſterity, and his ſon's deſpair, fell on his mind like repeated concuſſions. He turned aſide to pray to the prophet, but his geſtures only were his oriſons. Tears welled on his pale cheeks; and all that he was heard to ſay was, Alla! thou art great! it is now a month I have not ſeen my ſon!

And I have watched my ſon hour by hour! exclaimed the diſtracted mother. Yeſterday, as I marked the moving vacancy of his eye, ſuddenly he uttered a ſcream of laughter, (my heart died within me;) and he turned to me with a bitter ſmile, My ſon! I cried, and he turned from me: he turned from me! Kais is delirious! Cruel fathers! ye have not the hearts of mothers: ye have not known what it was to kiſs the infant being that formed a part of your exiſtence, that lived on your own boſom. Where wanders my child?

child! Give me my child! Lead me to Kais! Let me periſh, but let my child live!

They convey the diſtracted mother to her tent; while Ahmed inſtantly ſent a meſſenger to the retreat of the Effendi. Before he could give orders to his faithful Bedoweens to ſeek after Kais, their zeal had already diſperſed them in every direction. Ahmed now withdrew to his tent, to preſerve rigid faſts and uninterrupted prayer, that he might win, with the gentle violence of devotion, the prophet, who ſeemed to have forſaken him.

Scarcely had the Effendi liſtened to the meſſenger of Ahmed, than, claſping his hands, he would not ſuffer him to conclude the recital of his meſſage. I underſtand (he cried) more than thou canſt relate: prepare thy dromedary! He was ſilent during the journey; and although the dromedary went on with its painful gallop, ſeveral times he complained of the ſluggiſhneſs of the animal.

He arrives; he falls at the feet of Ahmed. He looks in his face, and gently waves his head. The venerable Chief underſtood him. Raiſing him, he exclaimed,—Virtuous ſage! ſpeak, enlighten, but do not ſilently reproach.---Alas! I only can feel for thee.---Such a ſon! the flower and the ſabre of my tribe Lebid! Is the fault mine, that the green-turbaned Emir is no father? Could I mitigate the immitigable? I have lived a life of honour; could I ſuffer a day of obloquy? As for myſelf, my days are but few; yet if the cold blood that heavily creeps round my heart, could ſatiate the imperious Emir,

Emir, I would ſpill it at his feet, would he but write the contract of my ſon's nuptials with the blood of the father.

The aged Effendi graſped the hand of the veteran Chief. We are (ſaid he) both old men, but we will both die for Kais. My heart is feeble now, my head is white, and my eye weeps: but this is not ſtrange; it is the falling of the ſnow on the hills, that makes the ſtreams flow*.

* An Arabian Image, taken from Richardſon's Arabic Grammar.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

# PART THE SECOND:

*An Arabian Deſert—The Bedoweens in purſuit of Kais, nearly periſh—He is diſcovered as a Mejnoun or Madman amidſt the Rocks—Verſes between him and the Effendi—He is brought back to his Mother in a delirium.*

LET us track the wanderings of the delirious and poetic Kais, with his conſtant gazel following, and never preceding him. He converſed with it untired; his feeling heart ever wanted ſomething to be kind to; and if he had not found an antelope in the deſert, he would have felt an affection for a ſheltering tree.

Poor gazel (cried Kais, affectionately ſtroking its fallow back, and ſmoothing its ſilvery down) thou loveſt to courſe with me a toiling road; and thy ſlender feet can creep along in the ſlow ſteps of a man unbleſt. I pray thee, look not ſo penſively tender with the ſweet ſeriouſneſs of thy black eyes; my heart is ſo full of ſorrow, that thy gentle glance, in ruffling it, makes it overflow. Straining his eye-balls, he turns towards home: he cries—Cheriſhed Valley! I quit thee; I hurry from thee; I have madly left thee! yet thou haſt my tears. I cannot any more *ſee* thee, but I weep over thee. Oh! *there* I had friends, *there* I was loved, and *there*—No! *there* I could

I could love no one. Oh! Leila, Leila! ſoul of my body! I neither fly from thee, nor to thee, but I am toſſed in diſtraction. Sweet native ſoil! how my heart outjourneys my eye, and how it lingers about thee, while every ſtep removes me ſtill farther and farther into a deſert!

To elude his purſuers, he had left the open deſert and climbed among the rocks, making himſelf paths where eagles reſted. As yet, was he mild in his volitions, and not inſenſible to the pointed flint; to the ſultry thirſt of his parched lips; to the rage of hunger; and to the exhauſtion of travel in the grey and briny ſands. But every day his withering frame became leſs penetrable to the terrible elements: his feet acquired the ſtoneneſs of the rocks he trod, and he leaped careleſs, from abyſs to abyſs, while the torrid ſun burnt on his naked head, and his tongue, often hanging from his mouth, felt no thirſt. Senſation in him had reached that exquiſite degree of pain, in which pain ceaſes to be felt. Delirioufly he ſat on the pyramid of ſome rock, where he ſeemed to inhabit the ſolitude of Heaven, viewing nothing but the deſert of air.

Yet on earth, the deſert frequently was not a ſolitude. There ſometimes he imagined he heard at diſtance human voices, laughing and mocking at him; and often he raged indignant at their cruelty; nor ſeemed to know that theſe were the howlings and ſhrill cries of aſſembled jackals, who during the night yielded their moſt diſtreſsful and continued tones. (25.) At times he viewed, winging

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the air with a ruſhing ſound, the eagles darting from the crags, that ſoared and ſhrieked above him; he liſtened to the ravens hoarſely croaking, while ſometimes the clangor of a flock of cranes, cloſely wedged, was heard ſailing in the air. When all was quiet, and his exhauſted heart itſelf repoſed, his eye would follow the changeful cameleon, that, ſenſible of its ſecurity, ſlowly changed its natural colour, while, if Kais approached, it eſcaped with agility, varying its agitated body with rapid and tremulous hues. (26.) Over the plain, bounded on all ſides by the horizon, he found no intervening object to reſt on, and his eye ached as it paſſed over a level and ſhining waſte of grey ſand and ſcorched brambles. In the uniform deadneſs of the dreary landſcape, there was no veſtige of animation; no bird flew in the empty air; no animal trod; no lizard crawled on the earth; and he felt himſelf alone in the univerſe. Yet ſometimes was this ſultry ſilence broken, as he liſtened to a troop of camels, with the tinkling chimes of their bells mingled with the heavy hum of the drowſy ſongs of the drivers, and ſwelling in the ſtillneſs of the breeze; while ſometimes (an object pleaſingly picturesque) a caravan took new forms as it wound its ſlow length along the rocks; at times the whole body diſappeared, and then gradually emerged, and then was partly concealed; till the camels, the waggon, and the travellers, alike melted away in the aërial diſtances.

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His nerves are ſhaken; his ideas, through inanition and fatigue, are confuſed and bewildered; a fever waſtes his aduſt frame. He grazed on the pale brown herbage of the deſert, with his gazel; recited verſes at intervals, which marked his unſettled emotions; every where he ſeemed to ſeek deſtruction, and could find it no where. At his lucid intervals he examined his form and ſhuddered; reflecting on the paſt, he ſeemed to have performed impoſſible things; and often he relapſed into delirium, while he reflected he had been delirious.

Meanwhile the Bedoweens returned from the deſert in oppoſite directions; and ſome aſſured that they had at times tracked the path of Kais, for they had perceived the ſmall ſteps of the gazel's ſlender feet, intermixed with thoſe of its maſter; but theſe again they had as ſuddenly loſt. The mother of Kais was wild in her ſorrow; Ahmed could not ſupport the preſence of his beloved mourner; and he reſolved himſelf to wander with a band of faithful followers till they had diſcovered the retreat of Kais. Embracing the Effendi, he ſaid,—Thou art not a man of deſpair, and thou ſhalt be buried in a valley; for wretches like me, a deſert has a charm, for it promiſes death. The Effendi preſſed his hand, and, without replying, accompanied the unhappy father.

One moon had elapſed, and hitherto the old Ahmed had been only conſoled by reciting paſ-

ſages

ſages from the Koran, and liſtening, as he journeyed, to the verſes of Lebid.

But age, grief, and fatigue, exhauſted the frame of the venerable chief. They had now been travelling on the briny ſands, and had not ſeen a tree or a ſhrub for many days; while, more than once, they had obſerved the carcaſe of a camel, and parched adders, ſtiffened in death. Nothing was heard but their own voices; nothing had life but themſelves. How dead is this earth! (exclaimed Ahmed.) Ah! if I could ſee but *one living tree.* (27.)

The air was red and fiery, and the ſky ſparkled, and the hot ſands flew about them. They were now the victims of the moſt parching thirſt. At night they ſtretch their tunics on the earth, that they might be imbued by the night-dews; and in the morning, they preſſed them to moiſten their lips. Still to exalt their ſufferings in a long ſeries of thirſt, their agitated and torturing imaginations recalled to them the ideas of burſting ſprings and running brooks, till, in their feveriſh emotions, they called out to each other in agony. At length they heard waters trickling among ſome whiſpering bulruſhes. Delicious ſound! Some throw themſelves on the earth, and ſome creep along on bended knees among the reeds, and, with difficulty, collect a little water in a large vaſe. They bring the cooling wave to ſlake their old maſter's parched mouth; his eager hand trembles

bles as it holds the precious draught; he bends his hoary head, and daſhes it to the earth: the acrid water hung in bitterneſs on his baffled lips. Both the old men were fainting in the hot blaſts, and they adminiſtered to them garlic and dried grapes to revive them *.

More formidable terrors awoke; the coloſſal horrors of the deſert. Columns of ſand, which Nature animated, ſometimes ſtalked with a ſublime grandeur, and ſometimes appeared to purſue them with celerity. With hearts coiled by fear, and eyes half-curious and diſmayed, they watched theſe ſeparate whirlwinds. At times they met, they broke, and inſtantly the convulſed mountains, whoſe heads were buried in the clouds, diſperſed, darkening the heavens, while, at times, the ſun ſeemed a globe of fire in the crimſon atmoſphere. The little caravan quailed. At length they rejoiced to have reached a new deſolation: it was a body of hanging rocks; of which ſome were broken and ſpread in vaſt ruins, while the rude arches ſhewed only one horrific night. To have entered them might have chilled the heart of a hermit; but they bleſſed the central darkneſs which offered them a retreat from the deſert-whirlwinds; and ſome lighting their torches, cautiouſly entered.

Let

* The Arabians, when they travel, carry with them garlic and dried grapes, for the purpoſe of reviving ſuch perſons as may fall down fainting from the effect of the hot blaſts. —Page's Travels.

Let me reſt here! (exclaimed the feeble-toned Ahmed as he graſped the hand of Lebid.) Let the wild lion meet us here, I will grapple with him! Hope is extinct with the ſpirit of my life. My wife I ſhall no more embrace; my ſon I ſhall never behold. Lebid, my ſkin is dry, my pulſe is weak, and my heart is torpid; a cold thirſt has ſeized on my vitals; I have bled in the field, but, with open wounds, never have I felt a thirſt like this. Lebid, I am deſperate with miſery! the light of the day is hateful to my eyes! I ſee nothing in this vaſt ſpace but an immenſe ſepulchre!

Venerable chief! (replied the Effendi) thy heroic ſpirit is cruſhed not by the elements, but by thy paſſions: thy ſoul is more deſolate than the deſert: it is the father who unnerves the warrior.

They had now retreated within theſe tremendous maſſes of rock, and had paſſed ſeveral hours in theſe unhewed temples of Nature, when a Bedoween diſcovered on a height a kind of bridge formed by the trunk of a tree, ſo lightly flung acroſs the ſcarce-viſible points of two projecting precipices, that it ſeemed to hang in the air. Pointing it out to the Effendi, his aged eyes could not perceive it. Reverend Effendi, (ſaid the Bedoween) you may obſerve it if you will look on the ſky; the bridge is next to the ſky. I ſee it; it is a fearful height. A bridge there! Deſpair only could have been its architect! What man is he who wants a paſſage on that dizzy point? Be ſure (ſaid the Bedoween)

it

it is not of mortal contrivance: I will arm, and watch it.

The pallid moon tinged with an uncertain gleam, the vaſt ſolitude on the acclivities of the rocks, when the watchful Bedoween heard above him the ſound of pacing ſteps. At length a human voice broke out, chaunting in fantaſtic meaſures, while, at times, it liquified the heart with many a pathetic tone. On the narrow bridge, hanging next the ſky, a naked ſpectre-form flitted along; ſo wan, ſo woe-begone, ſo ſhadowy, it ſeemed an unbleſſed ſpirit. A gazel followed the fading apparition.

The trembling and pale Bedoween haſtened to his lord, and deſcribed the viſion. I have ſeen (he cried) a MEJNOUN! (28.)

Thou lookeſt as if thyſelf wert bewildered, ſaid Ahmed.

Perhaps, my Lord, I am. I am not long-lived, be ſure, for I have ſeen a ſpirit. It walked on the bridge next to the ſky! 'Twas a form ſo tranſparent the moon-beams pierced it. A gazel followed. Wondrous! the ſpirit of a gazel!

Thine eyes are credulous; thou ſaidſt at firſt he was but a Mejnoun.

True, true, my Lord; he is but a Mejnoun! How came I to think of a ſpirit? Yet, my Lord, my eyes are not credulous; my ears were witneſſes to my eyes. I heard verſes from the Mejnoun; and the moon ſhone ſo ſweetly I could not help weeping.

Be

Be calm and concise. What verses didst thou hear!? inquired the Effendi.

Fine and distracted verses, changing their measures, always beginning, but never finishing. He spoke to the moon, and I looked up at the moon; and my ear drank every sound with such ecstasy, that I only remember one verse, which describes the Mejnoun himself:

I am a SHADE—but GRIEF has given a VOICE!

Alla is great! (exclaimed the Effendi.) Thy son lives, Ahmed; and the Mejnoun is Kais! Well I remember that verse. It *was* but an image of fiction! Enthusiast of Nature! And hast thou become a Mejnoun? Has thy subtile spirit preyed on itself; and have thy passions, so vehement and vast, flamed into delirium?

The sudden discovery oppressed Ahmed; his lips quivered, the colour left his blanched cheeks, and the word Mejnoun faltered in his throat. He fainted in the arms of an attendant.

The affectionate band assemble at the foot of the rocks which Kais haunted, watching his return in breathless anxiety. He came stalking over the narrow plank, followed by the gazel with steps as solemn. The moon shone against him, illumining his form, while at his back was a dark sky: he seemed a being not earthly and material.

God of my fathers! (exclaimed Ahmed) it is my son! Aid me, my friends! Let me reach him; let me die at his feet. Shall I see this, and shall I suffer existence?

Let me! (replied the old Effendi, feebly reſtraining the feeble old Chief) let me liſten to him! If he replies not to my voice, and if he knows not this deſert, he is delirious: if he knows my voice, and deſcends not, he is inſane. (29.)

Ahmed, abruptly interrupting the Effendi, cried, Follow me, faithful Bedoweens! or I will go alone! I feel I can perform impoſſible things. I will climb, I will periſh! His mother ſhall not again reproach me with leaving her childleſs!

The gliding ſhade of Kais, or THE MEJNOUN, as we ſhall now call him, ſtood lower among the rocks. He looked down on the valley, unconſcious of its objects. His father ſtarted, calling on him affectionately. Kais replied not; but, turning to his gazel, patted its downy back, and they both ſat down. The Mejnoun broke out into the following Verſes:

As ſome LIGHT WAVE that finds no calm repoſe,
Still urg'd from rock to rock, in MADNESS glows;
Lo! from the wild-infracted paſſage fled,
It ſteals in MURMURS to a deſert-bed!
So let him FLY, whoſe ſoft and hurted mind
Has ſtrove with HUMAN ROCKS—A WORLD UNKIND!

Lebid ſought in his mind for ſome image to ſoothe the deſpairing mourner, and replied:

And I have ſeen, believe the moral tale,
A RENT BOUGH WANDERING with the various gale;

The

The ſmiling meads, the laughing vallies fly,
And ſeek the ſtream, with faded leaves to DIE.
When lo! a genial earth the plant receives,
And o'er THE PILGRIM breathes A YOUTH OF LEAVES.
So oft ſome WANDERER PALE, whoſe hopeleſs eye
Can ſee no ſoul-loved friends, or ſees them fly;
Has found, by Time or Chance, NEW PLEASURES riſe,
And felt the refuge ſweet, of KINDER SKIES.

The Mejnoun liſtened till, in his intenſe attention, he ceaſed almoſt to breathe: it ſeemed the voice and the verſe of Lebid. In an awful pauſe he appeared collecting his returning ideas. The verſes were conſolatory, and the voice was cheriſhed. The tendereſt aſſociations of thought melted together at the memory of Lebid: for yet the hermit's heart was not dead to the emotions of friendſhip; the latent fires of his ſoul were but covered, and wanted but the lighteſt air to be awakened.

Surely (he exclaimed) that voice is the voice of Lebid!—A ſoft ſhower of tears covered his face. He leant from the rock: in the ſtill and unwavering light of the moon, ſhone palely the venerable form of his friend and his maſter. He ruſhes down the rock, murmuring and exclaiming, in ſweet and tender tones, as he goes: he reaches the plain, and throws himſelf at the feet of Lebid.

Lebid ſtood alone; a little removed behind him was the ſilent band. The aſſembly was touched;

and a low, tremulous murmur of sympathy just broke the stillness. They sighed at the view of the wan and desolated figure; it was scarcely that of humanity! Of his vestments but a few loose remnants remained, that fluttered as they clung to his skeleton body; his copious tresses, that still covered his shoulders, were matted and clotted; his nails had grown hard, sharp, and long, and with them he had armed himself to tear the birds and the smaller prey, which he hunted and fed on by a natural impulse. His once fine physiognomy was stained with a copper hue, and his expressive dark eyes looked now haggard, and sparkled with an incessant motion.

At the feet of Lebid the Mejnoun first spoke:— Art thou like myself, unblest, A SCATTERLING (30), dropped off from the race of man, to howl along the desert, to sleep on dizzy precipices, and to be invulnerable to the thousand deaths around? Alas! the miserable never die! I once thought Grief had its gangrene, and that it would spread and kill! If thou hast parted from the world, let us unite! Thou canst curse an unfeeling world, canst thou not? I will sit beside thee, and I will bless thee. Oh! it is long that I have loved a curser! And I will tell thee all that has passed between Leila and myself; thou knowest not all! Heaven only knows all! It is a wondrous tale, old man, that will melt thy wintery eyes, and make thy heart, while it sits amidst desolation, beat with a human pulse.

Leila lives! (replied the Effendi, ſtraining the Mejnoun to his breaſt:) She lives to blame thee for deſerting the tents of thy father. Yes, Leila lives! continued the Effendi, as he thought the Mejnoun pauſed, as if doubtful of it.

The Mejnoun ſtill pauſed; then, with a deep ſigh, he exclaimed in the ſweeteſt tone, Ah! Leila, Leila!

The Effendi continued,—and thy father lives!

The Mejnoun ſtarting, raved in voluble paſſion, and rapidly ſaid:—The tents of fathers are not any more the tents for their children! Nature is weary with repeating ſimple affections, affections old as this antique world; now ſhe loves to create monſters, to people the world with a hideous race of men, and teaches fathers to be the only enemies of their children.

The old Ahmed, hitherto reſtrained by his attendants, ſtruggled to get to his ſon, but his ſteps trembled, and he fell at his feet. He clung to his knees, and looking on him, as if his heart were breaking, he cried,—My ſon, behold thy poor father! thy poor father! My ſon, doſt thou not know thy poor father?

Mejnoun gazing on him with a vacant eye, ſlowly crept away, ſhuddering; and turning to Lebid, in a low whiſper, Who is here? Who is he who talks of my father? It was a cruel mockery to remind me of my father!—Lebid! is my Father coming?—be ſecret! I know to creep to the pinnacle of yon rock; and if my father ſhould come, I would laugh at him on the point of the precipice. He

was retreating among the rocks, when Lebid arreſted him, and exclaimed—Mejnoun! thy father calls thee! Scarcely is he thy father, ſo waſted and ſo wretched!

If my father is here (replied Mejnoun with a ſolemn accent), tell him I forgive him! Brings he perſecution even in the deſert? It will be ſhort! I will ſay a laſt prayer to the prophet, and ſteal away to a glorious abyſs! I have kept it for a laſt refuge; I have at times felt happy when I thought me of that abyſs; often has my eye meaſured the tremendous chaſm; it is fathomleſs, and I deſpair! —His whole frame was now agitated; a liquid fire glowed in his quick and vivid eyes; and a terrible energy was in his geſtures. He continued:—Thou ſeeſt I am calm! ſometimes I think I am mad! Leila! Leila! muſt I ſee every one but thee!—His teeth chattered; he howled; he ſtamped on the earth; he tore a handful of hair from his head. He haſtened up the rocks, and was ſeized by the Bedoweens.

They placed him on a camel; his father and the Effendi followed. During the journey, the complete delirium of Mejnoun ſeemed to hinder him from any voluntary exertion of ideas or of actions: he did not appear to perceive that he was ſurrounded by people, or that he was carried on a camel; ſtretched for hours in reverie, he would at times hold a ſelf-dialogue, ſeeming to reply to what he imagined ſome one converſed with him; ſometimes he carolled wild, tender verſes; and now he ſhrieked,

ed, and now he laughed. Sometimes he attempted to riſe and wander; but feeling himſelf confined by ſome ſuperior power, he groaned and ſunk down, without diſcerning the violence offered to him.

Thy ſon is not inſane, (obſerved the Effendi to Ahmed,) he is only delirious. His ſoul is ſo penetrated with his unhappy paſſion, that it only exiſts to that ſolitary conception, and his ideas are conſiſtent, as they relate to that ſole object. Were he a maniac, he would recogniſe us, and would diſtinguiſh the camel on which he is laid; and all his voluntary actions would proceed from erroneous ideas; an hallucination of the mind, in which he would miſtake his vivid imaginations for exiſting realities. Then he would not, as he does now, publicly diſcloſe the inmoſt emotions of his ſoul; but, on the contrary, he would be ſuſpicious of thoſe who were near him, in his actions wary, in his deſigns cunning. At this moment we behold him inſenſible of the actual ſcene, and the ſole object of Leila concentrating all his faculties and all his ſenſations.

The old Ahmed waved his majeſtic head, and without replying, looked in the face of Lebid; as if he meant to ſay, To me what imports to know whether my ſon be delirious or maniacal?

The learned Effendi underſtood him, and continued:—It is the immortal Darwini, the nightingale of Schirauz, who, in his Negariſtan (31), or gallery of pictures, with many a tender period, diſcourſes

of the erotic paſſion. Since now we have diſcovered the mental hallucination of Mejnoun, it follows, oh, Ahmed! that his diſorder is irremediable while his ſenſations are thoſe of deſpair; but his malady is not incurable, if his ſenſations ſhall be thoſe of hope. Mejnoun muſt be united to Leila.

The venerable Chief claſped his hands, and raiſing them to Heaven, on his murmuring lips, died an oriſon to the prophet.

END OF PART THE SECOND.

## PART THE THIRD.

*The gradual recovery of Leila—She becomes voluptuous and gay, and composes a festive Ode—Her Father rejected by the Emir—Mejnoun in a pilgrimage to Mecca again relapses into despair, and again flies to the desert—His address to a sensitive tree—He meets a hunter, and soothes his melancholy solitude in the company of a Fawn—His interview with Leila in the desert—An Ode to the Moon, or the Lover's dream.*

IN the absence of her lord, and since the flight of her son, the mother of Mejnoun was accustomed to watch in his tent. Her soul was attached to that abode, for it found a solemn and sweet pleasure amidst a scene full of her passion. Even his empty sopha was not approached by her without trepidation; his suspended robe her imagination would embody with his person; and when she touched his instruments of music, and they yielded sounds she once dwelt on with such fond pleasure, a warm moisture filled her eyes, and she sighed intensely at the local recollections around.

She was one day watching at its entrance; afar she descries a cloud of dust; her heart bounded against her breast; she calls to her attendants; she strains her eye to discern some object; she views nothing but a moving cloud. Gradually the cloud seems to open; she distinguishes lances gleaming in

the glancing ſun-beams. She diſcerns camels. She inquires of all around, Does my lord return? Her fond impatience exceeded the faculty of viſion. It was impoſſible to know whether it were their own Bedoweens, or a caravan of travellers. Some whoſe eye only paſſed over the ſurface of a vaſt indiſtinct body, to pleaſe their deſolated miſtreſs, deemed it was their own party. The troop keep directing their way to the tents in their valley. At length a precurſor is viewed; and the breathleſs Bedoween ruſhes into the tent, exclaiming—Kais returns! and ſunk at the feet of his miſtreſs.

He returns; but to the mother of Kais the return of her ſon was painful as his abſence. She views that cheriſhed ſon led in without conſciouſneſs, and hardly with ſenſation. His drooping head reſted on his boſom, while his haggard looks aſſured her he was no more ſenſible to his exiſtence; even at his voice, his beloved voice, ſhe ſhuddered, as it hoarſely repeated, at intervals, the name of Leila. The old Ahmed approached his deſponding wife; he kiſſed her in ſilence, while his tears fell with his kiſſes on her cheek. She looked on him in agony, and turned to her ſon, and raiſed her hands to Heaven, and ſunk, fainting, into the arms of her lord.

Mejnoun is laid on a couch of Indian ſilk, placed on a carpet of Perſia. His mother ſuffers no one to attend him; her own hands ſcatter the roſe-water over his diſfigured body, diſentangle his matted hair, perfume and curl his wavy treſſes, veſt him with a tunic of the gold-cloth of Cairo, and fill his

his goblet with the wine of Schirauz. As ſhe knew he was delighted by Perſian elegance, the ſcene was Perſian. His tent is hung with tapeſtry which the needle painted, ſuſpended by cords of purple ſilk running through rings of ſilver and gold, while muſk, ambergris, and the wood of aloes breathe in a cloud from the cenſers. As he was uſed to be delighted by beautiful plants, ſhe placed around his couch, in vaſes, ſome of the moſt curious and moſt fragrant ſhrubs ſhe could obtain; and on the ground, on which his eyes were continually fixed, ſhe ſtrewed freſh flowers and ſweet-ſcented vegetables, that it might bear ſome ſlight reſemblance to the earth itſelf in the ſpring ſeaſon. She fanned him with branches of odorous herbs; and while the air refreſhed him, he would ſometimes yield a long-drawn reſpiration.

Mejnoun at firſt ſmiled not, nor ſeemed conſcious of the devoted tenderneſs of his mother. When a temporary pauſe of reaſon takes place, he conſiders the exiſting ſcenery as a dream, while his own lengthened dreams he conſiders as an exiſting ſcene. He ſcarcely yet believes he has returned to his tent; he touches his mother with curioſity rather than with affection; and ſlowly paces, at times, around his tent, with an inquiring eye, that ſeems uneaſy at an illuſion. Again he relapſes into a mild delirium.

The philoſophic friend, the venerable Effendi, effects what has baffled the anxiety of maternal inquietude. Seizing all the vacillations of his un-

ſteddy heart, and confirming his dubious ideas, he gradually reſtores him. Mejnoun one day made a ſilent motion to open his tent. Not without alarm the anxious mother underſtood him, and trembled, as ſhe imagined it indicated his deſire of again eſcaping from home. Cautiouſly ſhe opened it a little.—a little more! (exclaimed the recovering maniac in a tender tone) a little more! 'tis Paradiſe opening! How vivid the verdure! how cheering the blue ſky! He gazed intenſely on the face of the country, and often ſighed.—Rejoice! (ſaid the Effendi to the anxious mother) thy ſon will ſoon be reſtored! The tones of his voice have returned to their natural pitch, and the firſt deſire of his heart is the aſpect of Nature. Truſt me, he who loves the view of Nature, will not forget his mother!

One day Mejnoun fell on the neck of the Effendi, and wept over the venerable man. A deep reſpiration laboured in his breaſt. He preſſed the hand of Lebid, and in that preſſure told he was conſcious of the preſent ſcene, and half remembered the paſt. He firſt called for his mother: he ſunk at her feet. His father embraced him, and a father's tears filled his eyes. Beloved ſon! (he exclaimed) return not without an affectionate heart to thy mercileſs father; thy mother loved thee, and I too loved thee, yet have we acted differently! Conſole me for the perſecutions thou haſt ſuffered; teach me to pardon myſelf! Thy father's heart was once a ſoldier's; 'tis now timid as the heart of a

 frightened

frightened child. Look mildly on an old man, who was once thy father: deſpiſe not Ahmed in his old age. If Love has cauſed thee all thy ſufferings, Love may remunerate thee with all thy joys. My ſon, ſmile but on me, and let me die in peace.

Mejnoun, in kneeling to his father, often by tender geſtures interrupted the humiliating language of affection. At length he ſaid:—My father, it is not poſſible! I am only reſtored to reaſon to know all my wretchedneſs. Leila can never be mine. The pride of nobility has hardened the heart of the Emir. Let me quit a world in which I have ceaſed to be uſeful: teach me, I am made for a hermitage! What is a man, alike incapable of friendſhip or of enmity?—O thou deſert! thou unfhadowy waſte! to me pleaſant is the abode of thy unrelenting rocks: there I view nothing of humanity, but the fea-hearth caravan, that ſometimes paſſes on, like ſome low cloud, hanging heavily over the earth. Yes, my father, I will live without Leila, but I muſt live in a deſert!

Such was the reſolve of Mejnoun when recovered from his delirium; but allured by the hope of poſſeſſing Leila, while every day confirmed the conſtancy of her heart, the deſert receded from his imagination, as the world opened more proſperouſly. At firſt his father attempted to amuſe his mind by continued feſtivals, and ſought to diſſipate his paſſion by procuring the moſt beautiful dancing women. Every day he renewed his promiſe to apply

ply in perſon to the father of Leila, while he ſlowly prepared valuable gifts to win the obduracy of the Emir. Hope for the intemperate Mejnoun opens another fountain of his feelings; from a delirious deſpair, he breaks into a delirious joy; he riots in futurity; his days are vowed to the feſtivities of pleaſure, and his nights to the viſions of imagination.

He was now no more furnamed MEJNOUN, but was called by his companions SERGUERDASI, which in the Perſian idiom means a Saunterer; or literally, one who does nothing but turn his head, now on one ſide, and now on another. His eye was now intenſely fixed on the pouting lip and the circling cup, and his ear wandered in the ſhrill joy of the pipe and the tenderneſs of the lute; but while his cheek glowed with animation, and the blood beat more vitally round his heart, at times his pulſe was irregular, and a fever breathed its unnatural heat in his veins. At theſe moments he compoſed Anacreontics, like the following one:

## A FESTIVE ODE.

Too fond, too fond of odorous WINE,
Of WOMAN'S wanton-rolling eye,
Of MUSIC'S ſoul-invading ſound;
Some cold-complexion'd ſage Divine,
Would cloud our pleaſure-echoing ſky,
And cloſe the laughing eye around.

We

We like his HEAVEN; our duteous EARTH
With WINE as musk'd, at green a GLADE,
Shall image forth the vision'd bliss.
Lo! ECHO wakes our bower with mirth!
While through yon ROSES' VEILING SHADE
How murmurs light the SWEET-VOIC'D KISS!

As the WINE gurgles in the GLASS,
With wavering HAND and dancing BRAIN,
TIPSY—a MONARCH on my throne,
I bid my number'd SUBJECTS pass!
SOBER'D—'Tis SHEEP that graze the plain,
And I a CAMEL-DRIVER'S SON (32)!

To day the CLOUDS' LIGHT DAUGHTER fair
The VINE'S BOLD SON in marriage blends (33);
To day a hundred lips are mine!
Boy! to MY LOVE this goblet bear;
If she her purple lip but lends
The rim, I'll drink the KISS in WINE (34)!

Ye GIRLS! with flowing steps arrange
The enamouring LABYRINTH OF DANCE;
And wind, and kiss, and fly, and turn,
And lose me in each gliding change!—
Ah! while your feathery feet advance,
Aim at my heart the eyes that burn (35)!

At length Mejnoun murmurs at the protracted happiness, and suspects the still-repeated promise.

They

They obſerved a new change in this variable and too-ſenſitive being. Suddenly he quits his gay ſociety, his face is ſuffuſed with faint bluſhes, and his voice faulters; his eyes are again caſt to the earth, his boſom palpitates, he refuſes his meals, and, in a few weeks, a wan countenance betrays his nightly fevers. His mother, alarmed at the menaced change of his paſſions, prompts her venerable lord to the humiliation of perſonal intreaty; and now, with a reluctance concealed in his own breaſt, the old hero haſtens to the tents of the green-turbaned Emir.

He enters and addreſſes him:—Deſcendant of Fatima! deign to unite thy enchanting daughter with my unhappy ſon: already haſt thou heard of the long delirium of the wanderer. Ah! who ever loved like Mejnoun? Behold him reſtored to glory! Pleaſure lights his ſplendid cheek; his immortal voice renews the verſes Arabia remembers; and all our youth call for the union of thy roſe with my nightingale. Thou knoweſt the prophet has made me a fortunate man; the trees I have planted live, the fountains I have opened were never dry. To Leila I will give a hundred virgins; they are the roſes of our valley. A thouſand armed Bedoweens, each mounted on a white courſer; and five hundred camels, and two thouſand ſhepherds; theſe ſhall ſurround her tent. My ſoul is now meditating to depart, and in the flying hour of Fate, little to me it imports whether I die on a throne:

throne or perish in the dust; but parental affection lives beyond the grave; and thou who art a father, wilt not be insensible to the prayer of a father.

Such was the humble solicitation of the magnificent veteran. But the Emir, while envy scorched his cheek as he listened to the opulence of Ahmed, and whose obdurate heart was puffed up by the pomp of birth, received him with a fierce disdain; tauntingly reproached the spiritless father with the delirium of his son, and with the bittersest mockery an Arabian gives, he added—Imbecile Bedoween, seest thou not that the wrong side of thy turban is out (36)!

A deep groan broke from the old Ahmed; twice he stroked his beard, and half unsheathed his scymitar; but the thought of still further distressing his son, by the death of Leila's father, thwarted his just vengeance. He quietly sheathed his scymitar, exclaiming,—"What sort of a man art thou that canst be ignorant of love?" Thou, oh Prophet! hast witnessed all! In this accursed tent I and my son alike have received eternal ignominy. The passion of glory has died away in the bosom of my son. O, Love! thou jealous passion! that wilt not suffer another to abide with thee!

He returned home humiliated; but, studious to conceal his feelings from his son, this unhappy father entered his tent with a feeble smile on his aged countenance. But the perspicacity of Mejnoun detected the reception he had suffered; and it pierced his soul when he reflected, that the intem-

perance

perance of his paſſion had given diſhonour to a venerable heroiſm, and for ever diſturbed the ſlumbers of an old father's eyes. His ſoul pined: he for ever abandoned the gaieties of his convivial day, and amid the loneliеſt ſpots, compoſed the moſt touching gazels *. He now talked of returning to the deſert.

For the laſt act of piety and deſpair, his father propoſed a pilgrimage to Mecca. It was a long journey for one of his age, but he would not perform the awful function by proxy; and in the holy houſe of the patriarch Abraham, he half-hoped to liſten to the celeſtial whiſperings of piteous ſeraphs, or at the tomb of the prophet to behold ſome miracle, operating on the intellect of his ſon.—I go (ſaid the aged Ahmed) like the good patriarch with his ſon Iſaac: may *I* be the ſacrifice to propitiate Heaven, that has deſerted us!

They arrive at the ſanctuary: they repeat the numerous prayers, and perform the numerous ablutions, and preſent the numerous offerings: they kiſs the black, gold-embroidered ſilk, on the top of the ſacred caaba; reverently they touch the golden gutters, and drink of the gelid water of the well Zemzem, which in the arid ſoil ſuddenly opened for Hagar when in ſearch of water for Iſmael. They pace, with the enthuſiaſm of piety, along the

* *Gazels* are *ſonnets*. I do not know whether they derive this *name* from the animal ſo called, and celebrated for the tenderneſs of its eyes, and the gentleneſs and beauty of its form.

numerous

numerous arcades, formed by thoſe vaſt columns, on which are ſuſpended a thouſand ſilver lamps, for ever illumined, dimming the eye through the dread ſtilneſs with a religious light. They ſpread their carpets, and tremblingly proſtrate themſelves before the black ſtone which the angel Gabriel hewed from the rocks of the Cauther, whoſe ſtream rolls in heaven over beryl beds, and whoſe ſhores are gold.

One day Mejnoun entered the temple alone. He approached the black ſtone, and hears from its oppoſite ſide the voice of his father fervently ſupplicating Heaven, and offering his vows, that his ſon might forget Leila.

Mejnoun heard, and the ſullenneſs of anger, with the ferocity of deſpair, glared in his diſtracted eyes. With a horrid impatience he ſtrikes his temples with his clenched hands, while his uncertain feet ſcarcely enable him to fly. He crawls to a remote aiſle, and flings himſelf on the marble floor. —And have we come here (he cries) to form vows! Thoſe are not mine! How hateful is the voice of fathers! No, Leila! they ſhall not ſeduce me! We will deſpair, but we will laugh at fathers. Thou ſuffereſt: mayſt thou not ſuffer like me! Here, in this holy temple; here, where I ſeem to feel the Divinity about me; here, I ſwear, we are united! I was thine; I am doubly thine!—Can Sympathy, at this moment, tell thee of this our ſad nuptial? It is the marriage of Deſpair! and Heaven is here, at once, our prieſt, our witneſs, and our perſecutor!

At

At the close of the day he steals from the temple, and escapes from Mecca. He gains the desart, neighbouring the tents of Leila; a wanderer in the same paths, and in the same delirium! More exanimate than formerly, he cannot climb the precipitous rocks; but crawls and gasps along the hot briny sands. Sometimes he lies stretched, and fancies he shall never again rise. His torn vestments he fastens by thorns; his casual food he picks from the earth, feeding often on a solitary lizard, and grasping the fainting adder, curses, and rejects it.

But Nature, too friendly to despairing men, ceases the violence of sufferance, when its operations tend to annihilation. Mejnoun becomes more mild, for he composes verses: his tender soul attaches itself to whatever surrounds it, and to all that has LIFE, the SOLITARY SIGHS. His bewildered spirit addressed itself to a raven in verses which lovers still repeat. One day he approached a TREE to enjoy its shade: it saluted him, by lowly bending its inoffensive branches; he started, he touched the foliage, and every leaf trembled with animation. At this silent hospitality, this visible sympathy, this endearment of sensibility, the melancholy soul of Mejnoun was touched, and he wept beneath that TREE; but as he perceived that while he continued under it, the branches drooped more and more, he rose from the grateful shade, lest, in the hospitality it offered, it should entirely consume its generous virtues.—Ah! others may come as wretched as myself! (cried Mejnoun) and

 I would

I would not deprive them of the conſolation of a SENSITIVE TREE *!

Urged by the poignancy of hunger, he ſought one day for food, and his hand only graſped the tawny and withered herb. He diſcovered a hunter with a fawn. He purſues the hunter, who, ſtartled by the man-ſpectre, flies; but the feet of Mejnoun were winged by deſpair, and the ſteps of the timid hunter relaxed as they flew. He crouches, and ſupplicates for life; but Mejnoun kneeled to the kneeling man.—I intreat thee, man, (replied Mejnoun) to give me thy fawn, for I perish. The hunter, recovering from his terrors at the mild imbecility of the Mejnoun, claimed for the purchaſe the diamond on his finger. Mejnoun preſented it to him.—To the inhabitant of a deſert (ſaid he) a fawn is well purchaſed by a diamond. Take it, and be proud; let the vanity glitter among the vain! If thou reacheſt Leila, the daughter of the Emir Amri, aſk her who gave thee this ring?—Art thou Kais? inquired the hunter.—I *was* Kais (replied Mejnoun in a ſolemn tone). The awed hunter proſtrated himſelf:—Heaven (ſaid he) has touched thy lips with celeſtial fire, and thy brain glows with the delirium of holineſs. Thy ring is a ſainted relic; in adverſity I will kiſs it; all that a Mejnoun wears, they ſay, is holy. My way is re-

* There are in Arabia ſeveral ſpecies of the *Mimoſa*, either *trees* or *ſhrubs*. The *tree mimoſa* is ſo much endeared to the Arabians, that the injuring or cutting it down is ſtrictly prohibited.—Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 359.

mote;

note; canſt thou tell me, inhabitant of the deſert, the hour of the day?---I do not count my hours (replied Mejnoun); often, indeed, I look up to the heavens to ſee where the ſun is; but what ſignifies to me in what part of heaven he ſhines, ſince pleaſure flies me at whatever point he touches. The hunter intreated the bleſſing of the amorous maniac, who penſively departed with ſlow ſteps, looking on, and leading the fawn.

He had obtained the fawn to ſatiate the violence of appetite; but his lifted hand having rudely touched its budding horns, their exquiſite ſenſibility prompted the beautiful animal to yield a tender infantine cry, which ſpoke to the heart of the melancholy man. Its ſlender tongue licked his raiſed hand, and it fixed its full eyes on its perſecutor: the view of the fawn revived the memory of his conſtant gazel. He ſat down and wept over it, and thus, with a romantic ſenſibility, addreſſed it:

Beauty of ſolitude! thou whoſe mild aſpect and delicate elegance can give even to a deſert the ſenſation of peace, thy innocent blood paſſion never yet inflamed: Shall it diſtain my hand, my hand which only knows to careſs thee? I will court thee by affectionate familiarities: when thou ſhalt *know* that I love thee, thou ſhalt lead me if thou wilt; for peace is within thy inoffenſive ſteps. Live, and conſole my hermit-path! Mine ſhall be the delightful employment to guard thy branchy horns from the entangling thicket; to gaze on thee till thou underſtandeſt me; to repeat the name of

Leila

Leila till thou ſhalt remember it. Sweet fawn! what ſhade is moſt grateful to thy brilliant eyes? Where loves thy ſlender elegance to repoſe? The tall pine-tree, from whence thou ſtrippeſt the bark? or the wild cheſnut on the mountain, to ſport with its provoking and poliſhed ſhell? or the manna tree, in ſummer mornings dropping its yellow liquid? or the almond, with ſilver or roſaceous bloſſoms, when its mature fruit, with gentle violence, opens its own ſhield? or the white-leaved poppies, whoſe narcotic diffuſes in the air if not culled ere the ſun ſtrikes the flowers, and taints the livid face of the gatherer, trembling with the potent opiates he breathes? Truſt me, if thou loveſt the ſweet poppies thou ſhalt have them. Wilt thou lay thy ſoft length along in the cotton field? Beware, dear fawn, of the fatal *gulbad samour*, whoſe flowers poiſon the wind; and let me ſolicitouſly deter thy innocence from the *kerzehré*, that hypocrite of the foreſt, whoſe boughs are covered with roſes, but whoſe deleterious dews, while they ſparkle on, blaſts the earth that receive them. (38.)

Thus converſed the fanciful Mejnoun with his fawn. Society not wanting in his ſolitude, it renewed his gentleſt emotions, and a fawn could tame the deſperate man. To refreſh his fawn, he often eluded the brazen ſky, and the thirſty ſands, and ſtole to the green borders of Perſia, ſtretching himſelf on the flowers that richly clothe that vernal ſoil, while the fawn gamboled among the beds of tulips, anemones, and jonquils. (39.)

In

In this ſecond flight to the deſert his retreat had been undiſcovered till he met the hunter, who, haſtening to Leila (for the promiſe given to a Mejnoun he conſidered as a point of religion), acquainted her with his abode. The diſconſolate maiden could not reſiſt the deſire of viſiting her lover and her maniac, and, with a confidential ſlave, contrived to eſcape, for a ſhort time, on horſes procured in haſte.

Arrived in the deſert, they ſoon became faint in the hot blaſts. As they paſſed by murky and projecting rocks, piled in awful maſſes, the ſkies were frequently hid from their eyes, till the landſcape ſuddenly opened on all ſides its immenſe horizon. In the ever-ſhifting ſands their track was frequently loſt, and then they were only guided by a number of pillars erected acroſs the plain in ſight of each other *. The ſand reverberated the beams of the ſun; no breeze refreſhed, no ſhade ſheltered, while in the vaſt glare of light that dazzled their aching eyes, they held a fan of painted feathers before their faces; but their horſes ſlowly proceeded as the briny ſand ſcorched their hoofs †. At length they diſcovered an arch hewed in a rock, from whoſe cleft jutted out a young laurel tree. Here they ſat ſome time, till the ſlave ſuddenly exclaimed, Behold! and pointing to one ſide of the

* This curious circumſtance is noticed by Pocock in his travels through Egypt.

† It is for this reaſon that camels are preferred to horſes, whoſe tender feet are incapable of travelling in the hot ſands.

rock,

rock, which had been poliſhed into ſmoothneſs, Leila viewed her portrait. He lives here! ſhe cried. Perhaps not (replied the ſlave), perhaps thy portrait is engraven on every rock.

Three hours had elapſed, and Mejnoun appeared not. The ſlave wailed, often repeating aloud, Unhappy Leila! A fawn appeared as ſhe pronounced the name. They wondered, as they heard a ſhrill, hoarſe voice vociferating, Leila, Leila! The fawn diſappeared. The voice was in the narrow paths among the precipices, and was heard to ſay, What induced thee, my beloved, to quit me ſo ſuddenly this evening?—'Tis Mejnoun! exclaimed the agitated Leila: ſupport me, I pray thee, I am ſick at heart. She ſunk into the arms of the ſlave. The wan form of Mejnoun approached; he perceives two females; he recogniſes Leila; he loſes his voice; a quick ſuffuſion fluſhed and died away on his pallid countenance; a faint light glistened in his eyes; he bends on tottering knees; he would embrace Leila, but falls before her in extreme debility.

He creeps to her tremulouſly; he graſps her knees; he riſes, he preſſes her in his arms. He reſts his eyes on her face till the recovering beauty returns his glances; inarticulate ſounds murmur on their lips; and they touch and tremble.

Viſion of the earth! (exclaimed the delirious Mejnoun) canſt thou deceive me with ſubſtantial forms? I live on deliriouſly! my life is but a protracted dream. Breathing form! haſt thou not a

voice? Tell me, quickly tell me, art thou indeed Leila?

I am thy Leila, oh Mejnoun! *thus* to meet thee! I ſteal from my father's tents to tell thee how I love thee; to win thee from thy ſolitude; and to hear thoſe ſongs thou haſt compoſed on myſelf reſounding through Arabia. Ah! beneath my hand how thy heart palpitates! Sweet Love! look not ſo wildly on me! thou who art ſo woe-be-gone! O! thou who art called Mejnoun, it is for me that ſad, that ſweet, that fainted name is thine! She broke into a full guſh of tears.

She ceaſed, yet Mejnoun ſeemed ſtill liſtening to her voice.—'Tis ſurely the voice of Leila! (he ſaid in a ſolemn tone.) We meet not as heretofore! but never ſounded thy accents ſweeter than in this deſert. Formerly we trod on a ſilent carpet, and ſat in a pleaſant kioſque, while the jeſſamines and roſes prodigally waſted their aromatic ſouls in the air we breathed. All then, my love, waſted about us; and above all, Leila, we waſted our hours. O! had we then forgotten we had fathers! we might have lived in this deſert, and we ſhould have lived happy! No: I will not think of happiness, it will make me mad! For me, then, haſt thou trodden on the ſcorching ſands, and felt the brazen ſkies of a deſert! Romantic maid, I thank thee! Likeſt thou this perilous aſſignation? Be cautious, girl; there is temerity in thy attempt. I have ſeen the eye of the wild lion glare as he paſſed on; yet fear not, here are no fathers! Ah!

if

if thou wouldſt become the tenant of this deſert, then would the briers be ſweet as the wild eglantine, and the hot ſands ſmooth as the ſilken carpet!

The bewildered air and the unſteady thoughts of Mejnoun alarmed Leila, and ſhe turned ſilently to the ſlave. They had brought ſome proviſions in a pannier.—Will my lord (cried the ſlave) repoſe, and taſte our refreſhments? Anxiety and fatigue have been more ſultry to us than the deſert; nor has my miſtreſs opened but one pomegranate ſince ſun-riſe.—Dear Mejnoun! (ſaid Leila with her faſcinating ſmile) our hour is ſhort; ſhare in theſe meats, and theſe fruits; reſtore thyſelf, my love! —His hand was folded in her own, and ſhe gave it the tendereſt preſſure. That long-loſt ſenſation returning to his ſoul, his ſympathetic nerves repeated emotions that memory had almoſt forgotten: he ſighed; tears ſtarted in his eyes; he kiſſed her hand, he ſmiled, and ſaid,—Leila, behold me what I once was, behold thy Kais!

They ſat down; the ſlave ſpread the various refection; conſiſting of pomegranates, and water-melons, and piſtachio nuts, and various-coloured grapes, with plates of rice and the fleſh of goats. She had alſo brought the cooling tamarinds, to expreſs in their beverage; but the bardaks of water ſhe had broken in her haſte, and ſhe loudly lamented the want of a ſherbet.—Thou art the firſt, luxurious girl! (cried Mejnoun) who ever mourned for a ſherbet in a deſert: thou art but young in miſery! —Eagerly graſping a handful of freſh flowers which

ſhe had alſo brought, and ſighing as the odours reached him, he ſaid,—The ſcent of flowers from the hand of one we love, Leila, how delicious to the hermit in a deſert, who has almoſt forgotten how flowers ſmell when they are given to us by a friend!—Leila dropt a tear, and Mejnoun caught the living pearl on a roſe, and kiſſed it off the leaf.

In their rambling converſation they made more queſtions than they could form anſwers, and the laſt hour of this romantic viſit was to cloſe. The moon ſhone in its mid path, and the cryſtal light warned the ſlave to commence their ſhadowy journey. The lovers, reminded of the time, were alike unwilling to ſeparate. They ſat retired, and each time the ſlave came to them, ſhe was remanded back; each time ſhe ſaw the long-languiſhing looks their eyes mingled; but in the eyes of Leila the tears ſuffuſed their brilliancy, and they ſhone like moonlight in the water. At length ſhe cried,—My miſtreſs will periſh in the blaze of the ſun; conſider, my lord, we came but on horſes, and I am ſure they will die in the ſandy waſte, and drop us in the deſert: my lord, my lord! we maidens cannot live like hermits!

Rouſed by the clamours of the ſlave, Mejnoun ſuſtained Leila, he looked on the moon and ſaw it declining in its blue path.—How ſhall I live after this! (he cried:) yet let us haſte; I will conduct thee to the borders of the deſert. Perfection of beauty, Peri of my ſoul! when we again meet, I ſhall open for thee the ſilver gate of Paradiſe!

They

They proceeded ſlowly on their journey, till the ſlave again exclaimed,—Ah! look, my lord! ſhe pointed to the moon; it was almoſt extinguiſhed, and glided away on the verge of the ſky. Mejnoun reluctantly hurried on; and now they reached the borders of the deſert, and ſtopped to take a laſt farewell. The dawn already peered above the horizon with its argent whiteneſs, and the ſun now threw an amber-ſtreak, and was on the point of colouring the heaven with its vermilion; part of the mountains before them had the purple hue of the half-illumined night-ſhadows. They gaze on the beamleſs ſun; they kneel before the ſoul of the univerſe; and, claſping their hands, vow an eternal paſſion. Leila ſupplicates for his return to his father's tents.—No (replied Mejnoun), I will not live where our fathers live!—Voiceleſs they embrace, ſlowly they part, quickly they return: now afar, they wave their hands, and Mejnoun gazed on Leila till her figure melted in the air, and ſeemed a ſpeck to his eye.

Alone, after this interview, for the firſt time he perceived the horrors of the deſert. Habit had ſoftened the aſpect of the ſurrounding terrors; deſpair had even endeared them; but the fatal preſence of the object in which all his paſſions centered, again convulſed the volcano of his heart. At times he thought to purſue her, to detain her, to plunge into one abyſs, and to find together an eternal reſt. His frame betrays the rapid volitions

of his heart; he returns to the ſpot whence Leila departed. He runs along the ſands; his voice howls and ſhrieks; he tears up the trees by their roots, and flings them in the air; he purſues the wild animals, and ſatiates the anger of his ſoul in their murders; he rejoices to make the deſert more deſert. He tears away the young laurel that jutted from his grottoed rock; once he had taught it to grow there with a little pride; it remembered him of glory. At length he ſwoons. It was only on the ſucceeding night that the miſerable maniac awoke from his delirium; then faint, he tranquilly gazed on the tranquil moon, and careſſed his fawn that laid its head on his knees.—Surely (he cried) it was but in a dream that I have ſeen Leila! and thus he addreſſed the fawn:—Sleep by the light of the moon, fair fawn! the moonbeams will not hurt thy dark brilliant eyes. Shall I rhyme thee to ſleep? Laſt night I ſlept, and I dreamed—. Dear animal! thou too dreameſt of the green valley thou haſt left, of the flowers thou haſt ſmelt. Ah! happineſs is not baniſhed from the cell of the hermit if he has but A DREAM OF LOVE!

He now addreſſed an ode to the MOON, which related

## THE LOVER's DREAM.

CRYSTAL WORLD! thy ſhadows pour!
LAND where FANCY builds her BOWER!

In

In thy ſilver-circle deep
Lies the TREASURY OF SLEEP;
Many a glittering dream of air,
Many a picturing phantom there!
Shades of ſoft ideas bleſs;
IMAGES OF HAPPINESS!

Laſt night, in ſleep, my LOVE did ſpeak,
I preſs'd her HAND, I kiſs'd her CHEEK.
Her FOREHEAD was with ſoftneſs hung;
Soft as the timid Moon when young.
Two founts of ſilvery light unfold,
With EYE-BALLS, dropping liquid gold.
Her BROWS nor part, nor join, their jet(40);
Her TEETH, like pearls in coral ſet.

Her BOSOM gave its odorous ſwell,
Each breathing wave now roſe, now fell;
And oft the flying bluſhes deck
With vermil light her marble NECK *;
Ah! union ſtrange of chaſte deſire!
Mixed in her CHEEK were SNOW and FIRE!
My lips a million kiſſes pour
Her ſilver-ſhining BODY o'er †.

* A beautiful neck is frequently called by the Greeks a *marble neck*. Thoſe only who are ignorant of the magic of ſculpture conceive it a hard and cold image; the beauty of the neck conſiſts in its exquiſite white and ſmooth poliſh, like that of Parian marble.

† Sadi employs the compound epithet of *ſilver-bodied*; another Perſian poet has, "*necks fair as ſilver.*"

Lengthening her criſped LOCKS, embrac'd
The BEAUTY, laughing, round her WAIST;
Theſe ſnare the ſoul, theſe wake the ſigh;
I gaz'd till madneſs fix'd the eye (41)!

The ſoft-clos'd LIPS I view'd awhile,
Juſt open'd with the tendereſt SMILE!
I heard her VOICE; but, too intent,
The DREAM diſſolv'd as ſtill I leant!—
Yet, till the day-break lit the ſky,
That not one word might ever die,
I counted o'er and o'er each WORD,
Till SOMETHING LIKE HER VOICE was heard!

Thou friend to LOVE! romantic NIGHT!
Now hang a painted dream like this;
I graſp a SHADOW OF DELIGHT!
A PAINTED DREAM is all my BLISS (42)!

Every day his verſes became more wild, but certainly not leſs poetical. The rock he haunted was well known to the hunters; and the gentleneſs of the Mejnoun had prompted them to repay the ſweetneſs of his romantic ſongs by leaving proviſions in his rocky vault: they alſo frequently placed there the ſilk paper and the ſplendid ink of Perſia, with Egyptian reeds. One piouſly came to ſupplicate his bleſſing; another, with purer taſte, to intreat for copies of his verſes; and each in return promiſed

promiſed to be the meſſenger of his love; and ſecretly to convey to his miſtreſs the ENVOI he deigned to confide to them. He ſuffered their preſence with patient benevolence, and ſometimes ſoothed his agitated mind with the ſelf-ſupported love of fame; and imaged in his reveries the ſympathies and the applauſes poſterity has given to him.

END OF PART THE THIRD.

## PART THE FOURTH:

*Noufel, the Iman of Sana, invites him to his court, and promiſes to unite him with Leila—Wars with the Emir, and returns home with the Lovers—He becomes himſelf enamoured of Leila—An Arabian illumination—The Iman's ſelf-puniſhment—The Lovers are again ſeparated—Leila is compelled to unite herſelf to Ebnſelan—An Arabian marriage feſtival—She refuſes to conſummate her marriage—Mejnoun in deſpair addreſſes a poetical epiſtle to Leila—Her anſwer—Mejnoun's father dies of grief, and Mejnoun again returns to the deſert—The death of the Lovers.*

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NOUFEL, the Iman of Sana, was equally renowned for a paſſion for poetry and for hunting. Wandering one day near the rock of Mejnoun, this prince liſtened to his voice; he was touched by its melodious melancholy; and while the poetry indicated the unſteady heart of the poet, the united delirium of his art, his love, and his exile, was more intereſting than the regular and courtly meaſures that fatigued his ear in his palace.

Noufel ſilently enters into the twilight gloom of the vaulted rock. In its ſubdued light he views Mejnoun in a recumbent poſture: the affectionate fawn was ſtretched before him, and a manuſcript was placed on its ſoft-breathing body. Mejnoun was in the act of compoſition: a warm radiance ſparkled

ſparkled at times in his hollowed eyes, that often fixed on an oppoſite portrait of Leila. His extended hand held a reed; he repeated verſes till they found cadence; he gave utterance to ideas and to images that perplexed by their variety; his geſtures accompanied the paſſions he deſcribed:—ſuch were the deliria of reverie! Often he cloſed his periods with the tendereſt ſigh, and with the ſoft part of the reed often relieved his eye from the tear that clouded.

The ſenſibility of the prince never ſlumbered: he feared to ruſh too abruptly in the preſence of a man whoſe tremulous nerves ſuffered ſuch a fine irritability. He ſtole away, gliding on tiptoe, from the vault. Reaching its entrance, he inquired of his hunters, if they knew who was the Mejnoun who haunted this ſpot?—It is the lover of Leila.—And is the fineſt poet of Arabia left to periſh in ſolitude! (cried Noufel.) Men of genius! it is thus ye are admired and never conſoled!

He bid a hunter blow his horn, with a ſound ſo mellow that it ſhould fall, like a remote harmony, on the ear of Mejnoun. He blew, and the tones played lightly among the circling echoes. Mejnoun appeared. Noufel approached him, and taking his hand, ſmiling, ſaid:—Enchanting poet, eternal lover! behold Noufel! Me, perhaps, thou knoweſt not, for I am but a prince; but thou art known to me, for thou art a poet. My ſubjects cheriſh me, but of thee the world is enamoured. Wilt thou deign to accept my protection? Leila

ſhall be thine; I ſwear by Alborak, on which the prophet rode to heaven! Is the Emir avaricious? I will offer him treaſures. Ambitious? I will give thee dignities. Inſenſible to kindneſs? My troops have taught deſpots to feel. Yes, thou ſhalt have Leila; and all that I implore of thee is to embelliſh my court with thy glory. Delight us with the graces of thy ſplendid verſe; inſtruct us by the wisdom of thy ſolemn precept.

Mejnoun ſearched, with an inquiring eye, the face of the Iman; his phyſiognomy had every waving line of ſenſibility; and as their eyes met, they underſtood each other. The hope of poſſeſſing Leila exhilarated his aſtoniſhed ſoul, and he replied:—Thy offer is pure; who but the gentleſt of men would court a hermit? Thy amiable ſoul opens itſelf to love and poetry. Thou giveſt me HOPE; it is a ſweet aliment to a wounded ſpirit. Yet HOPE was once my paraſite, and flattered, and revelled, and ruined! Yet HOPE is ſtill dear; it is ſo ſtrange to my feelings; it is a ſenſation ſo long forgotten, that ſcarcely my feeble heart knows how to receive it.

The enthuſiaſt, now at the court of Nouſel, received from the ſenſitive prince new honours every day. He ordered that a *medalla*, or large paraſol, ſhould be ever carried before him; the diſtinction of independent nobility. He prepares an embaſſy for the Emir, and compoſes the letter himſelf, in which he invited his conſent by the munificence of his offers, and menaced his refuſal by the terror of his arms.

The

The haughty Emir tore the letter before the face of the ambaſſador, violently ſtamped on the fragments, and ſarcaſtically congratulated him on the wiſdom of his prince, who propoſed creating a diſtracted lover his chief miniſter. The Emir ſummons his tribe; Nouſel collects his bands. At length they meet, and, pauſing ere they combat, watch the motions of each other.

Mejnoun, two days preceding the battle, diſpatched a truſty page to the camp of the Emir. He has orders to enter ſecretly the tent of Leila, and to prevail on her to fly with him, that a battle might be ſpared. The page purſues his way with the devoted zeal of a meſſenger of love. He travels by moonlight, through unbeaten paths: when he meets a ſtream, he ſwims acroſs it; a precipice, he leaps over it; a hill, he runs up it; and along the ſmooth valley he trips ſo lightly, that at morning his ſandals are ſcarcely wet, and faintly ſilvered over by the night-dews. He approaches the camp of the enemy, and obſerved the armed Arabs ſleeping in the moonlight. He dexterouſly ſhuns the centinels, by creeping under hedges, and often hiding his little body among the tall graſs and fringed fern, he reaches the tent of Leila. Gliding in, he views at the far end, the Beauty by a ſolitary lamp, and the holy koran lying before her, on which ſometimes ſhe directed her unquiet eyes. The little page is at a loſs how to diſcover himſelf. He folds his hands on his breaſt, and kneels; Leila fancies, in the delirium of piety, that the beauti-

ful

ful boy is ſome winged genii, of whom ſhe had read in the Perſian tales. She recovers her underſtanding in liſtening to the meſſage. The little page tells her, how he had ſwam acroſs ſtreams, leaped over precipices, run up hills, and crept unſeen in the tall graſs.—I cannot do all this (ſaid Leila): it is only a little boy like thyſelf who can be ſo ſecret a traveller. Surely thy beloved lord is ſtill a Mejnoun!

At length, after a week had elapſed in extreme wearineſs, and they had watched inceſſantly the motions of each other, the combat commenced. The army of Nouſel amounted to a thouſand horſemen, that of the Emir was inferior; and they joined with equal valour, but unequal force. They ſtruck ſabres againſt ſabres; couched their long lances, and pointed them at, without touching each other's breaſts; they wheeled about each other with equal celerity; they uttered loud and ſhrill vociferations; ſtood with menacing geſtures, and tried each other's ſagacity by artful feints: ſometimes they mingled with an apparent rage, now purſuing and now flying, as the vigour of their arm prevailed. Clouds of duſt were rolled above and around. They combated in this manner for twelve hours, till the troops of the Emir left on the field of battle ſeven of their companions, who lay motionleſs, bruiſed by the fall from their horſes. The route then became general; a panic was caught by the Emir's ſoldiery; and the army of

Nouſel

Noufel proved victorious by out-wearying their enemies (43.)

The tent of the Emir was ſurrounded; and Mejnoun yielding the honour of firſt entering it to his patron, the prince took priſoner the Emir and his daughter. Touched by the beauty of the virgin, he gazes in ſilent admiration, and thinks that even Mejnoun had not ſufficiently inſpired his imagination with ſuch a model of beauty. The haughty father ſtood beſide her, nor relinquiſhed the hand of his daughter till the prince, in gently ſeparating them, claimed the right of conqueſt. Fear, modeſty, and grief, were expreſſed in the variable face of Leila, in tears, in bluſhes, and in tremors. At the view of ſo much beauty (more beautiful in its diſorder) the feeling ſoul of Noufel inſpired his firſt action with magnanimity.—Lovely maiden! (he cried) fear not a conqueror who conquers but to reſtore thee to freedom, to love, and to Mejnoun. For thee, obdurate Emir! in thy misfortune we forget thy pride. Return to thy tents.—The friends of the Emir kneeled to Noufel. The imperious Emir himſelf was no more proud; his hereditary ſpirit melted away in tenderneſs, as his humid eyes reſted on his daughter. They embraced and wept; and as he quitted her arms with a paternal ſigh, Leila looked on Mejnoun with anger and with grief. Her lover felt the ſilent indignation, nor ventured to approach her: the victor ſtood half-mourning his victory.

The character of Noufel was that of a quick ſuſceptibility,

ceptibility, and the impulſion of his feelings was inſtantaneous; but he was vain and volatile, and ever touching the extreme of paſſion. His heroiſm was but a temporary ebullition; and that ſuſceptibility which produced his virtues, at times, taking an oppoſite direction, hurried him into impetuous crimes; crimes which he could at once abhor and cheriſh: in a word, his heart was more ardent than intrepid. His natural feelings were pure, but they were at variance with the acquired habits of a court; and he was rather a lover of virtue, than virtuous.

The emotions with which Leila affected him, were too powerful for a ſoul whoſe extreme ſoftneſs is only the more dangerous when it tends to a gradual corruption. At firſt he faintly wreſtled with his deſires: but as the mind of Leila calmed, every day ſhe became leſs reſiſtible; and he gazed while his whole frame trembled at the novel graces every day ſhot forth to his eye; at the harmony of her features, the bloom of her complexion, and the enchantment diffuſed over her whole perſon. The tender friendſhip ſhe felt for the patron of her lover, but the more provoked his ardour; his ſoul was inflamed by her graceful ſmile, and diſſolved by the tenderneſs of her tones; and when he liſtened- abſorbed in the melody of her tongue, if he looked up to her eyes, he forgot her voice in their brilliancy. Unhappy Noufel! he felt himſelf at length ſo much attached to her, that he now conſidered that her lover intruded on *his* claims, and

at

at the affectionate careſſes of Mejnoun, he writhed in the agony of jealouſy. How often ſuddenly he quitted them, ſickening at their happineſs, while they, with grateful eyes, thanked him for that hour of delicious ſolitude which is ſo neceſſary for the exiſtence of lovers.—What! (cried the miſerable prince,) ſhall *I* be the ſlave of Mejnoun? Shall I yield the only happineſs I have ever found to the ſolitary hand of a diſtracted man? Yes; friendſhip, juſtice, and hoſpitality, tell me this. And what are ye all, ye ſoft-hearted VIRTUES, before the energy of POWER? Shall Noufel be the moſt wretched in his court? ſhall he make madmen happy, by rendering himſelf moſt unhappy? If this be virtue, it is alſo folly. A word annihilates Mejnoun; a word for ever unites me to Leila. What! they will call me an impious bread and ſalt traitor (44.)! I ſhall violate the rights of hoſpitality; the holy rights an Arabian reveres. Ah! what are *rights* to *me*—a lover and a prince! Noufel was not inſenſible to his own unworthineſs; guilty, while he felt the infamy of guilt! Sometimes he reſolves to have Mejnoun aſſaſſinated, but the diminution of his fame reſtrained him; and he watches with perpetual ſolicitude, if he could diſcover ſome action in Mejnoun that might prove the diſorder of his mind, and the neceſſity of confinement; but the intellect of Mejnoun was never injured but when he was torn away from Leila. At length Mejnoun complained in gentleneſs, to Noufel, of his protracted happineſs.

Noufel

Noufel fixes on the day of his marriage. He announces to the court, that Mejnoun on that day becomes his chief minifter; and to give publicity to his honours, he commands a nightly illumination in the city of Sana, to precede the fplendid banquet which is to folemnife the happinefs of Mejnoun and Leila.

The public feftivities commenced. Mejnoun compofed his epithalamiums, and thefe were foon retained by the people, who quitted all their occupations, and for a whole week only ftudied to get by heart his verfes. At the corners of the ftreets were little knots of jugglers, tumblers, dancers, and muficians; while before the fhops were placed on tables, fpread with aromatic flowers, pyramids of refreftments, with large jars of forbet, and pomegranate wine. The various crafts were the whole day wandering in proceffions; carrying before them ftreamers, dazzling the eye with a thoufand colours, and exhibiting the implements of their profeffions in maffy gold; while attended by their muficians, with kettle-drums, fifes, and clarions, they ftopped under the balcony of Mejnoun and Leila, and fang hymeneal verfes, toffing handfuls of flowers in the air. At night the illumination was general, and the darkeft nook of the city feemed to be lighted up by a midnight fun. Every minareh was wreathed with variegated lights; in the vaft concaves of their domes fhone a thoufand lamps of coloured glafs; and cords were thrown acrofs, from minareh to minareh, on which the

lamps were arranged into letters, forming verſes of the koran; and on that night ſo general was the fanciful illumination, that every houſe having choſen a different verſe, much of the ſacred volume might have been read throughout the city in characters of flame (45.).

The ſucceeding day the banquet is prepared. Leila comes forth in her bridal veſtments, and ere the ſolemn rite is performed, they partake of the ſplendid refection. The artificial Nouſel has entruſted to his confidential page the infuſion of a ſubtile poiſon in the wine of Mejnoun. Nouſel keeps his eye on *him* who *thinks* himſelf a bridegroom; and in tranſport he beholds Mejnoun empty, without taking the goblet from his lips. To conceal the ſecret pleaſure of his heart, his tongue is voluble; his eye, at times, ſeems convulſed with rapture; an agony of delight writhes his features. The courtiers around (the wretched mimics of their prince) catch the gay extravagance of their maſter. The pavilion ſounds with one undiſtinguiſhed claſh of voices. It was a delight that had terror in it. The prince laughs till his voice ſhrieks; he moves on his ſopha till every limb trembles; each courtier imitates the contortions of his rapture. What he ſpeaks is no more heard in the clamour of their joys. At length they behold him fall from his ſopha, lifeleſs on the ground. All is the ſilence of terror.

Mejnoun flies to his friend and his prince: he holds him in his arms. The face of Nouſel is blanched

blanched and livid; his heavy lids are cloſed in death; and his feeble accents, fleeting on his quivering lips, painfully tell,—Mejnoun, yield me no pity! the poiſoned cup, meant for thee, has reached my own lips. I loved Leila, and my love was terrible; impious! I prepared poiſon for my gueſt! Yes, thy prince was thy traitor.—He ſunk into his arms, and expired in the ſlow agonies of a convulſion.

An event ſo unexpected and terrific interrupted the nuptials. The Iman, who on that very day ſucceeded Noufel, had none of the ſenſibility of that miſerable victim of paſſion. He had no attachment to poetry and to love, but a great ſagacity in politics; and lamenting that a war ſhould ever have been occaſioned for a poſſeſſion ſo little valuable as that of a woman, ſent Leila back to the Emir, with an aſſurance of his veneration for one who wore a green turban.

Unhappy lovers! what now but a hopeleſs futurity opens to your exiſtence? Thinking of all ye were to be, how bitter the meditation of what ye are; while the remembrance of perjured and of periſhed friendſhip wounds beyond the grave of the traitor!—My ſoul (cried Mejnoun) yeſterday rejoiced in poſſeſſion, and to day is deſolated in ruin! My happineſs will not laſt out a ſolitary ſun. FORTUNE effaces TO DAY what YESTERDAY ſhe had written on her whiteſt page!

Leila returned to the tents of her father, and Mejnoun relapſed into his former delirious feeling, but

but with a more deadly hatred of man; and without a friend, he regards himſelf as a naked ſword without a ſheath*. Again he flies into the deſert, and no one can diſcover his retreat.

It was ſome time after the return of his daughter that the Emir received a propoſal of marriage from another Emir for his ſon Ebnſelan. The paſſion of Leila was indeed univerſally known; but ſince this laſt fatal event, and the death of Mejnoun, as it was reported, it was imagined that the beautiful virgin would not reſiſt the paſſion of a youth who came recommended by the graces of his perſon and the ſplendor of his train. Such was the judgment of the two aged Emirs, while the fervors of the gentle Ebnſelan, whoſe paſſion had been inſpired by the verſes of his rival, prompted the hope of ſtill winning the affections of one ſo capable of affection.

But when Leila was acquainted with the reſolves of her father, ſhe ſhrieked, ſhe tore the rich calpuc from her hair, and beating her boſom, accuſed her parents of cruelty, and Heaven of injuſtice. By gentle inſinuations, and by mild reproaches, they eſſayed all the avenues of her ſuſceptible heart. She was aſſured that Mejnoun had ceaſed to exiſt; and was ſhe not ſolicited by the moſt amiable youth in Yemen? and was the ſolemn oath of her vene-

* "Far removed from friends, poor and ſolitary, like a naked ſword without a ſheath."—Richardſon's Arabic Grammar.

rable

rable father to be lightly regarded? Had he not sworn, that if she accepted not the hand of Ebnselen, no hope remaining to perpetuate his family honours, he would refuse nourishment, and close his days by a voluntary death?—Thou hast disgraced us! (he cried:) a childless woman is in our race. Virginity is the glory of the girl, but the shame of the woman. Thou hast turned into a desert the fertile soil, and dried up the fountain of our race.

Long inexorable, the sufferer offered her life, but refused her hand. Day succeeded day, and no messenger from Mejnoun arrived. Her father persisted in his resolution, and ceaseless tears were on the face of her mother. One day they sat near Leila in a mournful silence; the eyes of her mother were fixed on her eyes; Leila could not support the full affection they beamed on her; the invisible atoms of sympathy entered her whole frame; she became what her mother was, and the ardour of her mother's eyes shot to the sanctuary of her pure soul. The tears of her mother often lingered amidst her wrinkled cheeks, and once she sighed heavily: instantly Leila sighed convulsively; she sunk on her mother's lap, and stretched her hand to her old father in silence and in despair; she stretched her hand, and turning aside her face, she wept aloud.———

The nuptial day arrives. The virgin, preceded by a splendid retinue, and followed by her mother, her female relatives, and the damsels of her tribe, issues

iſſues from the tent of her father. It was a rivalry of Arabian magnificence. The moſt precious gums fumed from ſilver cenſers. The bride appeared under a ſplendid canopy, ſupported by four men; ſhe was veiled from head to foot; the crimſon veil concealing her face was ſo ſprinkled with diamonds that the tears which ſparkled on her veil were not diſtinguiſhable. Her flowing hair, waving on her ſhoulders, was dreſſed with embroidered ribbons, and the long taſſels of ſilk, wrought with gold and ſilver, reached to her feet: a heron's feather, among tufts of ſmaller plumes, was fixed on her head, and ſometimes gracefully flowed backwards; while the quills of the feathers were ſet in ſockets of gold, and blazed with gems. On either ſide they flung around ſcented waters; ſome waved their ſilken fly-flaps; ſome played on their tambourines; and many paſſed on, performing agile feats, and dancing in various attitudes. The women then followed with ſolemn and proceſſional ſteps. At length a body of muſicians appeared, and as the muſic played, guns at intervals were fired *; and as they ceaſed, the ſilver voices of the women reſponded with the joyous cry of, *Lu! lu! lu!* Then ſucceeded two camels loaded with her dowry, in furniture, and followed by the herds. The proceſſion went on in a ſlow march, and often paused to receive the ſalutations of the people.

They approach the tents of the expectant bride-

* Niebuhr notices the firing of guns at an Arabian marriage.

groom.

groom. The father and the ſon haſten to meet them with no inferior pomp. In their retinue are five hundred horſemen, mounted on thoſe fire-eyed courſers (46), whoſe nobility of deſcent and purity of blood, from the ſtud of Solomon, is proved by a genealogy of two thouſand years. His gifts were ambitiouſly arranged on five camels. The two proceſſions hailing each other, mingled into one.

They enter the ornamented tent of Ebnſelan; the contract is ratified before the cadi, who performs the nuptial ceremony. The two families felicitate each other, and the feſtival ſpreads along the neighbouring valley. They prodigally ſcattered their aſpers and their ſweetmeats among the eager multitude, who ſhouted as they caught the ſhowery gifts in their extended robes (47). Every Arab crowned his head with the ſplendid red flowers of the mimoſa, whoſe delicacy and brilliancy are reſerved for the nuptial day. The ſun, at length, ſet to the deſiring eye of the glowing bridegroom, who now was permitted to conduct the beauty to his own tent, and to lift the veil from her ſecret charms.

Ebnſelan approached Leila, and tremblingly raiſed the veil from the face of the virgin. Smiles and bluſhes were not in that face; tears are on her cheeks and frowns on her brow. His ſoul ſhudders, and he drops the veil. Again he returns to Leila, and with tender reproaches in his eyes, would preſs her to his boſom.—Stay thy hand! (exclaimed the virgin, in a tone more reſolute and awful

awful than ever virgin ſpoke,) audacious youth! thy hand would ſteal the fruit that has long matured for another. Well thou knoweſt that Leila is Mejnoun's Leila, and can be the Leila of no other. Thinkeſt thou that oaths are mockeries? Oaths! are they not regiſtered in Heaven? and are there not MARRIAGES recorded *there*, which on earth are unconſummated? Wilt thou be a ſerpent in the garden? Thou mayeſt wind round the tree, poiſoning the fruit thou canſt not gather. I may fear thee, but we do not love the thing we fear. The injuſtice of a father has made his daughter a criminal; and I am guilty becauſe I am obedient. Were there not an imbecility in our ſex, I had died!—Yet thou mayeſt ſtill be kind: I am thy bride, come then in kindneſs to thy bride; come Ebnſelan! ſhall I not bleſs thy name on our nuptial night? Avert thy face, recoil not, and ſtrike thy ſcymitar at my virgin breaſt. Point it here. I will kiſs the point.

Ebnſelan covered his face with his hands.

I ſee (continued Leila) thou haſt a gentle heart: approach me not, then, and I will live: I will forgive thee that thou art my huſband.

Her tones were ſweeter, for her heart melted as ſhe looked on the gentle Ebnſelan. They reſtored his ſpirits; and ſtill hoping, by acts of tenderneſs, to ſteal on her affections, he claſped her hand, and gazed on her with eyes diſſolved in fondneſs and in beauty.

Approach me not (again exclaimed the alarmed

Leila), raſh youth! the roſe thou wouldſt pluck will raiſe its viewleſs thorns againſt thee. I am the ſlave of a man forlorn; one who is now perhaps the night-companion of the hyæna, and who gaſps with thirſt where there are no waters. There is nothing but deſpair about us: my vowed ſoul is in the deſert with Mejnoun; my dreams are reſtleſs with his image. Ebnſelan, how can I be thine? my king lives in my boſom: ſhould I turn to thee, thou wouldſt claſp a polluted woman. No; I cannot love thee and be chaſte. Ah; do we love *twice*, when our *first paſſion* is that of DESPAIR.

Ebnſelan was the mild inmate of a mild climate. He had merited Leila, had Leila to chooſe a lover. He wept ſilently, and at length aſſured her, that he would reſpect the paſſion of Mejnoun.---Thou mayeſt ſee (he ſaid) how I love thee; for I conſent to feel the grief of a widower on the bridal night; and mine eyes, while they perceive thy beauties, ſhall only weep for thy misfortunes. He quieted the convulſed emotions of Leila by a promiſe to conceal the event of that night. Such was the amiable forbearance of the tender Ebnſelan; and often the grateful Leila met him in tears, and would attempt to ſmile on him, while the ſufferer, as he ſmiled on her, would weep.

Mejnoun, after a long reſidence in the ruins, among which he had concealed himſelf, would ſometimes ſtroll into the open deſert, and met the traveller. The news of the marriage reached him. The pilgrim told him of it; the voyaging merchant confirmed

confirmed it; and a hunter, who had been present at the ceremony, minutely described its pomp. All censured the capricious maiden, and all mourned the inconstancy of the volatile sex. At first, the incredulous Mejnoun conceived the tale to be an artifice to withdraw him from his retreat, and often deemed it was a wild notion of his own disordered imagination. Day followed day, and the circumstantial narrative, in all its terrible minuteness, still afflicted his memory. Jealousy and indignation exalted his delirium. He knows nothing of the trials of Leila; of that resistless persecution, when a silent parent perishes before the eye of filial piety; and still less of her inviolate affection, and the not inferior sufferings of Ebnselan. He is alive only to the idea of her union, and in the anger of phrenzy he pictures them happy, and himself scorned. Those who had informed him of their union, well knew the long persecutions she had suffered; but these were as nothing in their mind, while they had the pleasure of forming another splendid accusation of the infidelity of the sex, and could console themselves for those disappointments, which themselves had received and had merited. Every one added to his account, inconsciously, some little provoking circumstance, such as they themselves had experienced, and such as, they imagined, every perjured woman practised.

All these had been lovers, but not lovers like Mejnoun. Circumstances which excited their laughter jarred on, and were most touching to his

 soul:

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ſoul: an incident, unconnected in their minds, was aſſociated with former emotions by the enthuſiaſt; and an event, which they conceived as common, ſeemed to him, for a long time, as impoſſible. He formed the terrible project of diſguiſing himſelf in the habit of a pilgrim, and concealing a poignard, to enter her tent, and periſh with her at the ſame moment, and with the ſame inſtrument. He compoſed the following poetical epiſtle, and ſent it by a hunter:

MEJNOUN *in the Desert to the perjured* LEILA.

Perfidious! and thou liveſt another's bride!
And veileſt thy guilty head in nuptial pride!
Where is thy vow, in fond devotion given?
It burns upon the chronicle of Heaven!
On that black page where FATE, recoiling, ſhows
Treaſons, impieties, and atheiſt vows!

Once, once I deemed, I woke ſupremely bleſt,
Romantic fondneſs in a female breaſt:
Fine ſeemed the ſenſe, thy pliant ſpirit caught;
A trembling pleaſure, and a ſilent thought!
Our ſerious ſentiment reſpired in ſighs,
Sweetneſs of heart, and tenderneſs of eyes.

How oft, inconſcious of the waning hour,
I ſtill recalled thee to the parting bower!
Studious to loſe thee in each tangled walk,
So to prolong thy ſoft, ſeducing talk!

What

What MEANING SONGS thou badſt my heart apply,
As moved, with ſecret love, thy ſpeaking eye!
Lo! if I BLUSHED on the inflamed ſnow
Of thy fair cheek, my BLUSHES ſeemed to glow.
Oft as I SLEPT thy ſilent hand would ſtrew
O'er me the mantling flowers of every hue;
Once as I woke a loved enchantment ſpread,
Thine arm the winding pillow of my head;
Then faint, my opening lids were ſealed in bliſs,
Cloſed by the warmth of an ambroſial kiſs.

On me in vain would wanton beauties try
The ſorcery of a lightly-rolling eye,
As ſtill my heart thy ſecret portrait warms,
That wonderous Amulet diſturbed their charms.
Oft the keen taunt their frolic-laughter aimed,
For when ſome maid I called, 'twas THEE I named!
Mark SPRING's green hands, that prodigally rear,
For its lorn bird, the VIRGINS OF THE YEAR;
His penſive heart with lonely paſſion glows,
And all he flies, and ſighs but for the ROSE *.

Where, by the KIOSQUE, the fountain flings its wave,
And evening BIRDS with whiſpering wings would lave,

* You may place an hundred handfuls of fragrant herbs and flowers before the nightingale, yet he wiſhes not, in his conſtant heart, for more than the ſweet breath of his beloved roſe. —A couplet from Jami, a tender elegiac Perſian poet.

The ſweet-voic'd MUEZZINS from each MINAREH,
Would pour th' EZANN, to chaunt the cloſing day (48).
The VIOLET SUNSET, with ethereal dies,
Voluptuous bluſhed along the balmy ſkies (49).
The holy quiet, ſpread o'er vale and hill,
Told of the SUMMER EVE, that dies ſo ſtill!

In ſuch an hour, with more than beauty warm,
I gazed, and felt I claſpt a ſeraph form.
My tremulous hand, as thy fine treſſes fell,
Led the ſoft luſtres o'er thy boſom's ſwell;
I kiſſed its ſurface, ſo ſerene revealed,
Nor deemed its waves the crocodile concealed.
I bleſt the mole's ſoft ſhadow on thy cheek (50),
Thy creaſed chin, voluptuous o'er thy neck:
Then thy harmonious blood bluſht on that cheek,
And wrote the vow ere thou the vow couldſt ſpeak.
Twice didſt thou kiſs me, and in ſilence held
Our knitted hands to HEAVEN—and HEAVEN beheld!
Then didſt thou ſwear, and raiſe thy dewy eye,
To fly the world for Love's eternity!
And ſweetly whiſpered in the ſecret ſhade—
EARTH ſhews no MONSTER like A PERJURED MAID!

Why, from the harmonious LIP, and bluſhing CHEEK,
Did Heaven permit a PESTILENCE to break,

While

While my hot ſoul drank up thy dewy eyes,
Thy poiſoning kiſſes, and thy blaſting ſighs?
Why does not Heaven let inſtant lightning fly,
And burn, with its own fires, the traitorous eye?
Why does not Perjury, with inſtant death,
Bepale the lip and cloſe the fictious breath?

The SUMMER-MOON, ſo amiably fair!
With THY mild beauty lights the ſhadowy air;
So ſoft and ſilent ſeems the Power to ſtray,
As if forgetful of its azure way:
Ah! as I gaze the circle of ITS FACE,
It looks THY tenderneſs, it moves THY grace.
O! modeſt, LONELY BEAUTY of the night!
Of LOVERS and of SAINTS the grateful light!
Thou, to the INSPIR'D, paintſt every viſion warm,
Giv'ſt voice to Silence, and to Shade a form.

But lo! in more than dreams to THEE I turn,
Weep as I ſmile, and ſhiver as I burn;
A dubious being ſcarce theſe veins ſupply,
Life that lives not, and Death that will not die*.
Thou perjured! ſleepſt; I wake! or worſe, I dream!
And meet the ſun in tears, and curſe his holy beam!

I fly my armed tents and ſocial bowers
For THEE, and count on rocks the lingering hours;

* That Comfort yields not, and yet Hope denies not;
A LIFE that LIVES NOT, and a DEATH that DIES NOT.
*Drayton's Epiſtle from Matilda to King John.*

More ſweet than PLEASURE, and than POWER more ſtrong,
I quit the FAME that crowns my poliſhed ſong,
And in a DESERT, ſtrangling GLORY's voice,
I feel the madneſs and approve the choice.

Yet ſcorn me not, nor yield a proud relief,
There is a majeſty in lonely grief!
Ah! doſt thou ſcorn?—Yes, yes, thou ſcornſt ſecure,
A hermit-Mejnoun for a Paramour!
But Heaven decrees my more than human pain
Shall give REMORSE when thou wouldſt yield DISDAIN!

LEILA *to* MEJNOUN.

And thou liveſt! thou liveſt, Mejnoun! and thy Leila can never be thine! But think not ſhe is another's! Behold me married, yet a widowed virgin! Reſpect the myſterious avowal. "Should thy rival be parched with the thirſt that conſumes him, he ſhall not taſte of the fountain, whoſe pure waters never ran but for thee. The brilliant pearl is ſtill in its ſhell, and it is guarded by my life."

But thy rival is gentle: Ah! it is this which afflicts me. Oh! that he were but a tyrant, that I might *complain!* that I could *hate!* Yes, Ebnſelan is worthy of *thy* affection. With him I ſhould be *grateful;* but my heart, lacerated from thine, has loſt one of its virtues, and it can ſcarcely feel gratitude

gratitude for him to whom I owe every thing in life; every thing, but thyſelf!

How often I diſmiſs my maidens to ſit alone, and as the evening ſteals over the duſky air, picture thee in the forms that play among the clouds. Then, loſt in thought, I ſeem to view the deſert thou treadeſt, the grey ſands, the brown rocks; and as a ſhadow runs along, variable and quick, that ſhadow to mine eyes is thy reſtleſs form. I gaze on ſome vaſt mountain; I ſee thee on its point; then the mountain melts into a vapour, and thou art for ever ſnatched from mine eyes! Oh! then I weep and weep! then I feel every thorn that rankles in thy hermit feet; I ſhrink in every blaſt that parches thy ſolitary form. Often as thy tears fall on thy face, be aſſured mine too is covered with tears. How often do I change the neckkerchief, wet with weeping! How often do I refuſe my meal, when I think thou art without aliment!

Be not, my beloved, unjuſt to me. Are thy misfortunes greater than mine? I feel my grief cannot *laſt*. At times my heart is ſo heavy that I have often fixed on the day of my death.

A woman, my love, is confined to her melancholy tent: ſhe quietly ſits with a viewleſs ſerpent round her heart. Then it is I ſay to myſelf—Awhile be PATIENT, my ſoul! the evening of thy departure arrives. "Patience, Mejnoun, is a plant of bitter growth, but it will bear on its head a ſweet fruit."

While thus I am confined to one ſad ſpot, thou, my love, art free to wander. Thou haſt liberty, at leaſt, in thy ſorrows. Surely libery moderates grief. I once heard a poor derviſe ſay, that in liberty he forgot his poverty.

I, who have never known what is liberty, imagine it is happineſs. Thou inhabiteſt the mountains, and thou canſt change thy mountain as thou chooſeſt; thou wandereſt on the plains, and thou canſt repoſe thyſelf when thou willeſt. It is true, thou ſitteſt down only to weep; alas! my love! I ſit and I weep all day! mine eye views no new object; my feet find no new path; there is no interval to the tremors of my heart! Thou talkeſt to the echoes: even *this* is ſomething. I would rather talk to an ECHO, in ſorrow as we are, than converſe with *thoſe human beings* who have *made us unhappy*. How keen is that pang of the tender heart when it finds itſelf compelled to ſhut itſelf up, and can love nothing that ſurrounds it.

But thou haſt, beloved of my ſoul! that which can give to SOLITUDE a million of ſenſations, and which makes all its ſpots a temple of Nature: thou knoweſt I mean that GENIUS which commands our Arabian hearts. Thy verſes are remembered; the whole world ſympathiſe with thy ſufferings and thy wanderings. But I am only born to be the means of thy immortality. I feel, and I think, and I weep like thee: but I muſt conceal the ſame ſentiments, and ſtifle the ſame ſighs, and feel my

heart break in ſilence, ere I dare to avow all it thinks!

It will not avail to tell thee *how* I became the wife of another! An unjuſt father reproached me; a heart-broken mother ſat beſide me; an amiable youth prayed to me. I had NO FRIEND! A *father*, a *mother*, and a *lover*, they deceived me! Spare, ſpare the recital, Mejnoun! Ebnſelan became my huſband!—My father and my mother LIVE! Doſt thou curſe an affectionate daughter? Believe me, I ſought to *die;* but Nature was more powerful than I; and thou knoweſt how my heart is tender. Canſt thou blame a tenderneſs that makes me *adore thee?* I *feel* for *thee*, I *felt* for *them!* Moſt miſerable of my ſex! alike the victim of obedience or diſobedience!

Mejnoun, ſtill am I thine! my virgin-ſoul is thine! Mejnoun, while I *live* I am thine! Oh, Mejnoun! how I love to repeat that tendereſt of names! "I love thee with a thouſand ſouls!"

This epiſtle gave to Mejnoun the emotions of deſponding conſtancy. In the delirium of paſſion each period received a tear and ſometimes a kiſs, and graſping the letter till every ſyllable was effaced, he held the fragments to his eyes while his memory ſupplied the paſſages he could no more diſtinguiſh.

Often the tender maniac addreſſed the echo, and often aſked, who was the moſt unfortunate, himſelf or his miſtreſs? while often he hated the voice

of the echo, becauſe it was his own voice.—Deceitful ſympathy! (he cried,) thou replieſt to my ſighs, thou repeateſt my words, and what art thou but air? Hollow is thy heart, and mockery is in thy voice; yet to the ſolitary how conſoling even the ſhadow of the human voice! The ſenſe of Leila's ſufferings ſeemed to tranquillize his own, and he paüſed in the violence of his own emotions while he remembered thoſe of his miſtreſs. Softened into a ſtill melancholy, he flew into an obſcure nook; pale and haggard, there ſitting whole days immoveable, he would have ſeemed a ſtatue, had he not ſighed.

His abode was now not unknown, and many a meſſenger had come from his father, imploring his return. But Mejnoun was inexorable. The old Chief, amidſt his tents, felt himſelf as deſolated as his hermit ſon; the fond hope of poſterity, that ſolitary hope of age, was extinct; another victim to theſe unhappy loves, his noble and paternal heart was broken. In the chill of approaching death, the ſolitary idea which occupied his cloſing hours was the deſire of once more embracing his miſerable ſon. Who but Lebid could prevail with Mejnoun? yet the journey might be fatal to the venerable man. The dying Chief ſoftly graſped the hand of his friend, and looked in his face, and was ſilent; he ſuſpired the name of Mejnoun in a ſigh half ſuppreſſed. Lebid that day ordered a camel, and departed for the hermit.

He diſcovered his dark cavern. He lay there ſtretched without motion, and in the twilight gloom,

gloom, the Effendi imagines he views his corpſe. He raiſed a loud cry; as Mejnoun roſe he embraced him.

Thou liveſt yet! (cried the old tremulous man;) thy father periſhes! His ſoul ſtruggles to live a day, that he may yet once more view thee. Is the tendereſt paſſion to make thy breaſt unnatural? Myſterious Heaven! permitteſt thou two human beings to love like theſe?—Mejnoun! my friend, my child, ſpeak! Thy father, thou knoweſt not he has been a father to thee; truſt me, thou knoweſt not all. Haſten, and be the viſion of his death-bed! Miſerable man! I only invite thee to the ſcene of death! Come, thy cheriſhed hand may yet cloſe his heavy eyes in ſweetneſs.

Mejnoun gazed on Lebid with leaden and ſpiritleſs eyes; he fondly liſtened to him, and quietly followed him. Tears and embraces they exchanged, but words they could not utter.

They journeyed on, till the exhauſted Effendi could not proceed. He hung his ſhrivelled arms around the neck of Mejnoun; his feeble tones died in murmurs on his lips.---Proceed! thy father has not many hours to live! Lay me under this plane-tree: I ſhall be found; fear not! It is better for me to die under that plane-tree, than be carried home lifeleſs. It will ſpare our friends ſome ſorrows; the death of a friend is ſoon forgotten, but the view of his corpſe long ſtartles the memory. Go, my child, remember thou haſt a mother ſtill, when thy father dies.

The

The diſtracted Mejnoun in vain offers to quit the camel, and to haſten on foot to his tents: but this would have prolonged his journey many days. The old Effendi was now ſpeechleſs; the camel would not go without its driver; the moments preſſed on him,---Shall I leave a dying father here, to haſten to a father who is perhaps dead? exclaimed the miſerable man. But he thought of his mother; he remembered the Effendi's words; and ſtretching the old man under the plane-tree, he placed beſide him a bardak of water, and he journeyed, wailing, along the deſert.

He reaches his tents: he flies to that of his father: he yet lives! His eyes, half-cloſed in the ſleep of death, yet open; on his icy lips his voice yet trembles; in the arms of his ſon a new warmth ſtays his fleeting exiſtence.

They look on each other a thouſand ſilent things. Mejnoun, as he was turned to his dying father, ſupported his head; his mother, ſeated on the couch, laid her face on the back of her ſon, and moaned.---My father! cried Mejnoun, and could ſay no more.---My ſon! (hollowly replied the father,) let me *touch* thee, I have ceaſed to *see!*

I had much to ſay to thee; (continued, with difficulty, the dying man; the hectic of death faintly gleamed on his face---it came, it paſt!) I have not ſeen thee two years, and thou haſt come a day too late: thy mother knows what I would ſay. Mejnoun turned to his mother; her face was raiſed to him covered with tears, and ſcarcely know-

knowing what he did, he paſſed his hand over her face and wiped away her tears.---May Alla preſerve (continued the dying man, in tones ſtill feebler) from diſaſtrous love the virtuous and the valiant! O, my ſon! behold us alike its victims! He laid his head on the arm of his ſon, and expired.

Mejnoun turns to his lifeleſs parent, and ſtill tries to recal the voice he can hear no more. He lifts his arm, and it is ſtiffened; he feels his hand, and no pulſes tremble there; he touches his blue lips, and they are as ice; his whole body remained in heavineſs, cold in his embrace.

When his parent ceaſed to exiſt, he heard of all the proofs and ſufferings of his affections; but his heart was wrung with that ſevereſt of all agonies; that, which the moſt affectionate ſon feels when *he* has broken the heart of the tendereſt parent: even Leila was baniſhed from his thoughts.---And why (cried Mejnoun) is the goodneſs of man known only when it avails not to be known? I ceaſed to be a ſon, becauſe I knew not I had a father. Heaven! how myſterious are thy decrees!

Alas! (replied his mother) thou didſt ceaſe to be every thing when thou wert only a lover!

He diſpatched two meſſengers; one to ſearch for Lebid, the other to bring news from Leila.

The Effendi had been aſſiſted by the charity of a hermit derviſe, who in vain intreated him to retire within his cave, and ſhare his meal and his oriſons. No (replied the old man), I will not quit this plane-tree; thoſe that left me here, will one day return

return to find me: I have friends, holy man, who will not forget me. The derviſe who had never known ſuch friends, imagined that the feeble old man was crazed with ſorrow; and every day as he brought him refreſhments, and ſtill found him there, ſmiled and ſaid—Truſt me, no one remembers a friend in a deſert.—If that be true (replied the Effendi), it were beſt that I ſhould die under this plane-tree. Every day the old Effendi watched, and the meſſenger found him waiting his coming under the plane-tree.

To the wiſdom of Lebid Mejnoun confided the care of his mother and his tribe. His mind had now become aſſociated to the deſert; his delirium found repoſe amid familiar horrors; and he once more returns to his ſecluſion, where he appointed an interview with the friend he had ſent to the tents of Leila.

Day after day elapſed, and ſtill no meſſenger from Leila arrived. He ſat upon the point of a rock that he might diſcover the expected friend before he reached him. At length he deſcries one approaching; he ran down the rock and met him on the plain. It was his friend, who when he perceived Mejnoun, approached him with ſlow ſteps and heavy looks. The heart of Mejnoun was chilled at the aſpect of ſo melancholy a meſſenger, and, with a bewildered air, he inquires the fate of Leila? His friend replied but by a profound ſigh. —Thy ſilence well becomes thy tale (ſaid Mejnoun); why is not all for me an eternal ſilence!

He e

Here I have waited, day after day, but to hear of the death of Leila. Could that heart, that tender heart, love as ſhe loved, and live? A thouſand times already have I mourned her death; and when the world told me ſhe yet lived, often I was incredulous.

Alas! (replied the friend, rejoicing to obſerve the calmneſs with which the Mejnoun ſpoke) a fixed grief preyed on her ſoul, and---

Talk not, talk not! (quickly the Mejnoun replied, with eyes that emitted ſparks of paſſion, while his hand rudely repulſed his friend;) did I not commend thy ſilence? Away! it is dangerous to commend a fool's ſilence; he will ſpeak at laſt, were it but to give a fool's thanks. Away! I am ſick of all foolery: away to thy world! to thy world, fool!

He pauſed: his troubled heart was buſied with gloomy imaginations; his rapid lips muttered low and inarticulate accents; his eyes were fixed on the earth; he ſighed and ſaid:—It is completed! it *was* born, and it *has* died! The flower is gathered; let the leaves, the lovely ſtem ſupported, fall and rot on the earth!—He muſed; terrible thoughts were in his mind, and the blood forſook his face.

He ſhrieks, he rolls himſelf on the burning ſands; his friend approaches and would embrace him; but he hurls him to the earth: he flies up the perpendicular rock. He howls, and the echo multiplies his terrific voice. Some hunters join his friend. Three days they patiently watch at the

foot

foot of the rock. On the ſecond day the voice of Mejnoun was only heard at intervals: on the third night, in the gleam of the moon, they perceived the ſpectre-man deſcending. The dying form paced, ſlowly, with tottering ſteps; every ſtep was audible in the vaſt ſilence. Their hearts ſhuddered. The Mejnoun looked not of this earth, and they dared not approach him. He reached a hillock of ſand, and ſtretched himſelf in ſilence. They haſtened to the Mejnoun: on his murmuring lips they liſtened to the name of Leila; and ſlowly, and hollowly, they heard one vaſt and feeble ſigh, and it ceaſed to reſpire. His friend placed his hand on the boſom of the Mejnoun, and his heart no more palpitated.

The laſt ſolemn office of friendſhip was paid by the hands of his unhappy friend and the grieving hunters. Returning to the tents of Ebnſelan, he ſummons the tribe, and tells a tale, often interrupted by his moaning auditors. Even the obdurate Emir, in whoſe ſubdued breaſt no human paſſion now beat but that of pity, vows a long, ſad pilgrimage to Mecca, and thanks the prophet that he is old and will ſoon die. The gentle Ebnſelan roſe, and wept, and ſpoke:—Sad meſſenger of diſaſtrous love! Another, and a final duty, ſtill remains. Thou knoweſt not that the dying Leila predicted the death of Mejnoun. He lives, ſhe ſaid, but becauſe I live; and he will die becauſe I ſhall have died. It was her laſt prayer, that their aſhes ſhould be united. Lead us to his grave: they

ſhall

ſhall meet, though they meet in death; and over their extinct aſhes let me pour my living tears.

The tribe of Mejnoun unite with the tribe of Leila. At the foot of the rock, which the Mejnoun haunted in his delirium, they raiſe a tomb to the memory of the lovers, and there depoſiting the bodies, they plant around many a gloomy cypreſs tree. Lebid lived to compoſe the verſes, which were emboſſed with golden characters on the black marble. Lebid lived to lament his own foſtering, of their loves, Ahmed's auſterity, and the Emir's haughtineſs.

For many ſucceſſive years the damſels of the two tribes, in ſympathiſing groupes, annually aſſembled at the cemetery, and planted in marble vaſes, around the tomb, aromatic flowers and herbs. One night in every year, each bearing a taper, they wailed till the morning the fate of the lovers, and, in parting, prayed their PARENTS to be MERCIFUL IN LOVE. The caravans of Syria and Egypt, which traverſe the deſert in their way to Mecca, once ſtopped near the conſecrated ſpot; the tender pilgrim once leant over their tomb, and read and wept. The ſpot is now only known by tradition. The monument has left no veſtige, and the trees no more wave their melancholy boughs; nothing remains but THE HISTORY OF THE LOVERS(51).

# NOTES.

(1.) Page 1. FROM the ſingular local ſituation of Arabia, the inequalities in the nature of its lands are indeed very remarkable. On one ſide are frightful deſerts, and on the other fertile and delightful vales. Niebuhr's Travels through Arabia, Vol. II. p. 320.—Sir William Jones obſerves, that *Yemen* ſignifies *verdure* and *felicity*. In ſultry climates the freſhneſs of the ſhades, and the coolneſs of the waters, are ideas almoſt inſeparable from thoſe of happineſs.

(2.) page 3. An Emir diſtinguiſhed by a green turban, claims his deſcent from Fatima the wife of Mahomet.—The Monthly Reviewer, obſerves, that the *coſtume* ſeems here violated, in placing a girl at a public ſchool in a country where females are ſecluded from the other ſex; and is ſurpriſed that the lovers are taught to *deſign*, an accompliſhment forbidden by Mahomet. I can only obſerve that the firſt meeting of theſe lovers is at a ſchool in the Perſian manuſcript analyſed by M. De Cardonne; the objections of the Monthly Reviewer are however not without their difficulties.

(3.) page 5. Mr. Dallaway in his "Conſtantinople" notices "the *conſerve of rubies*, ſo called as well from the richneſs of the other ingredients, as that *pounded rubies* are a part of the compoſition; ſo capricious are their preparations in the confectionary art." p. 140.

(4.) page 8. Theſe PERIES are the SPIRITS of the Perſians. Sir William Ouſeley finds it impoſſible to give an accurate idea of what the Perſian poets deſigned by a PERI; this aërial being

being not reſembling our fairies. The ſtrongeſt reſemblance he can find is in the deſcription of Milton in Comus. The ſublime idea which Milton entertained of a fairy viſion correſponds rather with that which the Perſian poets have conceived of the Peries.

" Their port was more than human as they ſtood;
I took it for a fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds."

Of muſk, camphire, ambergris, and ſimilar fragrant ſubſtances, the Perſians believe angels to be formed, and other creatures endued with uncommon purity of nature. Thus the poets compliment their miſtreſſes on the delightful odours which they diffuſe. Theſe aërial beings, called PERIES, are ſuppoſed to exiſt on perfumes alone, and even of Paradiſe, celeſtial fragrance is among the chief delights.

The DIVES are contraſted with the PERIES, and are pictured as hideous in form, and malignant in mind; ſuch indeed is the malignancy of their nature, that they can endure nothing *fragrant*. The DIVES are all males, and the PERIES all females; a compliment to the ſex! they reſide in the viſionary country of JINNISTAN. Richardſon, in his curious Diſſertation on the Eaſtern Nations, affords us ſeveral fanciful characteriſtics of this new race of ideal beings.

(5.) page 8. Sir William Jones, in his Eſſay on the Poetry of the Eaſtern Nations, tells us, " There is a valley, to the north of Indoſtan, called CASHMERE; which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden," &c. The happy temperature of this much celebrated ſpot, and the country itſelf, is lately deſcribed by Mr. Pennant, in his Hiſtory of Hindoſtan. The following florid deſcription, which is not, however, merely fanciful, is compoſed by a Perſian poet. Sir William Ouſeley gives it in his Perſian Miſcellanies, p. 175: " I have ſeen Irak and India, Khoraſſan and Perſia, but no place equal to CASHMERE in beauty and

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in excellence of climate. During the whole year, from Caſhmere to the borders of Cathay, the air, tempered by gentle ſhowers, has all the mildneſs of ſpring: there are flowers and green herbage, plains and running ſtreams; palaces, cupolas, and public buildings, beautiful to view. On every ſide are riſing grounds, cryſtal ſprings, and lofty trees, amid mountains covered with nut-trees, apple-trees, and fig-trees. Feſtivity and pleaſure peculiarly abound there. In mirth and revelry the Caſhmerians paſs away their time on ſilken cuſhions. They all wear ſhawls, whether of illuſtrious birth or of the loweſt claſs. How ſhall I deſcribe the lovely damſels of this country! for, in my opinion, the young moon is not equal to them in beauty; with lips ſweet as ſugar; in ſtature like the graceful pine, fragrant as jeſſamine. Whatever ſide you look at, thoſe nymphs appear like the ſun or moon. A thouſand ſecret ſnares, like the links of a chain, are laid in the waving ringlets of thoſe fair plunderers of hearts. Here are innumerable youths handſome as Joſeph; a thouſand damſels with pouting lips, fair as Zeleikha."

(6) page 8. Mr. Pennant notices, that the ſhowers in Caſhmere fall peculiarly light, as the valley is ſcreened by the heights of the ſurrounding mountains.

(7.) page 8. Although *coral rocks* may not be appropriate to the local ſcenery of this romantic paradiſe, I give it as one of the characters of Arabian ſcenery. Niebuhr tells us, that in the courſe of his travels, he was often aſtoniſhed by the immenſe banks of coral bordering the Arabian gulph. Great part of the houſes in the Tehama are of coral rock. Mr. Forſkal, conſidered every Arab's houſe as a cabinet of natural hiſtory, and as rich in corals as any ſuch cabinet in Europe.

(8) page 8. Mr. Pennant writes, that "theſe roofs are planted with tulips, which in the ſpring produce a wonderful effect."

(9) page 8. The brilliancy of the Eaſtern flowers, which has

has been ſo luxuriantly deſcribed, is founded on reality. The ſober Chardin deſcribes Perſian flowers by the peculiar *ſparkling* of their colours, which renders them even more beautiful than thoſe of India. The author of Caliph Vathek, in his learned and agreeable notes, obſerves, that Ezekiel, emblematiſing Tyre, under the ſymbol of Paradiſe, deſcribes, by the different *gems of the Eaſt*, the flowers that variegate its ſurface, and particularly by the *emerald*, its *green*.—"Thou haſt been in Eden, the garden of God; thy carpet was an aſſemblage of every precious ſtone; the ruby, topaz, and the diamond," &c. ch. xxviii. 13. The ſame ingenious writer points out, that the Paradiſe of Arioſto was copied from this paſſage. Canto xxxiv. ſt. 49. All the Oriental poets abound with this imagery; one calls the *daiſies, eyes of ſilver*; the *ruby roſe* is fixed on its *emerald* ſtem; and the *violet* is not a flower, but an *emerald* bearing *a purple gem*. I may add, Milton, like Arioſto, ſeems to have borrowed from the ſame ſource, in his Eden,

——The *ſaphir fount*, the criſped brooks,
Rolling on *orient pearl*, and *ſands of gold*,
Ran nectar.

(10.) page 9. Sir Anthony Shirley relates, that it was cuſtomary in Perſia to hawk after butterflies with ſparrows; thoſe of Caſhmere are very large, and blue, as a Perſian poet deſcribes them.

(11.) page 10. Lady Montague's curious deſcription of a Turkiſh love-letter, by the uſe of intermingled flowers, of which each colour denotes the ſtate of the lover's heart, is well known to the reader.

Mr. de Peyſſonel in his obſervations on Baron Tott's memoirs, has given a deſcription of declarations of love, as practiſed among the Turks, very curious, and leſs known. He ſays, reciprocal declarations are generally made in Turkey by means of MAANES or *Enigmatical declarations*. For example, a *piſtachio-nut* is ſent, called in Turkiſh, *fiſtik*; the device which

which rhimes to it is *ikimuzé bir* IASTIK; that is, *may we both have the ſame pillow. Uzum, a grape* or raiſin; the device is, *ſenum itchun* IANDAM; that is, *my heart is in a blaze for you. Ipek*, a bit of *ſilk*; the device is, *ſeni ſeuerum* PEK; that is, *I love you paſſionately.*

(12.) page 10. It may be neceſſary to explain the expreſſion of "*moonlight foreheads.*" Sir William Ouſeley tells us, on the expreſſion "*moon-faced,*" "that a Perſian miſtreſs would be highly flattered by its application; an epithet, however, for which I believe few of our fair countrywomen would thank a lover. Anvàri deſcribes a favourite damſel, with *a face lovely as the Moon.* Another poet, deſcribes a beauty "*moon-faced,* with looks like the timid glances of the fawn."

As for the expreſſion itſelf, which may at firſt appear to us uncouth, I feel it exquiſitely. Even without placing ourſelves in the ſituation of an Arab, whoſe pureſt delight is that of contemplating the tranquil moon, in the reſtoring airs of a ſummer night, who is not ſenſible that the alluſion is made to that *tender mélancholy* which the aſpect of the moon produces on a penſive feeling mind? and this *tenderneſs*, how often does the lover behold in the touching ſerioufneſs of a beloved female! The *moonlight* is perhaps even more tender than the view of the *moon* itſelf.

(13.) page 10. Mr. Price, in his delightful "Eſſay on the Picturesque," Vol. I. p. 126, ſecond edition, has theſe fine ſtrictures on the HAIR OF WOMEN. "The hair, by its comparative roughneſs, and its partial concealments, accompanies and relieves the ſoftneſs, clearneſs, and ſmoothneſs of the face of a beautiful woman. Where the hair has no natural roughneſs, it is often artificially curled and criſped. The inſtrument for this purpoſe is certainly of very ancient date, as Virgil (who probably ſtudied the *coſtume* of the heroic ages) makes Turnus ſpeak contemptuouſly of Eneas for having his locks perfumed, and as Madame de Sevigné expreſſes it, *friſés naturellement avec des fers.*

Vibratos

Vibratos calido ferro, myrrhaque madentes.

The natural roughneſs or criſpneſs of hair, is often mentioned as a beauty, l'aurée *creſpe* crini: capelli *creſpe* e lunghe, e d'oro.

In catholic countries, where thoſe unfortunate victims of avarice and ſuperſtition are ſuppoſed to renounce all idea of pleaſing our ſex, the firſt ceremony is that of *cutting off their* HAIR, as a ſacrifice of the moſt ſeducing ornament of beauty; and the formal edge of the fillet, which prevents a ſingle hair from eſcaping, is well contrived to deaden the effect of features.

*Hyacinthine locks* is frequent among the Arabic poets, and which Sir W. Jones delightfully renders,

" The fragrant HYACINTHS of Azza's hair,
That wanton with the laughing ſummer air."

From the Orientaliſts it paſſed to the Greeks, and our Milton adopts it:

*Hyacinthine locks*
Round from his parted forehead manly hung,
*Cluſtering*, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad.

The term *cluſtering*, obſerves the author of Vathek, is given by the *ancients* to that diſpoſition of the curls which reſembles the *growth of grapes*, and may be obſerved on gems, coins, and ſtatues. The following verſes of Petrarch on HAIR, are exquiſite; Sir W. Jones gives them as an evidence of the manner of the Aſiatic poets agreeing with the Italians: one would almoſt imagine, ſays he, theſe lines to be tranſlated from the Perſian:

Aura, che quelle chiome bionde e *creſpe*,
Circondi, e movi, e ſe' moſſa de loro
Soavemente, e ſpargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'*increſpe*.

*Criſped hair*, though (as Mr. Price obſerves) a picturesque object, yet *ſilken hair* is alſo a favourite one. Anacreon tells the painter—

" Paint her hair of lovely brown,
*Softer than the cygnet's down*;

Then, if paint ſo fine be found,
Sketch the odours breathing round:
Next one beauteous cheek diſplay,
Where her *gloſſy ringlets* play;
O'er her ivory brow deſcending,
Light and ſhade ſo ſweetly blending."

The ancients never give a deſcription of BEAUTY without dwelling long on the magic of A WOMAN'S HAIR. A volume on this ſubject might perhaps be collected by one familiar with their compoſitions. Apuleius enthuſiaſtically ſays, that "If Venus herſelf were BALD, although circled by the Graces and the Loves, ſhe would not pleaſe; not even her ſwarthy Vulcan."—Petronius, in his portrait of Circe, deſcribes her treſſes naturally curling, and falling negligently over her ſhoulders, *entirely covering them.*—Apuleius, more exact, and with ſtill more delicacy,—Her trailing locks, thick and long, and inſenſibly curling, were diſperſed about her divine neck, ſoftly undulating with careleſſneſs.—Again, "curling into waves." Again,—Her thick treſſes, ſoftly falling from her head, were arranged about her neck; and inſenſibly reſting on the borders of her veſt, above her boſom, then wound their extremities into large curls, while ſome were drawn up, and hung in a fine knot on the crown of her head. Ovid notices thoſe who platted their braided hair like ſpiral ſhells.

Petronius, to give an idea of a perfect beauty, ſays, that her *forehead* was *ſmall*, and ſhewed the *roots of her hair* raiſed upwards. And Lucian makes Thais ſay of a rival courtezan, "How can that ſtupid ſoldier, unleſs he is blind, praiſe her perſon? Does he not ſee that ſhe has *very few hairs*, which, with great art, ſhe draws upon her *large forehead?*"

(24.) page 10. If the reader ſhould find entertainment in the following long note, it would be unjuſt to complain.

The Aſiatics have in great admiration BLACK, or DARK-COLOURED EYES, which in their deſcriptions of a perfect beauty are almoſt always enumerated among the moſt pow-

erful

erful and ſtriking charms. The poet Hafez ſays, "The impreſſion which *black-eyed* damſels have made on my heart will never be effaced." The Houris of Paradiſe derive their *name* from a *beautiful woman's black eye.* The epithet BLACK-EYED, among the eaſtern writers, ſeems to be ſynonymous with beautiful. The women uſe artificial means to give a dark appearance to their eyes. Sanſon, in his Voyage de Perſe, informs us, that they ſet little value on blue, grey, or hazel eyes; the black alone are admired among the Perſians."

Ouſeley's Perſian Miſcellanies, p. 123.

It is finely imagined by the author of Caliph Vathek, that Akenſide's rich expreſſion,

"In the DARK HEAVEN of Mira's EYE,"

might have been ſuggeſted by the black eyes of the virgins of Paradiſe.

In an eccentric diſſertation on *cats*, by Moncrief, are the following notices on *blue*, or *grey eyes*. The *eyes of cats* (ſays our diſſertator, in his mock eulogy) were for a long time the objects of female ambition; they could receive no praiſe more flattering than to diſcover that they had *bluiſh grey* eyes; that is, *changing*, like thoſe of cats, or *greeniſh*, as they commonly have. La Fontaine has given Minerva ſuch eyes.

Tout le reſte entouroit la deeſſe, aux YEUX PERS.

Marot gives *green eyes* to Venus,

Le premier jour que Venus, aux YEUX VERS.

The lord de Coucy, ſo celebrated for his loves, acknowledges in his verſes, that *ſuch eyes* were the ſecret charms that Madame de Fayel practiſed on him. Theſe *bluiſh grey eyes* are thoſe which commonly are of a pale blue, or ſometimes of a water-colour, which varies or undulates, with different ſhades, in the courſe of the day. The *green eyes* never change their ſhades. Diodorus Siculus tells us, that Pallas was named by the Egyptians *Glaucopis*, that is, having *eyes of a greeniſh white.* And Pope's "blue-eyed maid" has been cenſured for being inexact; it ſhould be "*eyes of a bright citron.*" Hiſtoire des Chats, p. 127.

It is a cuſtom in the eaſt to TINGE the EYES of women,

 particularly

particularly thoſe of a fair complexion, with an impalpable powder, prepared chiefly from crude antimony. It is of a *purple colour*, and a Perſian poet compares it to the VIOLET. The Arabian poets compare the *eyelids of a fine woman, bathed in* TEARS, to VIOLETS *dropping with dew*. Shakeſpeare has

——————————VIOLETS DIM,
But ſweeter than the LIDS OF JUNO'S EYES.

The ancient Greek poets, both Homer and Anacreon, have alſo alluded to the ſame coſmetic, ſince both of them aſcribe a *purpliſh hue* to a *female eye*. When Taſſo repreſents Love as ambuſhed,

——————————Sotto all OMBRA
Delle PALPEBRE——————

he allegorically alludes to that appearance in nature which the artifice here deſcribed, the impalpable powder, was meant to counterfeit. Caliph Vathek, notes, p. 235.

Winkelman, in his "Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks," writes that "his reſearches concerning the myſterious art, ſaid to be practiſed among the Greeks, of *changing blue eyes* into *black ones*, have not ſucceeded to his wiſh. I find it mentioned but once by Dioſcorides. Could I have cleared up this art, it would have been a problem worthy to fix the attention of the Newtons and the Algarottis, and have intereſted the fair ſex by a diſcovery ſo advantageous to their charms, eſpecially in *Germany*, where *large fine blue eyes* are more frequently met with than *black ones*." The ſame author alſo notices the GREEN EYES we have alluded to, and gives us the charming line in which the Sieur de Coucy deſcribes the eyes of Madame de Fayel:

"Et SI BEL OEIL VERT, et riant, et clair."

(15.) page 10. Zuleikha is the name of Potiphar's wife, whoſe amours with Joſeph form one of the moſt celebrated poems in the Perſian language. There is a copy of this work in the Bodleian library at Oxford, which I am told is one of the fineſt in Europe. A Perſian poet thus deſcribes this heroine of diſappointed paſſion, with energy:

"ZULEIKHA,

"ZULEIKHA, one night, impatient and diſtracted, the twin-ſiſter of Affliction, and to whom ſorrow was a familiar friend,

Drank to the very dregs of the cup of wretchedneſs, and from the burning anguiſh of paſſion, paſſed the night without repoſe."

Sir W. Jones, in his literal verſion of his celebrated Ode of Hafez, in his Perſian grammar, has, "I can eaſily conceive how the inchanting beauties of JOSEPH affected ZULEIKHA ſo deeply, that her love tore the veil of her chaſtity." What an elegant metaphor! he has pleaſingly verſified the paſſage:

Beauty has ſuch reſiſtleſs power,
That even the chaſte EGYPTIAN DAME
Sighed for the *blooming* HEBREW BOY;
For her how fatal was the hour
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth ſo lovely and ſo coy!

(16.) page 11. Among the Perſians (obſerves Sir W. Ouſeley) it has ever been the object of elegant luxury to gather the firſt roſe of ſpring. The ancients aſcribed the origin of this ſweet flower to the blood of Venus, and to the warmth of her kiſs the modern Latin poet (Secundus) affirms the roſe is indebted for its glowing tints. Anacreon calls that lovely flower the moſt excellent of the fragrant tribe, the chief care of Spring, and the delight even of the Gods. Mr. Franklin, in his Tour to Perſia, notices a Perſian cuſtom, under the name of *gul reazée*, or *the ſcattering of roſes*, from the vaſt quantity of thoſe flowers ſtrewed in the apartments. This ceremony continues a week or ten days, during which time the gueſts are entertained with muſic, ſherbets, dancing, &c.

(17.) page 13. Chardin writes, "Les hommes ont trop de peur de l'eſpirit des femmes, pour leur laiſſer rien apprendre, et ſurtout en matiere de poeſie; il y a parmi eux ce proverbe ſur ce ſujet, *ſi la poule veut chanter, comme le coq, il lui faut couper la gorge.* Vol. ii. 4to. p. 187.

(18.) page 17. The marriage of the ROSE and the NIGHTINGALE, the inceſſant theme of Perſian poetry, is deſcribed, with an eaſtern luxuriance of imagination, by Dr. Darwin, in his Botanic Garden, Part ii. Canto 4. ver. 309.

I add the following delightful paſſage from Sir W. Ouſeley's Perſian Miſcellanies: "The exceſſive delight which the Perſian nightingale derives from the enjoyment of the roſe's fragrance, affords a thouſand beautiful alluſions and allegories to the eaſtern poet. To account for this allegorical paſſion entertained by the nightingale for the roſe, and which is the ſubject of ſo much beautiful imagery in Perſian poetry, we muſt conſider that the plaintive voice of that ſweet bird is firſt heard at the ſame ſeaſon of the year in which the roſe begins to blow; by a natural aſſociation of ideas, they are therefore connected as the conſtant and inſeparable attendants of the ſpring. It is probable too that the nightingale's favourite retreat may be the roſe garden, and the leaves of that flower occaſionally his food; but it is certain that he is delighted with its ſmell, and ſometimes indulges in the fragrant luxury to ſuch exceſs as to fall from the branch, intoxicated and helpleſs, to the ground."

The coincidence between the arrival of certain birds and the flowering of certain plants, has been obſerved by naturaliſts; and in Attica, the cuckoo always arriving when the fig-tree firſt appeared, the cuckoo and a young fig were called by the ſame name. Dr. Darwin conjectures that "a ſimilar coincidence of appearance in ſome part of Aſia, gave occaſion to the ſtory of the love of the roſe and nightingale, ſo much celebrated by the eaſtern poets."—Botanic Garden, Part ii. Canto 1. p. 33.

(19.) page 19. The Mevleheh Derviſes perform a public worſhip, which conſiſts of dancing and turning on one foot with incredible rapidity, whilſt a red hot iron is held between the teeth. Totally exhauſted by pain and fatigue, they fall to the ground in a ſenſeleſs trance. In this ceremony they are accompanied with the ſofteſt muſic, &c.—Dallaway's "Conſtantinople," p. 129.

(20.)

(20.) page 23. The Orientaliſts are peculiarly ſenſible to all aromatics, but the OTTAR-GUL is their paſſion. Sir W. Ouſeley, with his accuſtomed elegance, writes:—"So fond of aromatic and highly-fragrant ointments were the ancients, that many writers have made their exceſſive indulgence in the uſe of perfumes the ſubject of learned diſſertations; and this, with many other branches of Aſiatic effeminacy, flowed through the ſurrounding nations, and found their way even into Greece and Rome, from Perſia or Aſſyria, the great ſource of eaſtern luxury and refinement. Coſtly and exquiſite perfumes are eſteemed the firſt among Aſiatic luxuries, and form magnificent preſents." He likewiſe tells us, on the ſubject of ROSE-WATER,—"So fond are the luxurious Perſians of the roſe's delightful odour, that they not only ſprinkle moſt profuſely the water diſtilled from its leaves, but having prepared it with cinnamon and ſugar, they infuſe it with the coffee which they drink. The roſe of Schirauz is the moſt excellent of the Eaſt, and the eſſence of it highly eſteemed even in the furtheſt parts of India; and its pure eſſential oil, called OTTAR-GUL, or eſſence of roſes, is more precious than gold."

In a charming letter from the Abbé de Lille, written from Greece, where he travelled with M. de Choiſeul, he notices this ottar of roſes. Sending a phial of this valued odour to a lady, he writes: "M. de Choiſeul entreats your acceptance of a ſmall ſmelling-bottle of eſſence of roſes. More roſes are ſqueezed into this little phial than could be collected among all THE GARDENS which I have ſung."

(21.) page 25. The Perſians are very fond of elegant MSS. All their favourite works are generally written upon FINE SILKY PAPER, the ground of which is often powdered with gold or ſilver duſt; the two firſt leaves are commonly illuminated, and the whole book is ſometimes perfumed with eſſence of roſes, or ſandal wood. The poem of Joſeph and Zuleikha (which we have already noticed), in the public library at Oxford, is perhaps the moſt beautiful MS. in the world; the

margins of every page are gilt and adorned with garlands of flowers, and the hand-writing is elegant to the higheſt degree. The INK of the Aſiatics is extremely black, and never loſes its colour; and the Egyptian REEDS with which they write are formed to make the fineſt ſtrokes and flouriſhes.—Sir W. Jones's Perſ. Gram.

(22.) page 28. This ſingular form of expreſſing the ſenſibility of friendſhip is recorded in Bell's Travels to China, and was employed by an old and virtuous Bramin.

(23.) page 32. Amber attracts ſtraw; the idea is Perſian. Sir John Chardin, in a ſong he has tranſlated, has a lover who tells his miſtreſs,—The *pale* languor of your complexion is the *amber*, that attracts the *ſtraw*.

(24.) page 32. This is a kind of unctuous clay, which the Perſians perfume with eſſence of roſes, and uſe in the baths inſtead of ſoap. The application is from Sadi.

(25.) page 42. In the night we were diſturbed by the inceſſant cries of the jackals, which are the moſt diſtreſsful imaginable. They collect in packs amongſt the ruins of Epheſus. The foxes of Sampſon were jackals, and ought to be ſo tranſlated wherever they are mentioned in Scripture. Jeremiah, deſcribing the preſent deſolation of the holy city, has this very ſtriking image, now verified of Epheſus:—"Zion is deſolate, the foxes walk upon it."—Dallaway's Conſtantinople, p. 228.

(26.) page 43. Mr. Dallaway deſcribes, in his "Conſtantinople," among other picturesque ſcenery, the cameleon, "baſking on the ſcars, as enjoying perfect ſecurity, changing its colour, or eſcaping with wonderful agility. Perhaps it changes its colour on occaſions of fear or anger. The natural colour is iron grey, which it can vary with every ſhade of brown and yellow."

(27.)

(27.) page 45. Although Buffon was not ſo well ſupplied as ourſelves with eaſtern deſcriptions, yet genius knows to deſcribe juſtly with a paucity of facts. He finely obſerves, in his conciſe picture of an Arabian deſert, that there the traveller "n'a jamais reſpiré ſur l'ombrage; rien ne l'accompagne; rien ne lui rappelle *la nature vivante*, ſolitude abſolue, mille fois plus affreuſe que celle des *forets*; car les ARBRES ſont encore DES ETRES pour l'homme."—Vol. x. p. 14. 8vo.

(28.) page 48. This ſurname, in Arabic, means *a Maniac*; but ſometimes an *enthuſiaſt*, and *a man inſpired*.—Is not this a proof of the univerſality of the notion, that *inſpiration* is a *ſpecies of inſanity?* the *Amabilis Inſania* of Horace.—The Orientals (obſerves M. Cardonne) do not conſider *madneſs* as ſo great an evil as we Europeans; nor is it ſo liable to reproach: they think that it may only be an error (or, in the language of Dr. Darwin, an hallucination of the mind), or perhaps a gentle inebriation, which, though it troubles the order of our ideas, may ſoften our pangs as likely as augment them. It is only when inſanity is furious, that it excites horror.

(29.) page 50. Dr. Darwin, in his Zoonomia, thus diſtinguiſhes DELIRIUM from MADNESS:—"The ideas in DELIRIUM conſiſt of thoſe excited by the ſenſation of pleaſure or pain which precedes them, and the trains of other ideas aſſociated with theſe; and not of thoſe excited by external or by voluntary exertion. Hence the patients do not know the room which they inhabit, or the people who ſurround them; nor have they any voluntary exertion when the delirium is complete; ſo that their efforts in walking about a room, or riſing from their bed, are unſteady, and produced by their catenations, with the immediate affections of pleaſure or pain. By the above circumſtances it is diſtinguiſhed from MADNESS, in which the patients well know the perſons of their acquaintance and the place where they are, and perform all the voluntary actions with ſteadineſs and determination."

(30.) page 62. SCATTERLING. Spenſer is a venerable authority for this word. It means a vagabond; one that has no home, or ſettled habitation. Johnſon ſays it is "an elegant word, but diſuſed." The French expreſs ſuch a character by ſaying, *qu'il n'a* NI FEU, ni LIEU.

(31.) page 55. There are many of theſe Perſian anthologies. Saadi, of Schirauz, has compoſed two of theſe works, admirable for their moral philoſophy, The *Guliſtan*, that is, a garden of roſes, and the *Boſtan*, which means a garden of fruits. They are compoſed in verſe and proſe, interwoven with anecdotes, moralities, and political obſervations. There are alſo the *Negariſtan*, or gallery of pictures, by Jouini; and the *Beharifian*, or manſion of the ſpring. Of theſe anthologies, verſions are deſirable to the curious, and perhaps might render the firſt ſteps into the ſtudy of the language more pleaſant to the Perſian ſtudent.

(32.) page 63. When I drink freely, then indeed I am lord of a royal caſtle, and of a throne: but when I awake from ebriety, then certainly I am only maſter of ſheep and of camels. —Richardſon's Arabic Grammar.

(33.) page 63. *The ſon of the Clouds eſpouſes the daughter of the Vine*, is a beautiful alluſion to the mixing of *water* with *wine*, and, as Richardſon obſerves, often employed by the Arabians. I have changed the ſex; for not only is *wine* more powerful than *water*, but *wine* is likewiſe emblematic of the fire and warmth of MAN, and *water* of the delicacy and yielding ſoftneſs of WOMAN. It appears that the Aſiatics, as well as the Greeks and Romans, in their uſual compotations, diluted their wines with water; and when they committed a cheerful debauch, drank their more heavy wines with a very little water.—See Sir Edward Barry's curious eſſay on the wines of the ancients.

(34.) page 63. A Perſian poet addreſſes his cupbearer thus:

—Fix a kiſs on the brim of the cup, and the wine will then be ſweet, as if mixed with honey. And in Mr. Nott's verſion of Hafez, the Perſian Anacreon, we have,—

"While the fair one's ruby'd lip,
Flavours every cup we ſip."

This playful idea is uſed by the Greek poets. *It is certain* that the Greeks have largely borrowed from the warm imaginations of the Orientaliſts. Anacreon alludes to a peculiar coſmetic found among the Perſians. See notes on Caliph Vathek, p. 236.---My learned friend, Mr. Richard Hole, has lately publiſhed an ingenious eſſay to trace *the Fables of* HOMER, among the *Arabian Nights*. Langhorne has juſtly obſerved, that "the genius of every ſpecies of poetry originates in the EAST, and was TRANSPLANTED by the Muſes of GREECE. In the Philological Inquiries of the learned Harris, he ſays, —"Such reſemblances prove a probable connection between the manners of the Arabians and thoſe of the ancient Greeks." p. 354.

(35.) page 63. Sir W. Ouſeley deſcribes the Perſians as great voluptuaries, who delight in their feaſts to unite the pleaſures of wine with the charms of muſic, and to heighten the luxurious enjoyments of the banquet by the preſence of ſome beloved or beautiful object.---We are fond of wine (ſays a Perſian poet), wanton, diſſolute, and with rolling eyes; but who is there in *this city* who has not the ſame vices? We are immerſed in pleaſure and delight, and are conſtantly liſtening to the melody of the lute and the cymbal.---Thoſe who deſcribe Perſian feaſts relate, that muſicians, both vocal and inſtrumental, attended; handſome pages carried round wine; and ſinging and dancing women, with *venal charms*, completed the Perſian banquet.

(36.) page 65. Bedoween honour is ſtill more delicate than ours, and requires even a greater number of victims to be ſacrificed to it. If one ſchiek ſays to another, with a ſerious air, Thy bonnet is dirty, or, the wrong ſide of thy turban is

out, nothing but blood can waſh away the reproach.—Niebuhr, vol. ii. p. 199.

(38.) page 71. I conſulted Chardin for an account of the trees and flowers of Perſia. Vol. ii. p. 10. 4to.

I cannot omit noticing a beautiful illumination in the ſplendid Perſian manuſcript of Mr. Douce. Mejnoun is repreſented ſeated, nearly naked, and feeding a ſpotted fawn. The whole form of the maniac is ſqualid, meagre, and famine is in every limb. The antelope is highly finiſhed, with all thoſe minute and exquiſite touches which diſtinguiſh the brilliant pencil of the Perſian painter. The artiſts of that country excel in the human phyſiognomy, and the face of the Mejnoun is here pourtrayed with peculiar felicity; it is famiſhed and melancholy, yet the ſympathiſing ſmile, while it feeds the gazel, is thrown over part of the features, and may be compared to a little ſunſhine illumining a dark cloud.

(39.) page 71. Sir John Chardin thus deſcribes the borders of Perſia: The Mazanderan, the moſt weſtern parts of this country, is one parterre from the month of September to the cloſe of April; the face of the country is covered with flowers. On the northern borders of Arabia the country produces of itſelf tulips, anemones, &c.; and about Iſpahan, jonquils grow ſpontaneouſly, and there are flowers through the winter.

(40.) page 79. In an anonymous verſion of Anacreon's ode, in which he directs the painter how to delineate the portrait of his miſtreſs, this idea is finely given:

Then her eye-brows trace with art,
*Mingle not, nor wholly part!*

Nor is the idea quite loſt in Longepierre's languid tranſlation, which I give for the ſake of the curious note:

Peignant de ſes ſourcils les Arcs, et la Noirceur,
Prens garde egalement, que ton pinceau menteur,
*Ne les confonde, ou les ſepare.*

This

This was conſidered as the principal beauty of the eye-brows with the ancients. They ſtudied to approach them artfully to each other, neither quite joined, and ſcarcely ſeparated. Theocritus calls a maid—"The virgin with mingled eye-brows." Petronius, deſcribing a beauty, ſays---Her brows were ſpread on one ſide to the extremity of her cheeks, and on the other came almoſt in contact, confuſing themſelves, and uniting above her noſe.---Ovid has---

Arte ſupercilii confinia nuda repletis.

De Arte Amandi, lib. iii.

The Beauties of the ancients employed a black ſparkling tincture for their eye-brows and their lids, and the ſame practice is in uſe with all the Orientals.

(41.) *Vide* (13.)

(42.) page 80. The following ſonnet, or gazel, from the Divan of Jami, is given by Sir W. Ouſeley in his Oriental Collections, p. 187, and from which I derived the idea of this poem:

"Laſt night my eyes were cloſed in ſleep, but my happineſs awake;
The whole night, the live-long night, the image of my beloved was the companion of my ſoul.
Heavens! how did the ſugared words fall from her ſweeter lips!
Alas! all that ſhe ſaid to me in that dream has eſcaped from my memory,
Although it was my care till break of day to repeat over and over her ſweet words.
The day, unleſs illuminated by her beauty, is to my eyes of nocturnal darkneſs.
Happy day that firſt I gazed upon that lovely face!
May the eyes of Jami long be bleſt with pleaſing viſions, ſince they preſented to his view laſt night
That object, on whoſe account he paſſed his waking life in expectation."

The curious reader will find that the ode already quoted of Anacreon, and other parts of the Teian bard, bear a great affinity with Oriental and Perſian poetry.

(43.)

(43.) page 87. In this manner are the bloodleſs combats of the Arabs, which appear ſimilar to thoſe of the ancient Condottieri of Italy, where a whole day was fought, and a ſingle ſoldier wounded, often decided the fortune of the day. Niebuhr obſerves, that an army of a thouſand Arabs will take to flight and think themſelves routed if they loſe but ſeven or eight of their number. Pagés, in his travels, exhibits a very entertaining narrative of ſuch an engagement: after a running fight the whole day, on one ſide none were killed or wounded, while theſe boaſted of a triumph for having killed no more than one man, and ſome camels.

(44.) page 89. A bread and ſalt traitor (he who betrays his hoſt or patron) is one of the moſt opprobrious epithets by which one Aſiatic can expreſs his deteſtation of another. Richardſon's Diſſertation.---In deſpotic countries, indeed, what ſo dangerous as the violation of private confidence?

(45.) page 91. The nightly illuminations of every minareh in the city produce a very ſingular and ſplendid effect. Within each of theſe, the vaſt concaves of the domes are lighted up by ſome hundred lamps of coloured glaſs. The lamps are fantaſtically diſpoſed in letters and figures. I was not more agreeably ſurpriſed by any thing I ſaw in Conſtantinople, than the whole appearance of the firſt night in Rammezan.---Dallaway's Conſtantinople, p. 82.

In the Perſian Tales mention is made of an illumination which was formed of theſe letters, and were really verſes from the koran; and perhaps what might appear as "fantaſtic figures" to Mr. Dallaway, were in reality ſuch verſes.

(46.) page 96. This race of horſes is diſtinguiſhed by the title of *Kochlani*. Curious particulars relating to this breed may be found in Niebuhr's Travels in Arabia, vol. ii. p. 300. —*Eng. Tr.*

Among the accompliſhments of the great, the truly great Saladin, his hiſtorian records, "that he knew the genealogies of

of the horſes of his Arabians;"—for which we know that to this hour Arabia is celebrated, obſerves Harris.—Phil. Inq. p. 334.

(47.) page 96. It is an Oriental cuſtom to throw handfuls of ſmall coin to the populace at public entertainments. Economiſts ſometimes purchaſe bad money beforehand for ſuch purpoſes, and are afterwards hiſſed or applauded by the people in proportion to the real value of their coin.

(48.) page 102. The MINAREH is a hollow column annexed to a moſque, with a gallery on the top, from which the MUEZZIN, or crier, calls the five hours of prayer. The EZANN is their veſpers. As bells and clocks are forbidden, theſe criers are appointed for this purpoſe. The honeſt Grelot, in his Voyage to Conſtantinople, deſcribes their effect:—He ſays, Though it is impoſſible theſe cryers ſhould make ſuch a noiſe with their throats as the bells with their clappers, yet, as there are no coaches at Conſtantinople, and few of thoſe trades that deafen the ear, their voices being clear and ſtrong may be heard a great way, to the moſt remote quarters of the city, and into *the fields* adjoining, where I have heard them myſelf at a conſiderable diſtance, and their *voices are very ſweet to hear.*

(49.) page 102. The ſetting ſun produced the richeſt variety of tints in the oppoſite ſky; amongſt them was a lovely violet glow, rarely, if ever, ſeen in England.—Dallaway's Conſtantinople.

(50.) page 102. Black *moles* on the face have been long conſidered as a ſingular beauty in the Eaſt. We have only to look into the Perſian and Arabian poets for innumerable inſtances of the enthuſiaſm with which they admired this fancied elegance. Ornamental *patches* are perhaps a faſhion, among others, which were probably borrowed from Aſia, for whenever

ever a beauty is highly prized, the ladies ſubſtitute ſome artificial imitation when deprived of the natural charm.

(51.) page 115. The Turks have a great veneration for the dead. Their cemeteries are ſurrounded with a cypreſs grove, and inſcriptions, with appropriate verſes, emboſſed with raiſed letters, gilded and contraſted by a black or green ground; a ſtone cheſt is placed between them, filled with aromatic flowers and herbs, which are planted there, and regularly cultivated by the females of the family, who aſſemble in groupes for that duty. This mark of reſpect is particularly ſhewn to the dead unmarried young. It is of the higheſt antiquity amongſt the poliſhed and the ruder nations; and ſurely none can be more elegant and appropriate.—Dallaway's Conſtantinople, p. 152.

I conclude theſe notes by obſerving, that the cataſtrophe of this Romance has nothing in it extraordinary or violent to the ardent feelings of an Oriental lover. Richardſon has obſerved, that the Arabians and the Tartars, by their attachment to paſtoral life, ever favourable to love, and the circumſtances peculiar to their roving habits, frequently produce ſuch ſituations. Many tribes are often encamped together, and the young men of one fall naturally in love with the damſels of another. In the midſt of their courtſhip the heads of the tribes ſuddenly order the tents to be ſtruck; one goes to the right hand, and one to the leſt. The lovers are thus ſeparated, perhaps never more to meet; and if we may at all truſt to their elegies or their language, thoſe ſeparations have been often fatal. *Dying for love* is conſidered amongſt us as a mere poetic figure; but in eaſtern countries it is ſomething more; many words in the Arabic and Perſian languages which expreſs LOVE, imply alſo MELANCHOLY, MADNESS, and DEATH.

I ſhall tranſcribe one of the little poems, which have been compoſed on the Loves of MEJNOUN and LEILA; in ſome parts the tranſlation is perhaps ſomewhat too literal to pleaſe the European

European reader. But if the metaphors are ſometimes harſh, they ſerve at leaſt as ſpecimens of the Perſian poetry, wild and fanciful, but often ſublime, and not wanting in beauty.

"The Man who had inebriated himſelf with milk from the nipple of Anguiſh; who had been nouriſhed in the lap of Affliction, MEJNOUN, mad with the bright hue and fair face of LEILA; himſelf a dark mole on the cheek of the Deſert; having found the way to the manſion of Love, became fixed like the threſhold on the door of Love's palace.

Over his head, the form of Madneſs had caſt her ſhadow; the tale of his paſſion was loudly celebrated. Among the Arabs a tumult aroſe; the relation of his adventures was a deſſert in their aſſembles.

A powerful prince reigned in Arabia. He had ſeen the depredations of grief through abſence from a beloved object; he had plucked many a black-ſpotted flower from the garden of Love. Even in his infancy, he had felt the pain of ſeparation; the bitter taſte of that poiſon remained on his palate.

When he learned the ſtory of that afflicted Lover, he inſtantly gave an order to a ſlave, ſaying, "Make thy head, like thy feet, in running towards Najd; go with celerity, like a violent wind. Bring ſpeedily with thee, to my preſence, HER, who has ſtolen the heart of MEJNOUN with a glance."

The ſtripling ran, and in a ſhort time brought LEILA; that Empreſs in the dominion of Beauty.

To another ſlave the Prince gave this order: "Run thou alſo in the Deſert; go, to that ornament of frantic Lovers, MEJNOUN, the illumined taper of Love. Bring quickly before me that inflamed youth, that heart conſumed, anguiſh-pierced Lover."

The boy went and returned, accompanied by the Ruler in the territories of Love. When the Prince looked on him, he beheld a wretch in bondage to the miſery of Deſire. Madneſs had fixed her abode on his head; he was clothed, as with a veſt, with the wounds of ſeparation. His locks flowed like a mantle over his body; his only ſandal was the callus of his feet.

feet. In his hair ſtuck a comb of Arabian thorns; a robe of ſand from the Deſert covered his back.

" O thou (ſaid the Prince) who haſt been loſt in the Valley of Sorrow, doſt thou not wiſh me to give thee the object of thy paſſion; to exalt thee with dignity and power, to bring LEILA before thee, gratifying thy ſoul?"

" No! no! (anſwered he) far, far, is it from my wiſh, that an atom ſhould be ſeen together with the ſun——"

" Speak truly, (replied the Prince) Art thou not willing to recreate thyſelf on the ſmooth plain of that beautiful cheek? or haſt thou no inclination to enjoy her charms? I adjure thee by the ſoul of LEILA, to declare the truth!"

He rejoined—" O chief of men, with generous hearts! a particle of duſt from thy gate is a diadem on my head. The pain of my love for LEILA is ſufficient for my heart; a wiſh to enjoy her preſence thus would be injuſtice. To gratify this contemptible ſoul of mine, a ſingle ray from that bright luminary would be enough."—He ſpake, and ran towards the Deſert, his eye weeping, and his eye-laſhes raining tears.

THE END OF MEJNOUN AND LEILA.

# LOVE AND HUMILITY,

## A ROMAN ROMANCE.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*A Roman Triumph, and the amour of a Grecian Slave for her Prince, are objects not so remote from our domestic feelings as may at first appear. The Procession to St. Paul's, to commemorate our ever glorious Naval Victories, was so destitute of the picturesque to charm the enlightened eye of Taste, and so wanting of those objects which can communicate, even to the bosom of the simplest citizen, a patriotic enthusiasm, that I could not help meditating on the full, the varied, and the majestic picture of a Roman Triumph.*

*The situation of Aciloe and his lover in this Romance, is only that in which more than one noble emigrant has been placed. I know one who had taught himself to forget the world in the neat cottage of a farmer; but his sensibility was greater than his fortitude, and, lacerated from all he cherished, he became dangerously ill. By the devoted tenderness of the farmer's daughter, whose natural talents he had refined with exquisite taste, he recovered his health. As he recovered, the farmer's daughter became every day more pallid, more dejected, and at length was menaced with a confirmed marasmus. No one suspected the cause of her visible decay; she never complained. The conversation of the noble emigrant often turned on the splendid history of the French court, and the stern dignity of his own family, allied to the royal blood. The race is marked (let him pardon the expression) with that haughtiness which is the germ of many heroic virtues. He himself would be proud, did not the tenderness of his feelings struggle with his hereditary glory. To all he said, the farmer's daughter listened with too fond an attention; and while the malady of her heart (for the infection breathed in her heart) inflamed itself but the more at such discourse, she felt that,*

"The HIND that would be mated by the LION,
Must DIE FOR LOVE."

*This situation occasioned "Love struggling with Humility;" and when I composed this Romance, I thought of them.*

# LOVE AND HUMILITY,

## A ROMAN ROMANCE.

*Paulus Æmilius returning from the Conqueſt of Macedonia, his Triumph is oppoſed by Servius Galba.—The heroic Conduct of Marcus Servilius.—*THE TRIUMPH.*—Behaviour of Galba and his Adherents.—The* LOVES *of the* SLAVE *Leucothoe, and Aciloe* PRINCE *of Macedon.*

It ſpeaks the ſufferings of a female ſlave,
Who long had brooded, ſilent as the grave,
O'er love, that rack'd her ſoul with ceaſeleſs pain.
OBERON, Canto XI. Stanza 62.

THE venerable and ſublime Paulus Æmilius now returned from the final conqueſt of the Macedonian empire. Rome, in awful ſilence, awaited the decree of the ſenate for THE TRIUMPH.

The aſſembled ſpoils of nations Æmilius had not profaned. The general had only permitted his ſons to ſhare among themſelves the library of Perſeus, the king of Macedon; and they preferred manuſcripts to vaſes of gold. They now returned; neither ſolicitous nor ambitious of the triumph, they returned but to haſten to their paternal farm, whoſe ſmoke, wreathing in their natal air, was to them an object more cheriſhed than the pomp of a triumph. There ſixteen of this hero race ſubſiſted,

and

and the hands of conſuls guided the plough. But the glare of ſplendour, and treaſures hitherto unknown, corrupted the army; and the ſoldiers, in returning to Rome, murmured at the ſevere juſtice of Æmilius, who had only combated for his country, and with an affectionate pride, yielded all his labours to the maternal city. Conducted and inflamed by Servius Galba, they mutinied. They ranged the city; they ſurrounded the capitol; they menaced the tribunes; they contemned the ſenate; they oppoſed the voice of the people. It ſeemed to the Romans, that their ſoldiers had returned not to rejoice in their victories, but themſelves to take poſſeſſion of Rome.

The voluble and ſarcaſtic Galba calumniated the hoary general. It was then Marcus Servilius roſe; Servilius of conſular dignity, whoſe arm had ſo often triumphed in ſingle combat. He roſe, and with the energetic truth of heroiſm, reminded the Roman people what Paulus Æmilius had performed for them during more than half the life of man. It is not fit (he proceeded) that lily-ſkinned men, whoſe unbruiſed ſhields are worn only on feſtal days, and whoſe tongues are more dangerous than their ſwords, ſhould dare to talk of generals and of triumphs before you. Oh, my friends! that we had no orators but thoſe whoſe eloquence were written where their hearts beat! In ſaying this he flung open his robe, and diſplayed a breaſt ſcaled with ſcars: the martial exploits of Servilius ruſhing into their minds, the ſoldiers bowed, while their

their ſhields, in touching each other, gave a ſolemn ſound. Marcus had certain ſwellings in his body; Galba pointed, and derided.—Thou derideſt me (ſaid the white-haired conſul) for what I hold as honourable for me as the wreath of laurel I claim for Æmilius. For you, fellow-citizens! inceſſantly, by day and by night, I travelled and I fought; and the pain I ſtill receive from theſe, is to me a ſenſation of glory. As for Æmilius, I know him well; he will lament this triumph, as an interruption of his return to his farm; for it only delights him, to tread the field of war or the field of peace. But we, Romans, are to be juſt, even to thoſe who exact not juſtice; we are to ſeek the glory, which in vain would conceal itſelf. Proceed, Galba! collect thy votes! I will follow thee, to note down the degenerate and the ingrate; and may my laſt accent, be that of reproach to the Roman who votes againſt the triumph of Æmilius: He ceaſed. The army ſhouted, Æmilius is godlike! Servius Galba ſlunk away, and loſt himſelf among the crowd, and all the tribes decreed the triumph of Æmilius.

And now the ſoldiers diſperſing, mingled with the people: ancient friends had ſcarcely time to ſeek each other, and embrace, ere the ſound of erecting ſcaffolds, to view the triumphant march, echoed through the city. The triumph was decreed to laſt three days*.

At

* Of Roman triumphs the only detail we have is, I believe, left us by Livy, which Plutarch copied in his life of Paulus Æmilius.

At length the day arrived, and Rome aſſembled ere the ſun had riſen. The people, clad in white garments, hurrying along in maſſes, now rolling, now floating, looked like the tumult of a ſea. The windows and the porches of houſes were crowded; ſome were ſeated on domes, ſome had climbed on columns, and ſome were clinging to ſlender balluſtrades: another Rome ſeemed hanging in the air! Every thing on which the eye could reſt was adorned. Every citizen hung out from his windows carpets of purple and gold, and placed on his walls pictures of value. The ſtreets were ſtrewed with flowers; the temples were fancifully embelliſhed with boughs; the ſtatue of every god was crowned with a garland; and all the air was ſweet with the fuming incenſe from the altars. To the eye, almoſt deceived, it ſeemed as if a magic grove had riſen in one night. An object, not leſs intereſting than Rome thus ornamented, was the view of all its beauties leaning on the balconies ſcattering odoriferous flowers, and twining wreaths of laurel for the approaching victor.

And now the lictors marched with their axes and their rods, opening a paſſage. On the firſt day of the

Æmilius. In the picture of this triumph I have combined the moſt ſtriking incidents. Monteſquieu, with his happy conciſeneſs, ſays: "Romulus and his ſucceſſors were engaged in perpetual wars with their neighbours: they returned to their city with their ſpoils, conſiſting of wheat ſheaves and flocks; this filled them with the greateſt joy. Such is the *origin* of *triumphs*! to which that city afterwards chiefly owed its grandeur."

the triumph two hundred and fifty cars were filled with the brilliant miracles of Grecian art; pictures, which, as they paſſed, ſeemed like mirrors, to reflect ſome exiſting ſcene of nature; and coloſſal ſtatues, whoſe view gave a new conception of humanity, and, as they paſſed, ſo finely were the paſſions chiſſeled, that they inſpired *lovers*, who ſighed at their beauty, or awed *votariſts* with a religious trembling *. Soothing and delicious were the emotions of the Roman people on that day. On the ſecond, vaſt was the craſhing ſound of the iron wheels of numerous wains, that contained the arms and the armour of the Macedonians; with artful negligence they had looſely heaped the martial inſtruments, and they rang loudly and glittered confuſedly againſt each other. Helmets and targets, and javelins and ſhields, and cuiraſſes, and the points of naked ſwords, formed a ſhining terror, while the ſpectators even trembled at the view of the arms of the conquered. When all theſe had paſſed, their terrific ſound remained. But they were ſoon delighted by innumerable veſſels holding the coined ſilver, each ſupported by four men, oppreſſed by the maſſive weight. The proceſſion cloſed with an exhibition, artfully arranged, of ſculptured vaſes, ineſtimable for their beauty, and

* This muſt be underſtood literally: both in the paſt and in the preſent age there have been men who were LOVERS of ſtatues. Coyer, in his Voyage d'Italie, exclaims with equal vivacity and truth: "Certainement c'eſt une Providence que les FEMMES de la NATURE, ne valent pas celles de l'ART."

even ſingular for their value. That day diffuſed not the pleaſure of the former; they had viewed nothing but objects of terror and objects of wealth. It was on the third, and laſt day, that the human paſſions were awakened by objects of humanity.

At firſt they ſtarted in terror. The trumpets and the clarions did not ſound a flouriſh, as on a feſtal day, but blew ſuch a charge as they were accuſtomed when they excited their ſoldiers to battle. It was inſtantly rumoured, and imagined, that the army had again mutinied, and Rome, as if ſhe felt herſelf in deſolation, quaked and quailed to her heart. But ſoon the modeſt and regulated ſteps of the martial muſicians turned conſternation into confidence, and a breathleſs tranquillity. It was now the Romans ſecurely indulged their eye and their heart.

After the heralds and trumpeters ſucceeded young men in flaxen robes, with their arms and boſoms bare, leading more than a hundred ſtalled oxen, whoſe horns were gilded, and whoſe backs were adorned with bandelets, interlaced with feſtoons of flowers. Theſe victims laſhed their long tails joyouſly; ſenſible of the pomp, and perhaps thinking it would lead them to their paſtures. Then followed beautiful boys, whoſe chins had yet no down, and their treſſes floating luxuriantly on their ſhoulders, each bearing a veſſel of the luſtral water. Now marched ſoldiers, carrying the coined gold, and the antique and maſſy vaſes from the royal treaſures. At ſome interval the car of Perſeus,

ſeus, the conquered monarch, was chained. That regal throne was now a ſolitude, and nothing was viewed in it but, on the ſeat, his armour and his diadem. Behind walked the family of Perſeus, of whom the moſt remarkable was Aciloe, his eldeſt ſon. The matrons and the virgins of Rome wept as they gazed on his beauty, and the tender melancholy that ſhaded his touching phyſiognomy. Muffled in a black mantle Perſeus appeared; his head was bare, his hands and his feet clanked with chains of iron. He leant his head on his breaſt; but thoſe who were near him ſaw with contempt, and ſome with pity, his dark eyes ſuffuſed with a red flame, and hatred, ignominy, and deſpair, torturing his horrid phyſiognomy. Perſeus, the coward and the tyrant, who refuſed the death he was offered.—Thou art not (ſaid an old Roman as he paſſed) thou art not worthy to be permitted to die *!

At length a gayer ſpectacle charmed. Four hundred crowns of gold, preſented to Æmilius from as many cities, or as tributes, or as gifts, now glittered in the air! And now a hollow murmur went along the crowd, the triumphal car appeared, and the people ſhouted. It was ornament-

* Compoſing a romance, I was not willing to copy the page of the hiſtorian, but Livy, the moſt picturesque of romancers, deſcribes Perſeus more ſtrikingly; his words are to this purpoſe: "He reſembled one ſtruck by thunder; one, in whom the greatneſs of his griefs had taken away the very feeling."

ed with a magnificence that ſeemed the emblem of the genius of its hero; clothed in purple, wrought with golden flowers, the venerable form of Æmilius ſat, and extending his right hand, held a laurel branch. There was a ſadneſs in his countenance too penetrating for even the magnanimity of that hero to conceal. That week, the week of his triumph, Peſtilence ſpread her midnight wing over his houſe; and ſome had died, and ſome were dying; and his domeſtic roof was a tomb. So Fortune wars with man! Tears were ſometimes ſeen on his cheek. The whole army followed with branches of laurel in their hands, ſome chaunting the eulogy of their general, and ſome pointing at him their ſharpeſt railleries. And thus the triumph of Æmilius cloſed!

When the proceſſion ended, Servius Galba remained ſurrounded by a few malicious ſpirits, who, till the army paſſed, had hoped the mutiny would again have broken out in the courſe of the Triumph. For ſome time they gazed on each other in ſilence and dejection. Galba then addreſſed them:—What! is the freedom of ſpeech denied a Roman citizen? My friends, this is a ſcene for us to ridicule; it merits not our anger. And this then is the glory of our tremendous hero? And the great Æmilius is ambitious of becoming the chief actor in a ſtate pantomime? By Hercules! for a handful of ſeſterces I'll hire you a hero dreſſed in a lamb-ſkin and a ſooty face; his *mimi* ſhall beat our general's. O, Jove! thy tunic was profaned

fanctified this day! It is this, my friends, which rouſes indignation, that the Roman people ſhould bend their ſupple knee to whomever the ſenate decrees honours; imbecil and ſuperſtitious like Egyptians, we worſhip calves, when they tell us they are ſanctified. I hate the ſenate, by all the gods, I ſwear! This ſenate, corruptors and corrupted; minions of the patricians! Oh! that we had no ſenate, or, that every citizen were a ſenator! That day ſhould be marked with white; *that* were a day to thank Jupiter! And, to be ſure, the gods are much concerned with the victories of us Romans, who carry our oppreſſion wherever we can lead an army; and who would even take poſſeſſion of the ſeats of the gods themſelves, had they but given us the wings of our eagles!

In this manner Galba and his adherents exhaled their bile, and, retiring from the happy metropolis, that night at ſupper their falernian wine taſted like gall in their mouth; the bitter thought of envy was in their hearts; that bitter thought which communicates even to the face of man a yellow hue. But, in the city of Rome, they danced in circles, and carrolled in chorus; that night no eye was cloſed in Rome; the ſtreets, blazing with torches, gave a midnight ſun; while in the ſhadowy groves, ſilvered by a ſweet moonlight, murmured many an amorous kiſs.

Hiſtorians have not informed us of the fate of Aciloe, the ſon of Perſeus, the laſt king of Macedon. The narrative of love, by an aged female

flave, at the diſtance of fifty years after the triumph of Paulus Æmilius, (in which Perſeus appeared, preferring life in chains to an honourable death) while it traces the progreſs of a paſſion, at once moſt tender and moſt humble, preſerves ſome part of his ſecret hiſtory. It was thus the female ſlave addreſſed her companions:—

Ye Virgins, inſtruct yourſelves in love as ye liſten to my tale. Not mine the pomp of wealth, or the vainer pomp of birth; war had even deprived me of my native valley. Born in Macedon, I ſcarcely remember the warmth of my natal ſun. From youth to age I have lived a ſlave at Rome; nor have I wiſhed a more indulgent life, for in the arms of a lover, ſlavery can pleaſe.

Ye have heard of Aciloe, the Prince of Macedon. He became the ſlave of Antonius, and for three olympiads he was my companion. Greece, that had given him birth, had alſo given him her arts and her beauty; thoſe arts which ſubdued the ſouls of her conquerors, and that beauty which, perpetuated by her ſtatues, will tell remoteſt ages what men peopled that Elyſian climate *. Yes, Aciloe was accompliſhed! Apollo had

* The beauty of the men in Greece, and their gymnaſtic exerciſes, were the cauſes of the excellence of their artiſts. The perſonal beauty, the naked elegance of Nature, and the amenity of their ſoil and their climate, developed and nouriſhed their imaginations, and gave birth to every fine art. Plato deſcribes, with enthuſiaſm, certain youths who were ſent as ambaſſadors to the Perſian court, and exults that no nation could

had melodiſed his tongue with perſuaſion. Venus had touched his complexion, that looked like roſes bathed in milk; and Minerva had given to his tender countenance thoſe humid and tremulous eyes, whoſe blue ſerioufneſs, to look on, ſweetens the heart.

I viewed the fair-faced youth bending in taſks of ſtrength, with an elegance that for other taſks required. They doubled his labours; cruel Romans! tyrannical freemen! they would annihilate princes! as if *princes* were not *men!* I have ſeen the amiable youth bluſh at his feebleneſs; I never heard him murmur in ſervitude beneath a foreign heaven; his frame, but not his mind, loſt its energy; the liberal ſoul no chain can rivet, no toil can diſmay.

But, laborious days and ſorrowing nights clouded his ſpirit, and cruſhed his too exquiſite frame. He ſat alone, and heavy and long-drawn were his ſighs; his cheeks had loſt their downy bloom, and they looked as if their winter had ſucceeded their ſpring; the wavering light of his eyes was decaying as the faint flame trembles in the lamp; his flaxen ringlets, gliſtening like threads of gold, and throwing a ſoft ſhadow over his delicate forehead,

could produce ſuch celeſtial forms. Diogenes Laertius, in vain and powerleſs language, would paint the enchanting figure of the celebrated Xenophon. This perſonal beauty formed a diſtinction between the elevated and the lower ranks. The latter loſt their fine forms in labour and miſery.—De Pauw, vol. i. p. 197.

now neglected, no more danced in wavy curls, but were tangled in deſpair: his ſoul ſickened with melancholy. I gazed, I trembled, as I traced a pale conſumption, like the ſecret Miner, ſapping ſilently and unſeen.

Touched by his miſery I felt the injuſtice of Fortune. I deſired to conſole him; but when I remembered that the ſlave had been my prince, my heart recoiled with awe. A natural air of majeſty breathed in his leaſt geſture; Nature deſigned him for a prince; his eye commanded, though his tongue was ſilent.

Has not Nature created ſome men capable of imparting felicity to a whole people? Oh! were Aciloe (I thought) on his throne, the ſun would look cheerful to deſolated Macedonia! Such were my thoughts; perhaps the thoughts of a ſlave: for are not all equals, when they meet in miſery? Ah! the miſerable want not *reſpect*, they only claim *compaſſion!*

At length, ſo much he intereſted me, that I felt nothing but pity. One day the Prince was winnowing corn: already the ſtar of Venus had riſen, and half the day's taſk yet remained: exanimate, he dropt the flail; he ſat down, and covered his face with his hands. I approached, with eyes fixed on the ground, and tremulous footſteps: I knelt before him:—Aciloe! behold a Macedonian! Oh, Prince! thou haſt yet one faithful ſubject! He raiſed his face, flushed with a faint crimſon, and wiped away the tear on his burning cheek: he

ſmiled

ſmiled with a tender grace. Ye gods! that firſt ſmile which entered my heart, ſtill vibrates on its fibres! As if my mutual labour had inſpired him, that evening he ſeemed to have forgotten Macedon.

Learn, ye maidens! that in the gentle offices of pity, ſo ſweet are the pleaſures, we love to repeat them. Beware, my friends! of that ſoft-ſouled Power! Pity, ye know, is the ſiſter of Love. Ah! often ſhe betrays us into her brother's power, that volatile boy of heaven, whoſe ſmiling eyes are malicious, and whoſe very ſports are cruel. Yes, Love ſtole from Pity the ſpark he touched into a flame.

I dared to love Aciloe! I loved, but I reſolved to periſh, ere I would tell my love.

The earth now ſeemed for ever to deny me tranquillity, and I ſought for it in heaven and in hell. I knew an old woman of Theſſaly, ſhe was a great enchantreſs; ſhe once gave a philtre for a maid, adminiſtered by the hand of her lover, who, for ten years, had in vain ſprinkled libations of wine at her door, and covered the walls of his houſe with her cheriſhed name. She drank it, and ſhe loved! But her paſſion was diſtracted; her ſenſes were injured; it was a love without modeſty; and ſhe expired in the arms of her miſerable lover. I preferred the mild rites of incantation. She gave me a waxen image; ſhe told me to call it by the name of him I loved, and to place it near the fire, and as it turned, and melted with the heat, he too

would turn and melt whose name it bore. I turned the image; I blessed it as it dissolved, drop by drop; and the next day I sought Amber with eager joy; but alas! the heat had not reached him! I told the old Thessalian, and she said,—Unhappy maid! Hell has no remedy for thy love!—I had dreams by night: I related them to the Augurs, and they told me to supplicate the god of love. What incense breathed, what turtles bled on his altar! I told the augurs that the god was inexorable. Dost thou not see, they replied, that when thou sacrificest, nothing but smoke and vapours are rolled about the altar? Forget thyself, unhappy maid! Heaven is not thy friend!

Yet I could not despair; the pains of love are not without pleasure, yet his pleasures are full of pain. Much I desired, little hoped, and nothing asked *.

Have ye not all worshipped the Apollo of Praxiteles? Has not its enchanting illusion possessed your senses? Surely the god sculptured his own statue! The flexible softness of that marble, where the blood seems moving in the veins; the airy harmony in the proportions, which, to the deceived eye, gives the sense of motion; the celestial smile on those half-opened lips, which makes one incline as if to listen! Softened form of the green

* "Brama assai, poco spera, e nulla chiede."

A verse from Tasso, so descriptive of a modest passion. It is omitted by Hoole.

spring

ſpring of life, thine is, eternal youth, the health of a divinity! brilliant, yet tender, as the opening dawn! I have gazed on the ſculptured god till I thought it glided in the air! Is not ſuch the ſtatue of Apollo? and ſuch, ye virgins! was the form of Aciloe!

Familiariſed to my ſervices, he almoſt converſed with me as an equal; but often a dignity in his air, and a majeſty in his conceptions, ſeparated from his my humbled ſpirit. Yet he deigned to accept my attentions: I haſtened my own labours to conclude his unfiniſhed taſks; and Aciloe was reſtored to health! He recovered his vivacity; mine ſunk as his recovered. The fineſt form in Nature ſeemed to ſtart from the remains of its decay: I would have given a treaſure for a bracelet of his hair. As I gazed on the ſhining whiteneſs of his neck, while a looſe ringlet that had fallen from the reſt, threw its ſoft ſhadow, how often I ſighed to weave it round my fingers!

I felt myſelf periſhing, I ſlumbered in half-awakened dreams; I ſtarted in tremors; I was loſt in reverie. I roſe weary in the morning, as if the night had been a night of toil. I looked on the ſun, and it cheered me not; I gazed on Aciloe, and all my ſenſes burned. Oppreſſed by my own labours, when I toiled for Aciloe, that labour ſeemed to reſtore me. Aciloe ſaw my dejection, and ſuffered me not to toil. Oh, the change! Now the pining ſhadow of what I was, Aciloe, warm in health and gratitude, laboured for me! He would

inquire the cauſe of my concealed dejection: I found no voice, but I felt the blood paint my cheek.

Sometimes my love was not without hope, and I imagined Aciloe had diſcovered the ſecret of my heart; but I checked the delightful thought, when I recollected that *Gratitude* is a ſhade of *Love*. One day from the villa he ſent me, by a ſlave returning to the city, a garland, accompanied by a brilliant painting of the flowers, as he had interwoven them. I knew not which to admire, the creation of Nature, or the work of Art; when each is perfect, Nature touches, and Art charms. I ſighed to think that the flowers would die that evening. Looking on the border of the picture of thoſe flowers, I read this inſcription:

"LIVING, we were CHERISHED; DEAD, we ſtill EXIST."

Ah! I exclaimed, how the ſympathetic Aciloe can interpret, at a diſtance, the thoughts of my ſoul! But a thought more melancholy touched me—that I ſhould ſoon die after them; and the garland dropt from my cold and ſlackened hand. Reflecting thus mournfully, I found in the garland this ſcroll:

"Fade not like theſe flowers, for no PAINTING *can ſupply thy loſs!* The artiſt can trace outlines and can catch tints, but he cannot *paint the thoughts* of thy *mind*; he cannot give *another exiſtence* to the *virtues* of thy *ſoul*."

About this time I became ſolicitous of my dreſs. Would ye agitate the heart of your lover? Be

DRESS

press the unperceived labour of your days. Think of it every morning ere ye riſe; vary it with new forms, warm it with new colours. Truſt me, one day, ye will obſerve how the eye of your lover ſhall linger about you; how all that day, reſtleſs in ecſtaſy, he will mention objects which have the ſame colour as your dreſs. That dreſs remembers well. When at ſome diſtant day ye ſhall be eſtranged from each other, then, to kindle the heart of the cheriſhed traitor, appear in the ſame dreſs; be the colours the ſame and your ſmiles the ſame. Ye will then ſee how eaſy it is to wind around an affectionate heart!

As for myſelf, I was but a ſlave, and coſtly ornaments were not mine. I could not wear the purple dye of Tyre, nor the light tiſſues of the Iſle of Cos; nor were my treſſes eſſenced with the Oronthean myrrh. But cheaper colours may enchant, and ſimpler graces may ſeduce. Sometimes I was dreſſed with the lighteſt azure, beautiful as the ſereneſt ſky; or with the paleſt roſe colour, delicate as the youngeſt of thoſe tender flowers; or with a chaſte white, floating redundant on the ground, as if I had thrown over me a woven ſnow.

I ſought to delight him by thoſe tender artifices, which recalled to him the memory of his natal ſoil. Often he had viewed with rapture, on the winding banks of the Eurotas, the virgins confining their looſe drapery, and rejecting their veiling peplos, in their courſes, and their games, and their dances: half their impatient boſom peered above their veſt,

and

and their naked knee, and their gracile legs, gilded with eaſy grace. I aſſembled my companions, and taught them the Grecian dance of Ariadne, or the Labyrinth. I, holding a garland, was their leader, while the large circle, hand in hand, moved ſlowly around me; then, more animated, they would coil about me, preſſing each againſt the other; I waved my garland, I eluded their graſping hands, I extricated myſelf by artful feints, and, winding through them, I eſcaped, and triumphed. Then I yielded my place to the next; and thus all had the ſame garland, but all had not the ſame glory. At another time it was a rural dance. I repreſented Flora, and my hair was ſtarred with roſes. I often bade the dance ceaſe, to chaunt the tender hymn of ſpring; and then each maiden would take a roſe from my hair, and when all my roſes were deſpoiled, my hymn cloſed. But Acilloe was not delighted by our dances. On the banks of my own Eurotas, he ſaid, they inflamed my ſoul; but a Grecian dance in Rome, only provokes my indignation.

And yet there was a little ſpot we had diſcovered, which he cheriſhed: it circled the Palatine hills. After our toiling day, delicious was each evening hour, as wandering there, we ſaw the flocks obey the call of the ſhepherd's doric reed. Up the ſides of one of thoſe hills climbed the pendent vineyards; along an expanſive lake winded green walks, fringed with the arbutus and the myrtle; while, ſtill lower, were the olive grounds,

whose gloomy umbrage the setting sun warmed with its roseate hue: above us were groves of pine and silver firs. Here often Acilue turned away from haughty and imperial Rome, its temples, its amphitheatres, its xysti, and its forums. He turned away, and some natural tears fell as he gazed on the cherished spot. The cherished spot! it was a Grecian scenery, the very semblance of one where he was born. How grateful in a foreign country he exclaimed, to find a home scene! Rome has not deprived us of *all* our Greece; at least, it yields one spot, which brings me back to the soft earth, where I was cradled!

With hope almost extinct in my bosom, I could no more labour, and my master bade me retire to die. Acilue often stole to my sick couch; he wept beside me; and the prince tended a slave. How often I thought I viewed the infernal bark on the borders of the Styx; as often would the dulcet voice of Acilue recal me to existence:—how vital the breath of him we love! If I were extinct, and my lover breathed on my lips, I have often thought it would revive my inanimate corpse.

It was thou, said Acilue, when death was terrible, for the iron of slavery then first rankled in my indignant soul; it was thou who gently stole away the thorns of a sick pillow. Thus given, life had its value, though its price was slavery. What is the viewless canker in thy heart? Thy malady is not that of Nature, but that of Passion; for thou hast ever been happy: thou hast never known free-

dom,

form, and ſlavery for thee has no pains. It was ſomething ſudden that marred thy harmonious nerves, and broke the joy of thy ſmooth cheek. When I recovered, it was then thou didſt loſe thy health. Surely the infection of another's grief is not fatal! By Hercules, I will not accept the exiſtence purchaſed by thy death! Live then, live! it is thy prince who bids thee live!

As Aciloe ſpoke, my heart opened, elate with hope; I ſeemed to liſten to the voice of Love. But the awful words—It is thy prince, clouded my ſpirit: and when I turned to Aciloe there was a dignity, even in his tenderneſs, that ſeemed for ever to tell me, I was not his equal.

Yet, thus to have intereſted my prince, thus to be tended by his hand, gave me a new exiſtence. I was now permitted to wander at will.

It was the third of the Ides that the feaſt in honour of THE GHOSTS, the *feralia*, was held. Every one haſtened to bring ſome little offering to the memory of their friends. Aciloe and I walked together to the obſcure ſepulchre of his father Perſeus, who had then lately died. He ſtood beſide the grave, He looked towards heaven: he knelt, and kiſſed the earth; then, clipping ſome of his ſilken treſſes, he depoſited them on the cold tomb. I could not help touching them.—Touch them not, I pray thee! (he cried,) they are ſacred to the dead: the manes of our friends are not ſolicitous of what we preſent them, it is ſufficient if by us they are remembered nor avarice, nor vanity are

beyond

beyond the Styx! I ſtood near him.—And how is it (ſaid he) that thou doſt not bring thine offering? —Alas! (I replied,) I never knew a parent; I never had a friend! and when I die, no one will ſoothe my departed ſpirit, even with the laſt gift we preſent the dead.—Thou erreſt, (replied Aciloe,) for had I ſurvived thee, I ſhould never have forgotten thou wert my deareſt friend. How ſweet were thoſe wondrous words! What if he is not my lover (I thought) is he not the ſemblance? is he not my friend?

But what is friendſhip when we aſk for love? 'Tis like the fragrance of remote flowers, that faintly touches the ſenſes; or like the beam of the chaſte moon, that gives light, but yields not warmth. Still, ſtill I pined: ſometimes, to embolden me to tell my love, I thought that a paſſion for a ſervant had not made even heroes bluſh; the ſuperb Achilles was enamoured of his beauteous Briſeis, and the regal Agamemnon preferred, to Clytemneſtra, the more tender Chryſeis. How often has the pang of ungratified love made my brain frantic! Then would I haſten to Aciloe, reſolved to tell my love, and willing to die: but while my boſom roſe and panted in his abſence, when I approached him it ſank with timidity; it was chilled with awe. I ſhivered; I wept; I was ſilent.

It was now the ambroſial ſeaſon of the FLORALIA, the feſtal day of Flora. All invites us then to perfume ourſelves with eſſences, to twine our tem-

ples

ples with branches of myrtle, and to wander, gathering the Year's virgin flowers; the more cherished children of her first birth. The *Circenfian ſhows* were now proclaimed. That day ſome haſtened to the *Naumachia*, to gaze on naval combats; ſome to the *Pentathlum*, to view the Athletæ, or wreſtlers; ſome to the *chariot races*; and ſome to the *Pyrrhic dances*. Rome was happy; our houſe was a ſolitude; the very ſtreets were ſilent. Aciloe and myſelf remained together.

That day I had ſtudiouſly adorned myſelf; my drapery flowed looſe, my arms and my knees did not conceal themſelves, and my treſſes were arranged with a nicer art than became a ſlave. It was perhaps in honour of the goddeſs; and yet I thought of Aciloe as I corrected my dreſs before my mirror. We ſat beneath an almond-tree, whoſe ſilvery flowers dropped their odour: we were ſupping, and Aciloe took off his ſandals to recline on his couch.

This evening (ſaid he), the world will at leaſt forget us, and let us forget the world! Thou haſt done well to braid along thy ſtreaming treſſes theſe ſweet violets and that tender lilac.—I ſighed, for I thought to myſelf that I was but a victim crowned with flowers. My boſom palpitated ſo warmly, that I turned aſide in diſorder; but perhaps my eyes expreſſed what my tongue refuſed. I ſtole a ſide glance at Aciloe, and I joyed to behold an eye ſparkling with the tendereſt fire.

He

He addreſſed me by name.—Leucothoe, will thou never confide the ſecret of thy modeſt ſoul? Thou knoweſt the gods have not given to Aciloe the marble heart of a tyrant, but the waxen heart of a ſlave. Leucothoe, thou takeſt no food! thou ſpeakeſt not! Nay, turn not away that ſweet confuſion on thy cheek. Is my attachment, then, nothing? Myſterious girl! live, if thou wouldſt have Aciloe live; and ſmile if thou wouldſt have him happy!

In leaning acroſs the table his lips almoſt touched my face; his tones ſo tender and ſo tremulous, deliciouſly whiſpered in my ear, and his warm breath paſt over my cheek. I trembled with unknown ſenſations: my reſpiration was ſuſpended; a faintneſs crept over my limbs; a dimneſs ſuffuſed my eyes; a low, tremulous noiſe wandered in my ears. I felt that I muſt die or muſt ſpeak.

I complained of the odours of the almond tree, but I could not finiſh the feigned murmur; I ſought to riſe, but my limbs were without motion.

I turned to Aciloe. My voice died on my quivering lips; a guſh of delicious tears reſtored me. —Aciloe! and wouldſt thou know my ſecret miſery? 'Tis Love conſumes me! ambitious Love, that lives ou hopeleſs, and cannot die!

When I finiſhed theſe hnrried words, I hid my face in my boſom. Aciloe heard, Aciloe underſtood: his lips breathed on my lips, and my trembling boſom roſe to meet his boſom. Celeſtial felicity!

city! O, Love! thou art even the happineſs of the gods! Aciloe loved, and never from that hour Aciloe forſook me. Yes, my prince was the ſlave of his ſlave! Delicious memory of LOVE! it charms even my old age, and gives to my hoary and ſnowy head what is dearer than the roſes of ſpring——THE REMEMBRANCE OF GOLDEN HOURS!

THE END OF LOVE AND HUMILITY.

# THE LOVERS;

OR,

# THE BIRTH OF THE PLEASING ARTS.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*TO illuſtrate the nature of human inventions, the following little Romance has been compoſed. The word* invention, *originating in the Latin* inventus, *explains itſelf*—a finding out. *Invention is neither inſpiration nor creation, as ſome, I believe, ſtill imagine it to be. It is nothing but a* ſudden obſervation, *or a* patient meditation; *and there can exiſt but* two kinds *of invention; the one* accidental, *ſtruck out from a rapid obſervation, and the other ariſing from* combination, *the fruit of long and ingenious meditation. Man creates nothing; he can only imitate, or combine, what he* finds out *in Nature; he can imagine no form, he can produce no notion, of which the model is not in Nature.*

*From* accidental inventions *man has derived great utility, but never has claimed any glory; but the invention of thoſe arts, or thoſe diſcoveries, in which he has wreſtled with Nature, has agreeably flattered his pride. It will amuſe an ingenious mind, to claſs under theſe two forms ſome traditional origins.*

*In the firſt, and inferior kind of inventions, may be ranked the following:—A Tartarian hunter, wanting ſome wadding, obſerves a ſtone covered with ſome flakes reſembling looſe threads; but when he fires his piece, he obſerves that the gunpowder had no effect on the wadding. He returns to his village, conſults his curate, and, half-terrified, conceives he has about him ſome bewitched ſtuff. They throw it into a large fire; it does not burn, and they take it out entire. Such was the accidental origin of the* aſbeſtos, *called the incombuſtible linen. Of the ſame claſs is that of* glaſs: *ſome merchants in the ſandy deſerts reſt their cauldrons on blocks of nitre, and kindle a fire; the nitre diſſolving in the flame, and mixing with the ſand, produces a tranſparent friable ſubſtance, which is* glaſs. *In the city of Tyre, a dog ſeizing on the fiſh Conchilis, or* Purpura, *his lips were obſerved to be tinged with that glowing "roſy rod," and it received its name from the town and the fiſh, for*

*for it was called,* The Tyrian purple. *Children playing in the shop of a spectacle-maker, with convex and concave glasses, arrange them in such a manner that the church steeple appeared to have removed itself near to them. Their loud acclamations excite the curiosity of their father. The man of science looks through the glasses the hands of children had arranged, and he discovers —the* telescope! *Accident alike discovered gunpowder, printing, and the quinquina; the latter, perhaps, more salutary than either of the former. Such has been the origin of many useful inventions, but in which the inventor could lay no claim to ingenuity.*

*The second class ennobles man; his dilated soul traverses through earth and heaven, and he almost aspires to the energy of a sublime Creator. The ancients have recorded, that the exquisite combinations of* music *derived their origin from a philosopher who stood listening to the strokes of a hammer on an anvil. It was by meditating on the knolls of old oak trees, and the pavements of London, that that sublime edifice, the* Edystone, *was raised in the tumultuous breast of the sea by its great artist. The fact is recorded with great simplicity, by himself; and these knolls, and these pavements, from whence he first stole the hints, are engraven in his singular work. One evening in the cathedral of Pisa, Galileo observed the vibrations of a brass lustre, pendent from the vaulted roof, that had been left swinging by one of the vergers. The pensive eye of Genius meditated, and its soul struggled with vast ideas. Hence he conceived the notion of measuring time by the medium of a* pendulum, *and thus* invented *the elements of motion and mechanics. The origin of* gravitation *is perhaps more sublime, since the accident was more trivial. The charming art of engraving owes one of its branches to the meditation of a studious prince. Rupert perceiving a soldier scraping and cleansing his fusil, on which the night-dews had fallen and had rusted, he combined its effects, and from these conceived* mezzotinto. *I will add two others, which are extremely interesting. Jonas Moore, employed to survey the fens, noticed that the* sea *made a* curve line *on the beach;*

*and*

*and from this circumſtance he borrowed the hint, to keep it effectually out of* Norfolk. *A French bead-maker obſerving, that the water which had waſhed thoſe ſmall fiſh called Bleaks, was filled with luminous particles of a ſilvery hue, and depoſited a ſediment poſſeſſing the luſtre of the moſt beautiful pearls, formed from it the* pearl eſſence, *which, with melted iſinglaſs, is blown into thin glaſs globules, and produces* artificial pearls.

*Reflecting on the origin of human inventions, I combined many recorded traditions, all of which wear a natural air of truth. I imagined a little tale, in which, placing two primitive human beings in Arcadia, the mutual deſire, and the neceſſity of reciprocal pleaſure, would naturally give birth to the agreeable arts, Some difficulties aroſe in this little ſketch, but the completion of my deſign was of more conſequence than an attempt to overcome one or two improbabilities. The judicious reader will eaſily detect and forget them. The indulgence of a reader is one requiſite in this ſpecies of fictions.*

# THE LOVERS;

OR,

# THE BIRTH OF THE PLEASING ARTS.

## AN ARCADIAN ROMANCE.

## PART THE FIRST.

IN a valley of Arcadia Amaryllis was a ſhepherdeſs; on the rocks above, Lycidas was a goatherd. Their ſituation approached to that of primæval ſolitude; never had they obſerved other human forms than their old fathers and mothers, whom they viſited at the full moon, when their flocks were guarded by the ſilence of ſleep.

In the luxuriant valley Amaryllis conducted her ſheep, while Lycidas purſued his capricious goats on the rocky clifts. Amaryllis found her companions like herſelf, timid and docile; they rather followed her, than ſhe them. Often had ſhe meaſured her height with the old ewes, and diſcovered how ſhe increaſed in ſtature.

Lycidas was vigorous as the goats he chaced; he flew fearleſsly along the points of clifts, and ſtood on one foot, at the edge of a precipice, to

ſnatch the wild goat hanging at the perilous extremity. Amaryllis frequently obſerved him above her with a tremulous delight; and imitating his voice, found that her tones could not, like his, fill the hollow hills. Ah! there, ſhe thought, is one like myſelf, whoſe ſtrong feet outleap a goat! Lycidas looked down ſometimes on Amaryllis, and thought, there is one like myſelf, whoſe ſoft look is more tender than the eye of a lamb!

One day the ſhepherdeſs, at the brink of a river, was bathing a lamb; while Lycidas, leaning from a rock above, watched the tranſparent waterdrops trickling on its ſnowy coat, and hanging her fingers with pearls. The lamb fell into the river; Amaryllis ſhrieked. Behold Lycidas in the ſtream! He brings the breathleſs animal; he dries its velvet ſkin; he warms it in his breaſt; its little ſides palpitate once more.---It is *born again!* (he exclaims) preſenting it to Amaryllis.---Ah! (ſaid the paſtoral virgin, looking her gratitude) I thought, till now, that a goatherd cared not for the ſorrows of a ſhepherdeſs.---Oh, Amaryllis! (replied Lycidas) I often think of thee.---How ſingular is this, oh Lycidas! I, too, often think of thee---When I view thee kiſſing a lamb, I would give ten of my goats to be that lamb.---Lycidas, thou ſhalt have my kiſſes when thou wilt; come from the mountains when thou wouldſt have me kiſs thee!

After this interview Lycidas was continually deſcending from the rocks to receive the careſſes of Amaryllis. But ſweet kiſſes inſpired ſweet words:

words: it became neceſſary to unite the goats of Lycidas with the ſheep of Amaryllis; and the mountaineers gradually abated their wildneſs among the mild inmates of the valley: yet, though influenced by the local ſoftneſs, and loſing their reſtleſs deſire of climbing by continually treading on a level earth, they ſtill retained their untamed ſpirit; and, never mingling with the timorous, ever preceded and conducted the feebler domeſtics.

Obſerve (ſaid Amaryllis to Lycidas) how thy goats diſdain the ſociety of my ſheep! How is it, oh Lycidas! that thou admitteſt me to thy arms, as if I were thy equal?

I have heard my father ſay (replied the youth), that man is an animal more noble than a goat.

Couldſt thou ever underſtand (enquired Amaryllis) what the goats think of man?

Oh, yes! aſſuredly they deem themſelves ſuperior. They climb, with their hollow foot, on ridges narrow as thy ſlender finger. I have viewed them ſleep on the point of a precipice, where my *eye* only could *touch* them: I have waked them by my voice; but they only raiſed their heads and ſhook their beards, and again laid themſelves to ſleep. I have watched at the foot of the rock, in patient helpleſſneſs. Such is MAN!

I have often thought (replied Amaryllis) that man is a kind of goat; for our fathers have beards, but the faces of our mothers are ſmooth as mine and my ſheep. Thou too wilt have a beard, no doubt, (ſhe paſſed her hand playfully over his

chin already I perceive a fine brown ſhade gliſten around thy face. How ſoft! I touch it, but cannot feel it. Be ſure all human beings are only a kind of goats and ſheep. Thine eye ſeems to command Nature, thy ſtrong ſtep echoes on the earth; but I timidly follow thee, and all my glory is my ſubmiſſion.

In converſations thus ſimple and innocent, they ſometimes interchanged their thoughts; but they ſported more than they talked. At the margent of a lucid fountain, or under an umbrage dropping roſes, they divided their milk and their fruits; the velvet turf ſprang under their flying feet; the echo multiplied their ſilver voices. Mimicking a butting goat, Lycidas would run at Amaryllis; but Amaryllis moſt loved to lie down like a ſheep, and, in ſhort pantings, breathe on her beloved Lycidas. Amaryllis would conceal herſelf behind a woodbine hedge, or lie in the covering fern: and then Lycidas would call on her, ſeek her through all her hiding ſpots, and murmur at, yet half-enjoy, the feigned abſence. Seldom could he track her through her inventive and myſterious paths, till the playful maid betrayed herſelf by a loud laugh; or attempted to fly, while her inviting eyes accuſed the purſuer's tardy embrace. Sometimes when he returned home ſhe would lie down, feigning to ſleep, while her eyes were half open, to ſee if Lycidas would immediately haſten to her; the youth kneeled, and ſighed, and kiſſed her eyes, till ſhe laughed.

Sometimes

Sometimes he would diſorder her wavy treſſes, while ſhe murmured with a ſmile; and then would adorn them to his fancy, ſtudding them with roſes, or braiding them with jeſſamine. But if he often loved to diſorder her fine treſſes, he was careful, in paſſing her favourite flowers, to ſupport their bended ſtalks, and to weave more cloſely her favourite ſhades. The tender reminiſcence of her lover's attention often mingled with the delicious perfumes of the flower, and the bowery verdure of the tree. He would compoſe what he called *ſerpents of flowers*, and fancifully wind them about her long treſſes, praying the gods that no other ſerpents might ever approach her.

One evening, beneath a lofty myrtle-tree, the beauteous Amaryllis was lamenting the death of a nightingale. She ſaid, Sweeteſt tears have fallen with the touching cloſe of its delicious tones: I felt the muſic creep along my nerves, and the fine vibrations play through my heart. I weep now, Lycidas, when I think ſuch a charming ſadneſs may never again give delightful tears.

Ah! that I could recal thy nightingale into exiſtence, as I did thy drowned lamb! exclaimed the amiable youth.

Thou never canſt, dear companion! it breathed a long and dying fall, like the gentle airs, moving the tops of the hollow reeds, making a moaning melody.

Studious to charm his beloved with the voice of the nightingale, the thoughts of Lycidas produced a ſleepleſs night: the next day he gave Amaryllis

the care of his goats, and promiſed an early return. The ſun declined, and Lycidas returned not. Amaryllis ſighed at its farewel beam. She ſat, her head reclining on her arm. Suddenly aerial notes floated in ſoft remote ſounds. The ſtartled Amaryllis exclaimed---The air ſings in the clouds! The notes ſeemed approaching to her. She looked up at the myrtle-tree. They warbled more muſically clear. She perceived Lycidas: he held ſomething in his hands to his lips.---Haſt thou found another nightingale? (Lycidas replied but by the accents of his harmonious mouth.) What miracle is this! Canſt thou give a vocal ſoul to a hollow reed?---Yes, (replied Lycidas) it was thou who didſt inſtruct me: Thou didſt reſemble the voice of the nightingale to the light AIRS breathing on the hollow REEDS. All day I wandered for a nightingale, and I found none: I took a reed, and made little entrances for my breath: I ſaid, Oh, gentle reed! I can give thee AIR, if thou canſt yield me the VOICE of the nightingale; I BREATHED, and it was MUSIC!

This firſt of flutes was their moſt valued acquiſition, for it beſtowed a new pleaſure; and in the ſolitude of lovers, pleaſure is their only avarice. Lycidas, gradually modulating his reed by his ear, perceived the ſucceſſive ſounds of MELODY, and, at length, the concords of HARMONY; but often, weary with trying muſical ſounds, the eyes of Amaryllis fired his ſoul, and the rapt enthuſiaſt, tender or gay at ſuch moments, made his lively in-

flections,

flections, and variety of accent imitate their ſenſations and echo their paſſions*. Such was the progreſs of INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC!

As they wept or laughed, they marvelled how the air, through a hollow reed, could ſpeak more perſuaſively to their hearts, than their own voices; they knew not that the imitations of Art pleaſe more than Nature herſelf. When Lycidas played, Amaryllis could not ſit ſtill, and her *geſtures* correſponded with the *paſſions* he inſpired. Was Amaryllis capricious? Lycidas breathed a long diſſolving ſtrain; ſounds aſſociated in her mind with ideas of tenderneſs; her ear arreſted her ſteps, and ſilenced her tongue; while the ſweetneſs of her phyſiognomy melted in the dew of her eye, and expreſſed itſelf in many a *paſſionate attitude*. Was Amaryllis plunged in the ſofteſt melancholy? Aerial tones, rapid and voluble, vibrated around; till, ſtealing the ſenſe of thought from the penſive beauty, they broke into gay melodies; while, reſponſive to their cheerful influence, her light footſteps gave what Lycidas termed, *the muſic to the eye*: and ſuch was the origin of THEATRIC DANCE!

Their enjoyments were only interrupted by his frequent abſences: whole days were ſometimes paſſed in ſearch of a wanton goat. How terrible

* Such is *imitative muſic*, which, ſays Rouſſeau, expreſſes all paſſions, paints all pictures, repreſents all objects, and ſubjects all Nature herſelf to its ſkilful imitations; and thus conveys to the heart of man thoſe ſentiments proper to touch and to agitate.

is the abſence of him in whoſe preſence alone the heart feels the ſenſe of exiſtence! Thus ſhe thought one night in a cave where Lycidas was ſleeping, while the wakeful beauty hung enamoured over each interceſting feature: a SUSPENDED LAMP was placed near.---Ah! (ſhe continued) even this pleaſing light, this ſoft moon of my chamber, is the *thought* of his genius*. It was from THE PENDENT LIGHT OF THE GLOW-WORM, in the illumined hedge, that he ſtole the hint; it is thus that, borrowing every happy conception from Nature, he diſcovers around him the ſources of enjoyment.

The lamp threw its light on the even wall, and the ſolitary flame ſtrongly reflected the *ſhadow of his face*.---Ye gods! (exclaimed the fond maid) behold *two Lycidaſes!* Ye ſpeaking features, can ye not for ever dwell on that wall? then would Lycidas not entirely quit me in his abſence. How conſoling even the ſhadow of what we love! Lycidas! thy ſhade would to me prove a tender companion. Fugitive and cheriſhed ſhadow! live here when Lycidas roves in the circling mountains!

She took up her ſheep-hook, and affectionately tracing the ſhadow of her lover, its ſharp iron graved it on the wall. Lycidas turned, and the lines remained unmoved.---He is for ever there! (exclaimed the enraptured Amaryllis). Lycidas

* It is a pleaſing idea of Apuleius, in his Cupid and Pſyche, that the LAMP was firſt invented by a LOVER, that he might, for a long time, enjoy by NIGHT the object of his deſire.

awoke.

awoke.—Who is here, Amaryllis?—THYSELF, THYSELF! (ſhe cried, in embracing him.) Theſe eyes ſhall worſhip thee when thou art on the clifts: whole ſuns from me, the light ſhall give me thy preſence in the mimic wonder. Behold thy half-opened lips, for ever ſmiling on that wall! Lycidas looked on the wall, and on Amaryllis, and they embraced. Such was the origin of DESIGN *!

Amaryllis, in the abſence of Lycidas, paſſed many hours in contemplating this FIRST PORTRAIT of Love. But the familiarity of enjoyment diſcovered its imperfections.—Diſmal ſhadow! (ſhe cried) thou pleaſeſt me, becauſe thou reſembleſt Lycidas; but Lycidas would not charm me, did he reſemble thee! Where is the ſoft mutability of his cheek? Melancholy reſemblance of a form of gaiety! Only when Lycidas is dead, will he reſemble thee!

She held in her lap a treaſury of flowers, which ſhe was aſſorting to weave into a wreath for Lycidas. She took a ROSE, and continued:—This breathing ROSE is the hue of his cheek: O, Shade! I will place it on thy cheek! This white LILY is like the ſnow of his forehead: that its ſplendid whiteneſs could for ever ſpread on thine! Theſe

* It is ſingular that the origin of *painting* has ever been attributed to the often-repeated ſtory of the Corinthian Maid ſketching the ſhadow of her ſleeping lover. But this is only the origin of *deſign*, and, in fact, is but a SILHOUETTE. I have never been able to trace the origin of *colouring* to any recorded tradition.

blue VIOLETS are the purple of his veins; and ſhe delicately laid them along the neck. And this dark eye of the TULIP is black as his brilliant eye: and ſhe fixed it there!

Entranced, ſhe gazed on the illuſive ſhadow: for a moment it was her Lycidas! his beautiful colours lived to her eye. Such was the firſt eſſay of COLOURING! The tinted impreſſions which ſome of the flowers left behind, gave them afterwards a hint to expreſs, from various plants and minerals, that variety of colours which gave birth to the more perfect parts of PAINTING*!

Seated, in the ſultry ſilence of ſummer, at the entrance of a grove, they viewed their flocks retired beneath the umbrageous hedges.—Dear Lycidas (ſaid the ſmiling maid), how amiable the dewy mornings, and the clear moons of ſummer! I love at noon-tide to lay myſelf beſide ſome rippling water, and liſten to its cooling murmurs mingling with the airy murmurs of a bee: oft as they blend, they lull my ſpirits with one rocking ſound, and I catch ſome half-dream. It is in winter I feel unhappy, the cave our fathers hewed is

* After this was written, the notion was verified by two facts I diſcovered: the one, in the Life of Carlo Maratti, who, when a child, for want of *colours*, made uſe of the *juices of herbs and flowers*. The other, in the Hiſtory of the Canary Iſlands, where the author writes, that "ſome of the Majorcans were good artificers; they built houſes and *painted* them elegantly with the *colours* which they *extracted* from certain *herbs and flowers* upon the iſland." The Majorcans were then in the infancy of ſociety.

ſo

ſo round, or ſo ſquare, one ſees the termination of every thing; nothing is left to the imagination. It is not thus in Nature; ſhe never *impriſons* the eye; all her lines are waved, and varied, and enchanted. How often I ſigh when I view nothing of life and motion before me, but the ſolitary flame trembling on the oppoſite wall!

Lycidas replied:—Had I been idle laſt winter, as thou wert, I too ſhould have been melancholy in the cave. Then I made reeds for ſummer ſongs, I added another aperture to my flutes, and I produced a new muſic. How many haſt thou broken in thy firſt leſſons? Do not mind them, Amaryllis; I am pleaſed when thou breakeſt them; for to me it is delightful to amend thy reeds, and to paſs my fingers over the places thine have touched.

She kiſſed Lycidas, and ſaid:—Oh, that our days may be blended, as the AIR we played this morning; *two* ſymphonious inſtruments yielding but *one* modulation. The other evening, waiting thy return beſide the RIVULET, I thought it were happineſs for us to reſemble it: when it receives a new ſtream, the *two ſtreams* can never be ſeparated; THEY TOUCH, and are FOR EVER UNITED!

And I wiſh (continued Amaryllis) that we could live in ſuch a grove through the happy circle of the year.

Thou doſt nothing but *wiſh*, ſaid Lycidas.

Had I ſuch a grove in winter, the aſpect of Nature would conſole me in thy abſence. Obſerve

how finely arched is the grove above us by the interwoven boughs; as if placed in a regular order, view the ſtraight trunks of the palm-trees; mark the little openings around, delighting the eye with various views; and here, as we ſit, this ſeems the only entrance of the grove. On the hollow curves of theſe trees my foot has reſted when I climbed, till I was ſeated at their ſummit. One day I aſcended, and deſcried thee on the great rock, directing thy goats. I ſaw thee urging the vagrants home, and often kiſſing thy hand as thou didſt ſtretch it towards our valley; approaching, thou didſt ſound thy reed; then my heart bounded with the tender thought, that thou didſt *remember me* when thou thoughteſt that I could *not ſee thee!*

While the voluble beauty was deſcribing the grove, the eye of Lycidas had intenſely followed the objects of her fancy. And now he was loſt in reverie. The bunch of grapes he held in his hand remained unplucked; when ſhe ceaſed, he ſpoke not; he wandered from thought to thought; he ſat in motionleſs abſtraction.

Art thou diſordered, my ſweet Lycidas? Not one ſmile dimples thy cheek: the heavineſs of ſleep preſſes thy lids. Ah! thou looketſt on the earth, and not on Amaryllis!

Lycidas, ſtarting from his trance, flung the grapes from his hand in rapture. The creative ſmile of enthuſiaſm lighted up every feature; his eye ſwam in a liquid fire; a tremor of ſenſibility vibrated through his frame. Looking on Amaryllis

ryllis with complacency, he ſaid—I was only *thinking*.

And why doſt thou *think*, dear Lycidas? to think is to toil. With thee I never *think*, I only *feel*; it is in thine abſence I *think* and *ſuffer*. In the enjoyment of thy preſence, when I lay my hand on thy beating heart; when I ſeal my trembling lips on thy ſoft lips; when I blend my breath with thy breath, it is then I am all *ſenſation*. Ah! then ſhould a ſingle *thought* intervene, I ſhould feel *it* an interruption of my exiſtence.

Lycidas replied, ſmiling,—Doſt thou not perceive that thou thyſelf art thinking, while thou prattleſt againſt the labour of thought?

To think with thee, Lycidas, ſeems no pain; my thoughts embrace thy thoughts, as my arms wind around thy arms. In thine *abſence* only *thinking* tortures; for ſince I have known thee, I abhor all that is *ſolitary*.

After this converſation Lycidas was conſtantly abſent from Amaryllis. He had ever ſome prompt excuſe. A goat was miſſing; ſhe counted the herd, and the number was juſt. He fell down the rock, and was lamed; ſhe examined his foot, and it was unmarked by a bruiſe. He was in purſuit of a nightingale, but he never brought one home. He had liſtened hours near a bed of reeds, that his ear might diſcover a new muſic; but he ſtill could only play on one kind of reed. The autumn was cloſing, and his excuſes of abſence became every day more unſatisfactory.

Amaryllis

Amaryllis ſat deſerted, and her whole ſoul dreamed of Lycidas. Her melancholy diffuſed itſelf over every ſurrounding object. How Nature has ſuddenly changed! exclaimed the ſolitary virgin. She murmured with the murmurs of the rivulet; ſhe ſighed with the evening zephyr; ſhe flew to the portrait, and on the face of the ſhadowy Lycidas rolled living tears.

The evening return of Lycidas came unmarked by fondneſs; penſive, weary, and ſilent; a cold careſs, a rapid meal, and a deep ſlumber. It was now that firſt ſhe perceived how, in the preſence of unſocial man, one may find a terrible ſolitude.

Sometimes ſhe thought of tracking his concealed retreat; yet it was long ere ſhe could perſuade herſelf to abandon, for one day, the flock and the herd. Once ſhe followed him; in agony ſhe preſſed his rapid footſteps on the morning dews; ſhe came to a high rock from whence Lycidas precipitated himſelf with eaſe to another, and diſappeared! She returned to the valley to think and to mourn.

At length the habitual reverie of melancholy thought and deſponding curioſity preſented a monſtrous imagination to her diſordered ſenſes; the terrific chimæra that breeds in the delirium of love. She ſtruck her lovely forehead; the pulſes of her temples roſe, burning, to her touch; her ſoul ſickened, her frame ſhivered. She felt the pang of JEALOUSY!

She thinks Lycidas may have diſcovered *another*

Amaryllis;

Amaryllis: he flies to kiſs other cheeks! There are, doubtleſs, beings like ourſelves on this earth: other vallies, other rocks, and other ſhepherdeſſes! Ah! if every valley ſhould have its Amaryllis, then is Lycidas for ever loſt to me; for all will adore Lycidas, though Lycidas may adore none. Ah, ingrate! capricious as thy goats! were there as many Lycidaſes, thou wouldſt be to me the only Lycidas; for I feel I have but one heart, and one heart can love but once.

Every evening Lycidas found his Amaryllis in tears. He ſaid, Why doſt thou weep?

Lycidas, canſt thou aſk why I weep? When thou ſhakeſt the flower, doſt thou inquire why the trembling dews are ſcattered?

Lovelier than the flowers at thy ſeat in the grove, has thy Lycidas ever rudely touched thy ſoftneſs?

Lycidas, thoſe flowers thy hands reared, are faded. Once, in gazing on them, methought they had a voice; I heard, or ſeemed to hear, thou wert then kiſſing another Amaryllis. I turned, in horror, from thoſe flowers. How one can cheriſh and abhor the ſame object!

Another Amaryllis! (exclaimed Lycidas) Is there another on this earth? I have ſeen the ſame plants, and the ſame animals, reproduce themſelves: but never have I ſeen an infant Amaryllis. I conſider thee as A SOLITARY BEAUTY in Nature; there is but one ſun, one moon, and one Amaryllis!

Enamouring embraces gave to the virgin's ſoul a new ſenſation of felicity; and one day reſtores the loſt happineſs of months *. Drops of tears rolled on the fine carnation of her cheek.—Still thou weepeſt! cried Lycidas, kiſſing them one by one. —Lycidas, theſe are *not like* the tears I wept.— Are there, then, *two kinds of tears?*—What know I, but this, oh, Lycidas! that I could wiſh for ever to feel the ſtrange delight of theſe ſweet tears.

When Lycidas awoke the ſucceeding morning, he quitted not Amaryllis as of late. An unanxious ſleep reſtored the ſerenity of pleaſure; his ſoul moved in the calm of the paſſions; his eye and his hand alike careſſed; and his voice had the melody of rapture, for he anticipated a new enjoyment.

He ſpoke.---Feeleſt thou not the hoary morning with its froſty breath? ſoon will it come with a naked head ſpread with ungenial ſnow: the old year creeps on with the imperfect day. Is not the old year like our old fathers? Thou muſt quit thy grove.

Alas! if thou forſakeſt me this winter, the cave will be my ſepulchre. Thou muſt bury me in it, as we buried the father of my father.

Amaryllis! thou ſhalt no more live in a cave; thou ſhalt reſide in a grove; but it is *a grove without leaves.* It was for this I quitted thee inceſſant-

* ——ch'un ſol giorno
Può riſtorar molt 'anni——. PETRARCHA.

ly.

ly. I toiled, till my limbs could scarcely conduct me home; I thought, till even in thy presence my thoughts felt weary.

A smile played on the pensive features of Amaryllis; an indistinct idea rushed across her mind.—Say, what novel miracle has Lycidas invented?

Come with me! cried the youth, rising with rapture.

I cannot (said Amaryllis), I once followed thee till I reached the great rock, from whence thou flewest like the eagle that builds its eyrie there.

For thee a smoother passage is formed: thou shalt *walk over the waters!*

What sayest thou! Can the foot repeat its steps on aught but the solid earth?

Lycidas returned to his seat, and said:—I must first inform thee of *another discovery.* One day, returning to *the grove without leaves,* I found the rock had disparted. I sought to enter by the lower part; the broad stream opposed. I swam across; but thou canst not swim!

Alas! exclaimed Amaryllis.

I sat dejected on the bank. As my eye reached *the grove without leaves,* I sighed. A long-tailed BIRD now flew across the stream. It floated in air by the undulations of its tail. Till then I had never observed the manner of its flight: but we find every thing, when we are deeply interested in its discovery; and Nature——.

Proceed!

Proceed! proceed! (cried the impatient Amaryllis) thou art too fond of reflections.

I then perceived a large FISH. I obſerved its ſharp fins cutting the wave; its head ſteadily firm; its tail moving gently from ſide to ſide. Suddenly I cried out, I will *make a fiſh!* I took planks; I hollowed the trunk of a tree to bear us within, as if we were *the entrails of the fiſh.* I conſtructed the *head* *, and the *tail* †, and I made *two fins* ‡; but then I found I could not direct the motion againſt the winds; yet the BIRD ſteered againſt the winds. I placed two pieces of my veſt erected in *the fiſh of wood*; and theſe were the *wings* §. And now, Amaryllis, we can ſwim like a fiſh, and fly like a bird. The river wanders but for thee; and thou ſhalt *walk on the ſurface of the waters* ‖!

* The prow. † A ſtern with a moveable helm.
‡ The oars. § The ſails.

‖ Sailing.—In this invention of a ſailing veſſel, I have blended the various traditions: this was indeed one of my purpoſes; yet, however the account be faithful to truth, it is certainly not the more valuable to the imagination; the objects are leſs grateful than if they were formed by ſome happy fiction. After this trifle was compoſed, a friend pointed out to me a fine poem of Geſner's, that of *the firſt navigator.* That delicate writer there repreſents a lover meditating on the banks of a river, deſirous of croſſing it to obtain a ſight of his miſtreſs. He views floating on the ſtream, a vaſt trunk of an old tree, hollowed by age; a timid rabbit eſcaped from the hunter, wrapt in ſome green branches, lies in it: the winds

winds blow it to the ſhore, near the young lover. This accident firſt teaches him to *truſt himſelf* in a hollow wood. No fiction can be more elegant. He ſays, An animal firſt taught me to ſwim in the trunk of a tree; from animals I will learn the means to perfect this new invention. I will make wooden feet, wide as thoſe of the ſwan, and fix them at the ſide of the hollow trunk; theſe form the oars.

END OF PART THE FIRST.

## PART THE SECOND.

LYCIDAS now conducted Amaryllis to the banks of the river. She raiſed her hands in wonder at the view of *the wooden fiſh*. Tremblingly ſhe entered. Lycidas unfurled the ſail; he puſhed off the little bark; and now they glide on the ſtream!

Be it thine, dear partner of my inventions! (ſaid the firſt navigator) to conduct *the tail of the fiſh*.—How proudly it elevates its *head!* I will give motion to the *fins*. In mute aſtoniſhment Amaryllis turned the helm. She looked around, and then exclaimed,—Lycidas! lo, the mountains and the valleys *move!* the earth itſelf wondering at thy happy audacity, riſes to purſue us, fugitives from our native ſoil!

Thou ever yieldeſt to thy fancy, Amaryllis! The earth moves not, but we move.—Ah, Lycidas! if, in returning to our cheriſhed home, I find all departed from us! where ſhall I look for our ſheep and our goats, if the mountains can leap into the river? Art thou certain the earth moves not? Surely what mimics motion ſo well, has motion!

Like

Like thee I thought, Amaryllis, when I firſt quitted the ſhore: like thee aſtoniſhed, I beheld the mountains tremble, and the vallies glide! My heart coiled within me. Impatiently I gained the ſhore; I graſped it in eager joy; I kiſſed it, I wept over it: Cheriſhed earth! (I cried) on which my Amaryllis treads, never ſhall my feet again wander. But ſoon I found it had never moved.

Amaryllis now, watching the motion of the oars, was again wrapt in wonder. The light water-drops, falling from the raiſed oars, excited her firſt attention. She deſired to examine them.—I thought (ſhe ſaid) the *fins* had *white feathers*; they glittered like the looſe plumage of the dove, ſcattered by the winds.—How thou fancieſt all thou vieweſt! they are but the ſhining drops of water falling in the ſunbeam, and glittering as they fall *.

And now ſhe wondered at the oars in the water. Leaning on one ſide, the little bark overſet, and the two firſt navigators fell into the ſtream. Lycidas with one arm embraces the fainting Amaryllis, and with the other ſteers along the waves; he ſuſtains her drooping head; and toiling in the river, exhauſted, gains the oppoſite bank. The touch of the ſolid earth reſtores him; he ſtretches the recovering beauty on the velvet turf; he awakens

* Among ſkilful rowers, the art of flinging the water from their oars in long and light trails is termed, *feathering the oar*; from the appearance it bears with falling feathers.

life

life by the warmth of his kiſſes; and when her reſumed eyes open, the firſt object they reſted on were the eyes of Lycidas. His tender embraces quell her fugitive terrors. The boat floated ſlowly towards them.

See, Amaryllis! *the wooden fiſh* follows us: it was thy error in truſting all thy weight on one ſide: did I not tell thee we were as *the entrails of the fiſh*? I viewed thy deep attention; thou didſt look ſo beautiful with the fullneſs and ſoftneſs of thine eyes, that, in gazing on thee, I forgot the danger.

Lycidas, well might I gaze; I viewed *another wonder* in the ſtream. The two *fins* which thou didſt lift in the air were ſtraight, but moving in the water, they were bent and doubled.

Thou erreſt, Amaryllis; behold them!—He plunged them into the ſtream; and the oar, ſtraight in the air, was bent in the water! He drew them out and examined them; then looked on the oars, and then on Amaryllis. Her eye was full of fearful wonder.—Theſe are things (ſaid Lycidas, recovering from his alarm) which the gods only underſtand!

Amaryllis, by the tender ſolicitude of Lycidas, had received no other ill than the alarm of the ſudden plunge into the ſtream. He wrung the water from her fine treſſes, he kiſſed the drops hanging on her lips, and ſhook the wet from their dreſs. The ſun darted along an azure heaven; they

they gave no thought to the paſt, but proceeded, purſuing each other in ſport.

They reached a deep and luxuriant valley; emboſomed among the circling hills, it ſeemed, even in Arcadia, as if Nature had ſought to conceal the ſpot ſhe fondly embelliſhed. In the centre, another miracle arreſted the rapid ſteps of Amaryllis; ſhe felt the ſame ſenſation the poliſhed European even now feels at the view of a pyramid. It was indeed but a rude edifice. THE FIRST HOUSE! the origin of ARCHITECTURE!

They entered. Amaryllis walked around, aſcended, returned, and re-aſcended. She ſpoke only with the interjections of ſurpriſe and admiration. Lycidas explained the ſcene.

What thou vieweſt, Amaryllis, is for thy winter reſidence. The cavern confined the fancy of thine eye; I therefore raiſed this abode on the boſom of the earth itſelf, that thus thou mayſt queſtion Nature from hour to hour, and face to face. Thy converſation in the grove inſpired the invention. This abode is but *a grove deſpoiled of its foliage.* Behold the *ſtraight trunks* of the palm trees*! view the vaulted *arch* the grove formed with its intermingled boughs†. I have hewed the *reſting places* thy foot found on the trunks of trees, and the *apertures* around, which ſolaced thine eye‡. Thou didſt obſerve the grove had but *one proper*

* The pillars. † The roof, or ceiling.

‡ The ſtairs and windows.

entrance,

*entrance*, behold it! thou canſt find no admittance but between theſe OPEN PILES*. And all this I call *a grove without leaves* †.

This is but the firſt rude pile my hands have reared, like the *firſt ſhade* thou didſt trace of *my features*: when thou didſt diſcover the *colouring*, thou wert ſenſible of the imperfection. I foretel new improvements; ſublime ideas inflame my ſoul;

* The door.

† A Houſe.—It requires no teſtimonies to prove that the firſt models of architecture were natural objects. Trees, rocks, and other things, which afforded animals a refuge, formed our firſt attempts of *imitation*. Mr. Price, in his Eſſay on the Pictureſque, with great probability, ſays, that "*Rocks* of crumbling, friable ſtone, broken into detached pointed forms, with openings and intricacies of every kind, may be compared to ſimilar openings and intricacies in *Gothic buildings*, of which, indeed, *they probably give the firſt idea*." Vol. ii. p. 248.

It has been obſerved, that "Gothic architecture is taken from a walk of trees whoſe branching heads are curiouſly imitated by the roof;" and we ſhall alſo find that the Grecian orders form a more *intereſting imitation*, as we proceed in this Romance.

It is curious to obſerve (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf) that *Nature is ſtill ſo natural to us*, that even in this moſt luxurious age, with all its pomp and all its refinements, we ſtill have had recourſe to NATURE in our moſt ſplendid edifices. A remarkable inſtance is that of a theatre at Paris, conſtructed to repreſent a *bower of trees*, and the *interlacing* of the *branches* form the *ceiling*. Mr. Jackſon has noticed this building: it was imitated by Aſtley in his ſummer theatre. Mr. De Saint Pierre obſerves, that the *column* is leſs pleaſing than the *palm-tree*, after which it was imitated.

and

and this imitation of Nature ſhall ſtill be enriched by *ornaments*, which ſhall *endear* this rude edifice, and make it, THE HOUSE OF THE HEART!

That day they delightfully wandered in this firſt houſe. Returning to the boat, Amaryllis promiſed to give no other motion to *the fiſh of wood*, than the quiet action of the *tail*, or rudder. While ſhe graſped it in her ſlender hand, ſhe kept her eyes on the full-orbed moon, and ſometimes ſtole a trembling glance on Lycidas. Smiling, he ſaid, Amaryllis, thou mayeſt *move* thine eyes; and if thou ſmileſt on me, the oars will play more freely.—May I *move* my eyes, Lycidas? Ah! how ſweetly is thy face ſilvered over by the moon! how its beams break along the glittering waves! When the ſurface of the waters is but lightly touched, the moon looks as if it were ſwimming through the river; when unruffled, its ſilvery body ſeems to ſleep along its liquid bed. How muſically ſoft the ſound of thy cadenced oars dropping in the ſtream! How wondrous and how ſweet is all! Oh, Lycidas! till now I never found *a path in the ſtream*; ſurely the ſilence on the waters is more awful than the ſilence on the earth!

Returned to their valley, they found they had been miſſed. The bleating ſheep, from all parts, uttered their ſmall voices of complaint. It was the firſt day their tender paſtoreſs had deſerted. To want her affection, was to them to ſuffer a revolution in nature. Some had ſtraggled to the borders of the valley, and trembled in the foreign

path; ſome lie panting, and extenuate; while ſome ſat alone, deſolated, knowing not where to go, ſince now there was no one to follow. Not thus with the goats: they fiercely butted at each other; now ran in circles, now wildly wandered up their native rocks; every where the ſpirit of revolt prevailed, exulting in a dangerous liberty.

That night, and the ſucceeding day, Lycidas conſumed in the chace of his rebels; and Amaryllis, in a thouſand tender offices, to her ſoft-hearted family. This was the firſt trouble their happy occupations had known, and they reflected.

In ſeeking for NEW ARTS, dear Lycidas, we neglect thoſe of daily uſe.

Ah! (replied the inventive goatherd, with the ardency of genius) I wiſh I had not the care of goats! Soft Indolence, thou nurſe of thought! thou ſhouldſt be my choice: ſtretched in ſome waving ſhade, or by ſome genial blaze, I would meditate on NATURE; I would arrange the thouſand pictures ſhe has painted on my brain, till from them I ſtole a thouſand HINTS to form a thouſand ARTS!

My dear Lycidas, much I fear that thy *thinking* will to thee prove a ſource of great trouble: the fever of Curioſity ſcorches thy heart, and thy cheeks loſe their vermil fulneſs. I remember, when I preſſed my finger on thy cheek, how it ſunk in the firm fleſh. No more thou doſt taſte our ſimple happineſs: no more thou ſporteſt on the fern

fern heath. Often thou ſtealeſt to ſolitude, and often my kiſs awakens thee from a day-dream.

They were now deſirous of reſiding in THE HOUSE. Amaryllis, in quitting the cavern, lamented that ſhe left behind, her favourite objects; the portrait of Lycidas, and ſome beautiful plants which grew at the entrance of the grove.—Care not for my ſhadow (cried Lycidas to the ſorrowing maid), thou canſt trace another on the wall of the houſe; thou knoweſt my ſhadow always accompanies me.—True! but here thou ſmileſt ſo enchantingly; every feature ſo felicitouſly plays in thy tender phyſiognomy. Surely when I drew thee thus aſleep, thou wert dreaming one of the dreams of genius; the invention of a new art ſeems painted on thy face.

In vain Lycidas aſſured her his features would remain the ſame in all places: to convince her, he laid himſelf down beſide the wall, but eſſayed in vain to expreſs the ſame phyſiognomy. Amaryllis ſtill mourned to leave the ſhadow of her lover.

This portrait of Lycidas, by having been inceſſantly traced by the ſharp hook of the paſſionate ſhepherdeſs, had gradually become an *alto relievo*; it ſtood prominent on the wall. At that moment Lycidas was employed in forming clay to fill up cavities in the boat: half vexed that Amaryllis conſumed the hour in idle regrets, he violently ſtruck the ductile earth, in ſportive anger, againſt the protuberant image. Behold another miracle!

The argillaceous matter received the full impreſſion, and faithfully preſerved the *phyſiognomy* and the *attitude*.

Thou haſt it now! (exclaimed Lycidas) Now will my ſhadow wander with thee wherever thou roveſt! And this was the firſt effort of SCULPTURE!

Behold ANOTHER ART! (cried Amaryllis.) Now I feel but one regret—to abandon the cheriſhed plants that live where the grove opens.

Beautiful inſpirer of my inventions! in vain my talent toils to reach thy fancy. Thou meriteſt that I ſhould bid the flowers ſtart into birth beneath thy foot, colouring thy ſteps. But man cannot *create*, he can only *imitate*.

The firſt HOUSE was the ſource of their winter's happineſs. It formed the inceſſant object of Lycidas's meditation; it abſorbed his faculties; it was the paſſion of his imagination. Every day ſome new *want* prompted the invention of ſome new *tool*, and at length he diſcovered marble. Gradual embelliſhments became viſible; and the new ornaments, which had been inſenſibly formed, one day ſtruck, with their united graces, the thoughtful eye of Amaryllis. It had ceaſed to be the ſame HOUSE, it might have been called a PALACE.

Lycidas (ſaid Amaryllis), I have marked thy conſtant occupations, and I would not diſturb thy happy labours by my complaints. The invention of new ARTS coſts me the loſs of many kiſſes; but my ſoul, nouriſhing a ſpark of thy divine flame, knows how to ſuffer thy *abſence* even when thou

art

art *preſent*. What a ſcene of enchantment has ariſen! how ſhall I name that SECRET SOMETHING diffuſed through the whole. When our language yields not the fulneſs of expreſſion, we call one thing by another; and this SOMETHING diffuſed throughout this edifice, is like *muſic*, A SILENT MUSIC; it is harmonious to the eye. My ſenſations obſcure themſelves in language: tell me, what is this thou haſt raiſed with the myſterious magic of thy hand?

It is *a new art!* (replied Lycidas.) The FORMS thou viewеſt around I found in *Nature*; I diſcovered them in our own forms; and this ART is a memorial of human AFFECTION!

Explain thyſelf! ſaid Amaryllis, with fondneſs and curioſity.

Obſerve that column oppoſite.

It is delicacy and lightneſs!

It is THYSELF!

Lycidas ſmiled, while the wondering Amaryllis leant over him, contemplating the column with a tremor of delight.

Yes, it is thyſelf! Raiſed to thy memory, I gave it the delicacy of *the feminine character**. It

 has

* I refer the curious reader to Vitruvius for a great number of ſuch traditions. I have omitted ſeveral of a pleaſing nature as not entering into my plan. When the Ionians raiſed a temple to Diana, they ſought for a novel grace to adorn the columns; and as the *Doric* had been formed on the model of a man, they gave the *Ionic* the delicacy of a female's body.

has all thy gracility; it is a model of a woman with her ornaments. The *volutes* at its head, twining in ſpiral lines, repreſent thy *locks curling* beneath thine ear: the deep indented *flutings* that run down the trunk, imitate the *folds* of thy *flowing dreſs:* the *baſe;* which winds like twiſted cords, reſembles thy *ſandals* *.

But the columns oppoſite are richer than mine. What means that beautiful *ornament,* which looks like a rich *foliage,* branching from the top †?

It is deſigned for what it ſeems. One day, near the cave, thou didſt leave a *panier* on a young *acanthus*; the panier was covered by a *tile,* and the rich foliage of the plant grew around it; and we admired how thy baſket, covered by a tile, had, as

body, by making it more ſlender, and by the imitations noticed in the Romance. The Ionic is a medium between the maſſive and the delicate orders, between ſimplicity and richneſs. It is properly uſed in churches and religious houſes, and in courts of juſtice, and other places of tranquillity and devotion.—See Newton's ſplendid edition of Vitruvius.

* That eloquent enthuſiaſt, the picturesque Saint Pierre, writes:—"If we attentively obſerve, we ſhall ſee that *the* FORMS which moſt delight us in ART; as thoſe of antique vaſes, and the PROPORTIONS of the height and breadth in monuments, have been all drawn from *the human form.* It is known that the *Ionic column,* with its *capital* and its *flutings,* was imitated from the *head-dreſs* and the *robe* of the Grecian *females.*"—I refer the reader to THE PLATE prefixed to this volume, which I deſigned as illuſtrative of all theſe traditions.

† Such is the well known origin of the *Corinthian* order: the circumſtance is elegantly deſcribed by Vitruvius.

it

it were, become a part of the acanthus itſelf, forming a new and beautiful object. Examine it; it is but a copy.

Wonderful, Lycidas! but thyſelf, where art thou?

*There* (replied the firſt architect, pointing to a pillar of the *Doric* order, which is formed with the proportions and ſtrength of the body of a man; a naked ſimplicity rather than a finiſhed elegance*), mark that *plain unadorned* column; it was the *firſt* I raiſed †; it has a rude and primitive ſimplicity, for one never knows how to ornament a firſt production. The origin of the firſt column was the trunk of a tree; my great difficulty, at firſt, was

* The *Doric* was made ſeven times as high as thick, and copied the proportions and the beauty of a robuſt man. Its ſolidity is employed by the moderns in large and ſtrong buildings; in the gates of cities, the exterior of churches, and wherever delicacy of ornament would be unſuitable.

† The *Tuſcan*, the moſt maſſive and the plaineſt, as it was the firſt of the orders. Vitruvius calls it the *ruſtic order*; and it ought only to be employed in country houſes, or market-places, and the lower offices of palaces. Thomſon did not forget theſe *traditional origins* of the *orders* in ARCHITECTURE; the poet evidently alludes to them in the following happy lines of a poem, calumniated by the thoughtleſs, or the taſteleſs, criticiſm of Johnſon:

. . . . . Firſt, unadorned,
And nobly plain, the MANLY DORIC roſe;
The IONIC then, with decent MATRON grace,
Her airy pillar heaved; LUXURIANT, laſt,
The rich CORINTHIAN ſpread her wanton wreath.
LIBERTY, Part ii. v. 381.

to know how high I ſhould make it; the height of the tree was too great, ſo I proportioned it to my own height. Thoſe long *arcades* were imagined from a *row of trees*; and this *dome* above us, but imitates the *vault of heaven.*

Such was the origin of THE ORDERS OF ARCHITECTURE!

It was now Spring; the earth was mantled by a verdure, that veſted her rather with beauty than with warmth. The echo, ſeldom awakened in the cold ſeaſon, returned to delight the ear of Amaryllis.

Lycidas had united to the modulation of inſtrumental, the charm of vocal muſic. But hitherto they were ſpontaneous and caſual expreſſions of paſſion, without meaſure or deſign; and, like the origin of human language, little more than natural ejaculations of the heart. Of late they had taken a new form, ſomething they had of ART, and they became POETRY. He perceived that Amaryllis felt an ecſtaſy of pleaſure, when in the ſnowy ſeaſon, reclined by the ſocial blaze, he brought to her recollection the ſcenery of ſummer. The ideas of the ſun, the ſhades, and the waters, delighted her in the winter; it was the cheriſhed picture of Nature in her abſence; and ſhe felt the ſame pleaſure in the vivid deſcription, as when ſhe contemplated the portrait of Lycidas on their ſeparation. She called theſe deſcriptions *painting in thought.* Lycidas gradually diſcovered that his *chaunt* was ſuſceptible of *order,* and that it communicated

municated a pleaſurable ſenſation when it ſolicited the ear by certain *pauſes* and *cadences*; this produced *metre*, or BLANK VERSE. They were exquiſitely gratified when they found the art of deſcribing one object by another, as Amaryllis termed it; and this opened an eternal ſource of *metaphors* and *images*. Yet to this rude, though not unpleaſing poetry, was ſtill wanting a peculiar charm; that artifice which at once combines the pleaſing returns of UNIFORMITY with the diverſifications of VARIETY.

This appeared when Amaryllis one day, liſtening to the ECHO, inquired of Lycidas,—What is this myſterious flight that my voice takes? What is ECHO?—It is (ſaid Lycidas) *the mirror of the voice!*—Then it is not (ſhe continued) the voice itſelf? The liquid glaſs that reflects our forms is not a part of our forms!—Be not over-curious, Amaryllis; for thee it is ſufficient to ſport with the mimic ſound. *I cannot invent an echo*; the gods preſerve their own ſecrets.

The playful echo ever delights me (ſaid Amaryllis); but when I call on thee, and thou hearest me not, then, in cruel mockery, when I ſay Lycidas, Lycidas! it only replies, *das, dust*! Thou ſeeſt the echo is irrational; for it never anſwers but by *the laſt ſyllable.*

Ye gods! (exclaimed the enthuſiaſtic Lycidas) thou loveſt the repeating accent of the echo. *I can invent an echo!* I will cloſe my verſes with a reverberating ſound. Every line was now anſwer-

ed by *an echoing line*. Such was the origin of RHIME *!

It was in the luxuriance of ſummer that Amaryllis perceived her abode had ſtill ſome wants. This ſpot, ſelected by Lycidas for its amenity and the foreſt trees, was not ſtored with rural luxuries. Lycidas paſſed many hours in returning to their ancient cavern for its neighbouring fruits. Every day he toiled beneath a panier filled with the Arcadian food; but whenever he neglected to bring a copious lap of the freſheſt flowers, Amaryllis tenderly chided him: and oft with a ſigh complained to Lycidas, that their trees were without fruit, and their ſoil without flowers.

She had lamented ſo frequently that he never brought ſufficient roſes and hyacinths, that one day, having found a roſe-tree whoſe roots had been looſened in the ſoil, he eaſily extracted it, and threw it at the feet of Amaryllis. She exclaimed: Beauteous family of flowers, ye will all periſh at once! Your violated and tender ſociety, ſevered from your natal ſpots, pine in a foreign air; while ye yield your ſoothing odours, no maternal earth will ſupply you with new ſources of exiſtence; every breath of air ye fill with ſweetneſs, and in every breath ye are dying: prodigal of your che-

* An Italian poet ingeniouſly conceived this idea:—
Tu ſai pur, che l'imagin della voce,
Che riſponde da i ſaſſi, ov' ECHO alberga,
Fu inventrice delle prime RIME.
L'API del RUCELLAI.

riſhed

riſhed exiſtence, a tender regret diſturbs us in the moment of pleaſure. Lycidas, I will bury them in the ſod that covers the lamb we buried laſt week.

She made a cavity in the earth, in which ſhe depoſited the roſe-tree. The *tranſplanted* roſes ſtruck their roots in the ſoil; the buſh flouriſhed to their wondering eye, and graced their habitation with its ſolitary beauty. Another diſcovery! more roſes and more hyacinths! Every pleaſing plant they met in their walks became domiciliated; they paſſed hours in herbaliſing; and in the ſucceeding ſummer the foreſt air was ſweetened with new odours, and a FLOWER-GARDEN embelliſhed their ſolitude*.

But to have thus accidentally diſcovered the arts of *planting* and *tranſplanting*, was not ſufficient for the propagation of their trees. Their *horticulture* was ſtill imperfect. They perceived, with equal diſappointment and ſurpriſe, that the vines moſt luxuriant in leaves, were barren; while others,

* *Tranſplantation*, ſo natural an idea in an age of culture, appears not to occur to the minds of thoſe who have made little progreſs in the agricultural art. The following anecdote ſeems to confirm this obſervation:—Niebuhr tells us, in his Travels through Arabia, that "Mr. Forſkal often viſited the Kiaja, and *perſuaded* him *to form a garden* for plants near his houſe, and to bring, from the interior parts of the country, the ſhrub which produces the balm of Mecca. The Arabs looked upon this *as a very happy thought*; and the more ſo, becauſe the balm is not to be obtained pure at Jidda." Vol. i. p. 229.

of thinner foliage, were prodigal of fruit. Amaryllis wondered, and Lycidas reflected. He obſerved that the vine, yielding the moſt abundant fruit, was one which a favourite goat was allowed to browze. He obſerved; he meditated; he ſtole the hint. He lopped the branches of the vines. And it was the GOAT who firſt ſhewed to MAN the ART OF PRUNING.

The procuring of wild honey from the cavities of old trees and the clefts of rocks, was often an uncertain purſuit and an inſufficient reſource. Another inquietude, another want, another invention!

They watched a little populace of foraging bees buſy on their ambroſial repaſt, ſpoiling the farina of flowers or preſſing the tops of the ſtamina, and thus anticipating the cautious œconomy of Nature. The amuſing ſound! when they plunge their little velvet heads in the calix of a flower, and pierce through the reſiſting petal, while the ſudden ſilence expreſſes the ardent pillage. Did they track the vagrants to their waxen tower? There, a new idea of SOCIETY gave a ſublime emotion to our two ſolitaries. They traced order in a multitude; they viewed a city and its inhabitants; and, with a delicious joy, Amaryllis diſcovered the queen-bee. She exclaimed, in contemplating their ſymmetrical, ſolid, and convenient cells; thoſe finely planned edifices for thouſands of the living, —Lycidas, thou muſt acknowledge the *architecture* of the little bees is more wonderful than thine.

—It

—It is more perfect (replied Lycidas); for theſe fabrics are juſt adapted to their inmates, while in our palace there are a hundred things to add and to amend.

They inſtructed themſelves in the HUMAN PASSIONS (of which they were ſtrangers to many) in meditating on this ſociety. Innumerable offices of affection penetrated their hearts with the ſenſibility of humanity.

Lycidas having obſerved that the bees were ever ſettling on aromatic plants, on the thyme, the roſemary, the ſage, and reſted long on the flowers of the lime, he planted, on the ſouthern ſteep of his valley, numerous beds of balmy flowers, and odoriferous herbs.—Want (ſaid Lycidas), and not caprice, urges their reſtleſs flight; they are not volatile, but diligent. I can afford the wanderers a reſting ſpot; perhaps they may make it a home; and we will interchange out mutual induſtry.

What he imagined, ſucceeded. The explorers of ſweets ſoon diſcovered the new world; the aromatic land inſpired a thouſand adventurers, who, conſtant to pleaſure, knew no other native ſpot, than where pleaſure was found. The queen followed the colony; they then built their cells, and peopled, with dark cluſters, the pendent boughs. The voice of the bee was muſical beneath the ſolitary heaven of our lovers. Such was the origin of an APIARY, or BEE GARDEN *!

They

* M. Saint Pierre has given a hint how an *aviary* might have been formed. It is in his delightful Paul and Virginia, where

They had now made great progreſs in the art of painting; but as they only employed their pencils from a ſpirit of gaiety, and a paſſion for decoration, the ſublime inventions of the art were not yet conceived; the ideal was unknown, but the exacteſt imitation was practiſed. They knew well to copy the purple bloom of the fruit as it hung on the tree, and the brilliant tint of the flower, as it caught the ſunbeam on its native ſtalk. They had mutually attempted to paint their own portraits; but the progreſs of ſuch an elaborate piece had ever been interrupted by the tedious labour of the unſkilled artiſt and the reſtleſſneſs of the lively model. With more ſucceſs they copied animals and inſects. But LOVE had inſpired Lycidas to adorn the corner of the apartment occupied by Amaryllis. There he continually ſketched the thouſand capricious images dancing in his brain. The curious wall was gradually covered with fantaſtic forms, and exhibited a conſtant ſpectacle of fancy. Now the bower of Amaryllis was there elegantly feſtooned, and the tendrils of vines were happily flouriſhed by a wave of the pencil; now, as his humour prompted, the fibres of the leaves were tranſparently laboured, while, on a delicate ſtem, hung the finiſhed petal of an unfiniſhed

where Paul brings to the ſpot moſt pleaſing to Virginia, from the neighbouring foreſts, the *neſts* of all kinds of *birds*. The fathers and mothers of theſe birds followed their little ones, and eſtabliſhed themſelves in this new colony.

flower;

flower: ſometimes he copied a ſilken white fillet, with which Amaryllis circled her head-dreſs, binding it with ſcarlet flowers, glowing in the midſt of their green leaves; ſometimes he laborioufly finiſhed chimerical figures, which partly reſembled human forms, but frequently terminated in that of ſome animal, or wore ſome ridiculous diſproportion, provoking laughter; and ſometimes the face of the volatile Amaryllis ending with the plumage of a bird, or the mottled wings of a butterfly.. It was now a torrent foaming on rocks, and now a rivulet ſhaded with elms, whoſe ſilvery line was poured through the tranſparent umbrage. Every object they admired in their walks, on his return was ſketched or finiſhed on the wall. 'Twas now a tree, a proſpect, or the clouds! But the Loves and the Graces often guided his deliriums of imagination, and the wall recorded the ſhort annals of their lives, and pictured the epochas of his various inventions. There, were ſeen the firſt overſetting of the fiſh of wood; there himſelf breathing his firſt flute, and Amaryllis ſketching his firſt ſhade. The fantaſtic ſcenery, airy or ſolemn, ſketched or elaborate, inſpired mirth, fancy, and love. Such was the origin of the playful ARABESQUES, or GROTESQUE PAINTINGS *.

Around

* The ARABESQUES, in a *boudoir* of RAPHAEL, where he paſſed his delicious hours with his favourite miſtreſs *Fornarina*, gave the hint of *this incident*. He covered the wall with a number of little genii, gamboling and friſking on ſtalks, tendrils,

Around their houſe was an ornamented ſcenery; but as they ſometimes bewildered themſelves in the neighbouring valleys, or were deſirous of indicating ſome particular ſpot, they invented LOCAL NAMES, which were derived from ſome circumſtance. One place was diſtinguiſhed by *the Kiſs*; and another, where Amaryllis, in eluding Lycidas, as he chaced the laughing fugitive, tumbled down the hill, was called *the Fall*; a fine walk near the lake, through hedges of the arbutus, was known by the name of *the Strawberry Walk*; and a valley, luxuriant in flowers, by the title of *the Summer Seat*. There was a favourite ſpot called *the Ruins of May*. One morning in that month Amaryllis lay there aſleep; Lycidas paſſed, and obſerved the indolent maid. He haſtened to the

tendrils, twigs, and flouriſhes, all marked by ſtrong geſticulations: there is alſo an allegorical picture emblematic of the violence of the paſſions, and to the Paſſions Raphael became an enchanting victim. The buſt of his miſtreſs is repeated ſeveral times among theſe fond and ſportive recreations of the painter of ideal beauty. In Newton's ſplendid edition of Vitruvius the curious reader will find the ſentiments of the ancient architect on groteſque paintings.—See p. 163. It may be uſeful to inform ſome readers, that *groteſques* are ornaments of mere caprice, variagated with figures of animals, foliage, flowers, and chimerical objects. They have been cenſured as *unnatural*; it is, however, eaſy to conceive how happily they can be arranged by a fine taſte and a rich fancy. There are ſome beautiful ones among the engravings of the Herculaneum.

hedges,

hedges, which were then in full flower, and defpoiled them; and having gathered a panier full of May bloſſoms, he quietly covered the ſleeping beauty with their fragrant ſnows. She awoke in a cloud of ſteaming odours, while her pleaſure-twinkling eye wondered at the flowery veſt that covered her. Chiding her playful lover for this waſte of the young year, the fact was recorded in the name given to the place, thence called "*The Ruins of May.*" A ſimilar origin is that of moſt LOCAL NAMES.

What now remained to perfect the felicity of our two ſolitaries? Their earth was tinted with brilliant flowers; their trees bowed their branches with delicious fruit; their air was muſical with the volant bee; they glided on the river with a happy audacity; the melodies of the nightingale were in their flutes; the conſolation of abſence was found in the pictured form, and the gaiety of a playful pencil embodied their fantaſtic imaginations; the charm of an artificial echo reſounded in their verſes, while they traced in their palace the columns which memoriſed their affections. The enchanting miracles of ART long faſcinated their eye, vibrating in their hearts the tranquil emotions of beauty; while the innocent voluptuouſneſs which Nature threw around them, ſolicited their enjoyment. Often they now turned from the productions of Nature and of Art, to gaze on each other: an interior ſenſation, an unknown deſire,

fire, a querulous anxiety, exiſted in their hearts, and every day their felicity was diminiſhed.

One day, as they ſat beſide an expanſive lake, they beheld TWO SWANS ſailing on the ſtream; images of majeſty, of grace, and of peace! Our lovers reclined, admiring each form of elegance, and the luminous whiteneſs of their plumage, and all the variety and freedom of their animated attitudes. The male was intent to attract the admiration of the female; anxious to diſcover the concealed graces of his beauty, yet anxious with pride. He arranges his ſplendid plumage; he throws the trailing water from his beak along his ſhining back and over his freſhened wings with the fond ſolicitude of that being who knows the pleaſure of being loved. All his figure reſpires voluptuouſneſs. He approaches her; he flaps his pinions, and the feathery ſnow ſparkles. With a preluding careſs, they wind their ſinuous necks around each other; their wings yield a confuſed ſound, and ſome white feathers fall on the diſturbed lake. A continued embrace unites them. They purſue each interchange of delight, they feel all the ſhades of ſenſibility, and faint in the ebriety of the ſenſes. At length the male is no more majeſtic; he is only tender, and lies indolently along the trembling waters. Again the female returns to her lover; again inflames him; again incites his laſt ardours; and only quits him, reluctantly to plunge into the ſtream, and to ex-

tinguiſh the fires that ſtill glow in her agitated form *.

When the LOVERS had gazed on the affectionate SWANS, they turned to each other, and ſighed. Lycidas ſnatched ſome feathers of the ſwans as they floated by them, and kiſſed them.—How they know (he cries) to love, and to render their love the ſource of their felicity! O, Amaryllis! why is not the ſenſe of our exiſtence the ſenſe of our happineſs! Shall we become old without having known enjoyment?

Children of Nature! the univerſal parent prepares for ye the maturity of happineſs! ſhe gives ye the ſoft pains ye now ſuffer, to render the fine pleaſures ſhe will beſtow on ye, more exquiſite and pure. It is only in a corrupt ſociety that curioſity anticipates paſſion; the energy of paſſion irritates your ſenſes, but ye do not irritate your ſenſes to obtain the energy of paſſion. SOULS OF CHASTITY! when YE meet ye know yourſelves WORTHY OF EACH OTHER; your FIRST EMBRACE is the prelude of ETERNAL CONFIDENCE, and your VOLUPTUOUSNESS is in proportion to your VIRTUE!

* Buffon's ſublime deſcription of the CAMEL journeying through the deſert, has been diſtinguiſhed by the eulogium of Gibbon. His deſcription of the SWAN may deſerve an equal, though a different applauſe. It abounds with the rich and voluptuous poetry of a philoſophic imagination; always exact, yet always beautiful.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

*I THINK the following little Narrative may be entitled* a Modern Romance. *A virtuous Wife is placed in the moſt dangerous ſituation; united to a brutalized being, and afterwards loving a virtuous and accompliſhed man. They love, but each conceals the terrible ſecret. She falls a melancholy Victim, but ſhe does not violate her purity of character. It ſeems almoſt immoral to depict ſuffering and unhappy Virtue; but is this tale without it's moral?—It ſhews how a* FATHER *may be the* murderer *of his* DAUGHTER!

*The ſituation is not uncommon, and the character of Clariſſa is not ſingular; the ſlight ſtory is without novelty. It has been told a thouſand times at the Commons, but with a different cataſtrophe! The violation of the marriage ſtate is not an evil merely directed to an Individual, but a violation of the peace of Society; ſince it takes away from the Female that aſſurance her chaſtity gives to the World, of her ſubmiſſion to the regulations of ſocial order, and of her exiſtence as a domeſtic character. Let this reply to thoſe indifferent philoſophers who aim at the annihilation of certain ſalutary notions which they call* popular prejudices; *but who are for replacing theſe, by* their own prejudices *more inveterate, and more dangerous; and whoſe* Experiments on Society, *if they are ſuffered to proceed, promiſe to introduce a barbariſm, more to be dreaded than that of the rudeſt ſociety; for it would have all it's irregularities, without it's ignorance.*

*The Arbour ſcene, where the concealed paſſion of Clariſſa is made*

known

*known by the aid of a ſoliloquy, I have borrowed from one by Mr. Wieland.*

*Such a Soliloquy ſome may conſider rather as an imperfect kind of invention, yet in ſome characters and in ſome ſituations, they are more natural than moſt perſons imagine; high-wrought paſſion, ſenſible that it has preſerved it's virtue, at the coſt of life, may well be ſuppoſed to addreſs itſelf aloud to Heaven.*

*To catch thoſe finer ſenſations, thoſe intricate foldings, and thoſe ſcarcely-perceptible variations of the mind in a conflict like the preſent, demand a larger canvaſs and a Richardſon: The anatomy of the human heart (of which Marivaux was ſo great a Maſter) has never been to the taſte of vulgar Readers, whoſe eager curioſity, eaſily excited and never gratified, is alone delighted by rapid incidents, and the buſy life of Narrative; with theſe the tendereſt ſentiment is tedious, and often unintelligible; for one muſt have a heart to value that which turns entirely on it's feelings.*

# THE DAUGHTER;

OR,

## A MODERN ROMANCE.

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AMBITION has it's Moloch fires. When the Daughter has been moſt affectionate, and known only to obey, the Father has become moſt cruel, and known only to command.

Clariſſa, the daughter of Mordaunt, having early loſt her mother, paſſed her youth in retirement. Her father, in the circle of a Court, abſorbed in that vortex, the tendereſt emotions of domeſtic quiet; and his viſits to Clariſſa were occaſional.

She had nothing to pleaſe her in retirement but Nature; the unfortunate, the neglected, and the ſenſitive find ever in that ſublime power, firſt their conſolation, and laſtly their enjoyment. But why do I call Clariſſa unfortunate? Innocence rendered her cheerful, and Sympathy intereſting. In her laughing face bluſhed the freſheſt roſe of health, while ſometimes her eye was moiſtened by pity, like a roſe oppreſſed by it's own ſweetneſs, that bows to ſhed it's dews. Her boſom was incapable of half emotions; and her voice had all the delicacy

of

of the ſentiments it expreſſed; the echo of a tender heart! What are even theſe feminine graces without Sentiment! She was lovely, but it was Senſibility that gave a charm to that lovelineſs. One ſometimes ſees very beautiful Inſtruments that yield very indifferent harmony, but Nature had lent a hidden ſpirit reſponding to the form of Clariſſa; and the Muſic was fine as the Inſtrument!

Mordaunt at every return to the country ſcarcely perceived how the graces of his daughter had heightened ſince their laſt parting; he almoſt forgot he had a daughter; but ſhe who had no other occupation but to pleaſe, and whoſe heart formed for tenderneſs indulged no other than filial affection, could never forget ſhe had a father. She embraced him with the rapture of Nature. In the enjoyment of his preſence ſhe could not perceive that ſhe rather occupied his eye, than his heart; —preſent ſhe charmed; abſent, ſhe was forgotten!

Mordaunt, though a weary ſlave of ſervility, put by the embarraſſing maſk when in his own helpleſs circle; and the deſpot avenged himſelf at home, for all the contumely he received at Court. —Ah, (ſaid Clariſſa) the journey, though ſhort, fatigues him!—When ſhe traced in his countenance a painful thought, ſhe would feel his pulſe; it beat irregular, and ſhe enquired his complaint? Reſtleſs and diſcompoſed, ſuſpicious of his Steward, and auſtere to his domeſtics, he ſometimes paced along the room in violent geſtures, murmuring, exclaiming, and dialoguing with himſelf. At ſuch

moments,

moments haſtening to her harpſichord, and ſinging with that feeling which penetrates the ſoul, ſhe would attract Mordaunt near her, and wreathing her beautiful arms about his neck, would make a ſmile glow on his cloudy features. By ſuch endearments ſhe frequently delayed his viſits longer than he had propoſed.

The next time Clary, I come here (he would ſay) I ſhall mark the day of my return in my Almanack.—Ah, my dear father, need we Almanacks while we count happy days? Surely the unfortunate only look into Almanacks; the innocent make one day reſemble another, and to them there is no difference in Time! You are haſtening to court; will you return from thence, happy? Is it's ſplendour your object? Tell me, is the drawing-room as brilliant as the flower-garden? Ah! has it as many friends, as we could make on this ſpot? No, my father! the fame ſun ſeems not to reach the court; the face of Nature is not there!—True, Clary, Nature is not at Saint James's, but there, are Men!---Alas! (replied Clariſſa) man only thinks himſelf great, when ſurrounded by his own works; it is the ſublime aſpect of creation that humiliates! He finds himſelf unhappy, but he has not the courage to return to Nature; for believe me, the heart which would tremble and glow in the preſence of Nature, dries up and hardens in the cabinet.—You are a great philoſopher, Clary! what a fortunate circumſtance that you reſide in the country! would Mordaunt reply, while he

ordered his poſt-chariot to return to the metropolis.

Clariſſa was an enthuſiaſt of Nature, for Nature conſoles the ſolitude of a hermit heart. When her father, after the reſignation of his friends in power, with broken ſpirits, threw himſelf into his retreat, he was alive only to the bitter memory of the paſt. Every day was a terrible image of the former. His feeble life ſeemed only protracted by the hourly affection of his daughter.

About this time Horatio returned from India; and it was now old Mordaunt viewed the graces of Clariſſa, not with the tenderneſs of a Father, but with the eager joy of a lapidary ſeeking for a purchaſer, who can gratify the avarice of his hopes.

Horatio was one of thoſe who amaſs an Oriental fortune, of which the mere poſſeſſion might redden the forehead of honeſty. His crimes were only puniſhed by Nature; for while avarice protracted his return to his native ſhores, ſhe had withered his ſtrength beneath thoſe exotic ſkies, which had witneſſed his crimes. He returned to ſhiver in our temperate climate, to curſe its pale ſuns, and to ſtalk a melancholy ſpectre in his own pleaſant domains. On his native ſpots he bore a foreign heart; in the glare of luxury he gazed on fictitious faces, and boſoms that for him had no heart; and found that friendſhip, that fruit of many a tender year, bloſſoms not in the winter of life. His ſplendour, like a tiſſue, hid, but not healed his ulcered breaſt. No where could he eſcape from the man within; he had

had attendants to watch his ſlumbers, to wake him from terrific dreams, and ſometimes he would ſhriek in ſilence, and ſtart in ſolitude :

> - - - - - - Infected minds
> To their deaf pillows will diſcharge their ſecrets.
> MACBETH.

Horatio ſaw Clariſſa, and made an offer of marriage to her father. A parent is the centinel of Nature; he is ſometimes a domeſtic traitor! In one hour of pride Mordaunt cancelled the remembrance of the duties of twenty filial years. As he had never known a refuſal from his daughter, he was induced to aſk her conſent to this union. She replied by her tears.---Clary (ſaid he) would you ſoften the languid days of your old father, neglected as he is by an ungrateful faction?---Yes, were it purchaſed by my life!---Is your heart then another's?---No! I have YET only loved my father!---Ha! you have ever been a duteous child, and that is the reaſon I would have you the wife of Horatio, for you ſee what a huſband! I believe he has a diamond mine in India! and then the private trade in the Eaſt-India ſhips! I have calculated Clary!---Yes, my love, your father is grateful; he would not ſacrifice you!

Clariſſa had ſpoken truth; her father was the idol of her heart, for ſhe had known no lover. This union was not however viewed by her without horror, and a little circumſtance occurred which ſeemed to give her own melancholy picture.

Among ſome curious experiments ſhe had tried on flowers, ſhe grafted ROSES on an OAK. Let us obſerve (cried the amiable floriſt) the union of the beautiful and the tender, with the ſevere and the great. Will not the ROSES charmingly adorn the rough and ſinuous character of the OAK? and its bitter galls and ſtalkleſs berries will in the ſpring be embelliſhed by the brilliant family it adopts, and the ROSES will bluſh in the dark umbrage of it's auſtere boughs.---The ſpring returned, the buds appeared on the ſtems, and the ROSES opened---but what was the horror of Clariſſa when ſhe viewed them all of one ſepulchral hue; EVERY ROSE WAS BLACK! The melancholy ſcion told the lovely Moraliſt of the violation of Nature.---Alas! ſighed Clariſſa, as ſhe paſſed the OAK, when Horatio claimed her hand---It is here I trace my own ſtory!

Horatio and Clariſſa were united. But the chaſtity of her ſoul was painful to Horatio, who ſought in a bluſhing grace, a voluptuous Phryne. He turned from the dove-like ſoftneſs of her eyes, to baſk in the burning eye of a luxurious face, and was folded in the bought-embrace of vagrant beauty. Clariſſa looked on the guilty wanderer, to charm away his frowns, but his mind was not to be touched by the ſilent bliſs of ſentiment. His ſultry ſoul ſuited with nocturnal horrors, and he hated the wife who was no proſtitute!

Clariſſa knew to ſuffer, but not to complain; there was a ſublimity in her patience; and her

griefs

griefs were noiſeleſs as her tears. Accuſtomed to ſuffer, ſhe loſt not her firſt diſpoſition to pleaſe.

The licentious manners of Horatio baniſhed from his table thoſe who could give a value, or a charm to ſociety. Clariſſa was inſolated in her own houſe; without a confident, without a protector, ſhe beheld herſelf amidſt a ſcene perpetually renewing itſelf of tumultuous diſſipation. Her father died, gazing on her ſplendour, and wondering why ſhe was not happy.

Melville, the neighbour of Horatio, now returned from his travels. He had paſſed the dangerous period of life with little injury; for his intellect had expanded with his paſſions, and at a time when the mind only produces flowers, his, concealed fruit. At the age of twenty-five he might be pronounced to be a man of experience. Able to reaſon, he preferred however the more facile enjoyment to feel; in the high tone of his feelings he did not think that even romantic virtue, was a romance. His genius, with the enthuſiaſm of taſte, exhauſted itſelf in the pleaſing arts of imagination, and their elegance gave an amenity to his manners, and a ſecret grace to an intereſting form.

Is there an object more touching than a beautiful image of ſuffering virtue? Even beauty looks more beautiful in the languor of ſoft ſorrows. With the ſhort and ſimple ſtory of Clariſſa, Melville was not unacquainted; but when he gazed on her,

how more penetrating was the ſentiment of pity, and the ſenſation of the beautiful!

Her perſon at this time was peculiarly affecting. She ſtill retained the lovelineſs of her happy days, become fainter indeed by ſubdued ſorrow; to Melville her beauty conveyed the emotion we feel at the lingering departure of a cheriſhed object; and her pathetic countenance ſeemed to ſay, I am beautiful, but I ſhall not long be beautiful! Her eyes ſeemed at times as if they had wept, and her boſom heaved a protracted ſuſpiration, as if it ſuppreſſed a ſigh. Her voice, ever the image of her ſentiments, without complaining, yielded the tones of complaint; and her broken ſpirits often ſcattered itſelf in faint bluſhes---the amiable colouring of modeſty and fear.

What a dangerous object for the ſenſible Melville! He viewed with indignation the ſociety which ſurrounded Clariſſa, and with horror the tyrant who only appreciated the poſſeſſion of ſuch a woman among the reſt of his opulent purchaſes. To relieve his own painful emotions, he reſolved to ſooth thoſe of the object of his ſympathy.

For the elegant and ſorrowing mind, there are no enjoyments but thoſe arts and ſtudies which are not ſubmitted to the caprice of fortune; theſe offer to a great ſoul an exerciſe for it's higher paſſions, and render our domeſtic retreat a ſeat of quiet, when all without deſtroys our peace. Melville diſcovered in Clariſſa his own taſtes; Yes!

Nature had united their ſouls, and Fortune eternally divided them!

But while Clariſſa gazed on the arts with rapture, could ſhe forget the artiſt? Their ſituation every day became more intereſting. When together, their eyes often beamed with a luſtre which they had not in the preſence of others. Often they gazed in ſilence on each other, till one, as if breaking from a reverie, ſeemed to awaken the other. Never did one glance alarm the confidence of virtue. Milton expreſſes this purity of mind,

- - - - - - - - No thought infirm
Alter'd their cheek - - - - - -

Clariſſa perceiving the intereſt ſhe excited in Melville, conſidered every emotion he betrayed as an effuſion of ſympathy; and to Melville every tender glance Clariſſa beſtowed on her friend was but the modeſt ſilence of gratitude.

A difference now took place in their ſituation; for the ſame paſſion affected them differently. Clariſſa from her earlieſt days had been a ſufferer, and to love Melville was only to add another grief to many. Melville, on the contrary, was no pupil in the ſchool of tender affliction, and he had never yet been a lover. The view of Clariſſa became dangerous; he loved, and he loved the wife of another! He was even jealous of the careſſes ſhe beſtowed on her huſband!

His viſits became leſs frequent, and often interrupted

rupted by long abſence; he talked of re-commencing his travels; a hundred times fixed the day of his departure, and that day always found him near Clariſſa.

Melville reaſoned; but as his reaſonings were thoſe of an agitated mind, his virtue wandered, and he ſometimes heſitated between the ſenſibility Nature inſpired, and the deprivation duty enforced.

The ſufferings of Clariſſa were not inferior. She had obſerved with ſurpriſe Melville's frequent abſences, and at firſt had felt them as violations of that friendſhip her chaſte heart had vowed. At the ſubjection of a father, and the perſecution of a huſband, no murmur had eſcaped; but at the broken friendſhip of Melville ſhe felt a want in her heart, never to be elſewhere ſatisfied. Yet when her friend again returned after each abſence, his affection ſeemed not diminiſhed; but when ſhe had forgiven him, again his conſtancy was doubted, and again he left the beauteous ſufferer to ſolitude and melancholy.

When they met, their embarraſſments were mutual. Melville ſeemed deſirous of communicating ſomething; often his geſtures betrayed the fulneſs of his heart, and while placing himſelf in the attitude of one who is preparing to open ſome intereſting affair, gazing on the ſoftneſs of her eyes, his mind became diſordered, and his accents faltered. Clariſſa, loſt in reverie, liſtened to the voice that had cloſed. Touched by his trembling hand,

her

her hand too trembled. The tears in her averted eyes alarmed the ingenuouſneſs of her ſoul. Ah! (exclaimed the virtuous Clariſſa) I feel for this friend ſomething more tender than friendſhip; but in the conſciouſneſs of his virtue is not mine ſecure? Thus they loved without an avowal, and cheriſhed the crime, yet were not criminal.

The ſenſitive frame of Clariſſa waſted in ſilence; her connubial duty contemned, ſtruggling with a ſecret paſſion never to be gratified, produced a confirmed hectic, which often in a vermil ſoftneſs exalted the languor of her face: "A celeſtial roſy red," a colour which Milton has given his angel, and calls "the proper hue of Love." Sometimes it is ſeen in the laſt ſtage of pining paſſion, tremulouſly fluſhing on a faded cheek. It was thus with Clariſſa. As Melville ſat by her, and perceived ſome little beauty paſſing away every hour, he felt as one who gazes on thoſe ſoftened tints of the parting day, which, more delicately ſhine, and periſh as they ſhine!

He now attributes the permanent traces of her griefs to the cruelty of Horatio's neglect. He thinks he has himſelf been deficient in conſoling the unhappy beauty. More than once the name of Horatio eſcaped, but Clariſſa's eyes were lighted up by reproach, and ſhe replied by a dignified ſilence.

One day as Melville's eyes wandered from her portait to her face, his involuntary ſigh was audible. She had obſerved him. You find (ſhe ſaid, with a

faint

faint ſmile) ſome difference in thoſe features, and in the face they once animated. Ah! nothing but the abſence of returning health, replied Melville. Never will health return (ſhe continued) to the heart that is ſick with hopeleſſneſs. That portrait was once a ſemblance of this face, but this face, Melville, will never reſemble that portrait. My friend, feel this pulſe! She gracefully ſtretched her arm with a collected air, and her eyes looked with a ſoftneſs ſhe had never yet ſuffered to beam on Melville. He took her hand; his finger trembled on the irregular pulſation; his breath was ſuſpended; his voice was extinguiſhed; a tear hung on his eye.

Feel this pulſe! (ſaid Clariſſa with a firm tone.) Melville are *you* not well? And does my friend ſee ought alarming in the death I hold ſo dear? Alas! I have learnt how to die, for I have been a ſufferer in this life!

Clariſſa! Clariſſa! (exclaimed Melville) ſpare a wounded ſoul! The ſpring returns, and your favourite foreſt path is covered with primroſes, and every thorn is in flower. You have been too long confined to your apartment; there one can ſeldom eſcape from oneſelf; but in the fields we yield to Nature. Yes! I ſhall again meet this portrait in our walks.

Never, Melville, never!—Has that portrait ſome intereſting features? I can ſpeak of it as of one departed. It was painted when my heart was in*nocent*—ere I yet knew *to love!*

To

*To love!* (exclaimed Melville) and have you known the paſſion of love?

The face of Clariſſa was covered with bluſhes. The *idea* familiar to her mind had never yet found *language.* She roſe haſtily, and aſſuming a ſerious air, that but ill concealed the embarraſſments of her heart, ſhe murmured, Melville! ſhould I not love? am I not the wife of Horatio? The rights of a huſband!---Melville, I love—as I ought to love!---Her hurried ideas confuſed her expreſſions, and ſhe retired abruptly.

After this event Clariſſa perceived the dangerous connection ſhe had formed with Melville. Her frame, too exhauſted to ſuffer thoſe trials of ſentiment, ſuffered the laſt pang of virtue in deſiring Melville to ſuſpend his viſits, till ſhe gained ſufficient ſtrength to join in their uſual converſations.

Behold the wretched Melville, exiled even by the voice of his miſtreſs! The confuſed avowal of Clariſſa was ambiguous. He thought it might be a paſſion for himſelf; but when this came combined with the idea of her death, a deep dejection ſettled on his ſenſes. But often he conſidered it only as a confidence of friendſhip, and that ſhe had loved ere ſhe was ſacrificed to Horatio.

Their grounds were joined, and Melville, denied the ſight of Clariſſa, found ſome pleaſure in wandering near her reſidence; to the eye of a lover the habitation of his miſtreſs is not viewed without emotion.

One ſtill ſummer evening he roamed into the grounds

grounds of Horatio. He heard only the light airs ſtirring along their leafy paſſage, while the full moon was up, and a floating light illumined the diſtant lake. This elyſian repoſe in that tender day-light touched the melancholy Melville.

There was an arbour which had been a favourite ſeat with Clariſſa and himſelf. He would not enter it; it reminded him of her too forcibly. But he could not quit the ſpot, and ſeating himſelf near it, inhaled it's deep fragrance, and gazed where the moon, gleaming through the leaves, poured in the ſhadowy bower, a tremulous day. Half concealed by the umbrage, Melville diſcovered Clariſſa!

Her face reſted on her arm, her eyes were raiſed to heaven. She ſighed, and it vibrated through the deep ſilence; inconſciouſly Melville ſighed, and Clariſſa inclining her ear fancied ſhe liſtened to an echo. Melville had retired quickly, had his ſteps not been arreſted by the plaintive voice he loved.

And has a ſoul (Clariſſa exclaimed) been given to endure a conſtancy of ſuffering? Thou heaven! art my witneſs, as thou art my judge. I love another than my huſband; and ſhall the guilt reſt on my head? If this thought be a crime, then am I a criminal! for often thoughts, moſt guilty thought have inflamed the chaſteneſs of my blood. A word, a geſture from him I love, had proved fatal!

I ſtruggled till my heart ſunk. How often have I reſiſted the dangerous logic the heart knows to invent!

vent! It complained of the injuſtice it ſuffered, and it roſe in rebellion. Yes, the heart knows no laws; but I would not plead *the error of a father* for the *crime of a daughter!*

Victim of filial obedience! I ſhed the pureſt tears on THE ROSES I grafted on THE OAK! and to pleaſe a parent I was willing to accept a certain miſery.

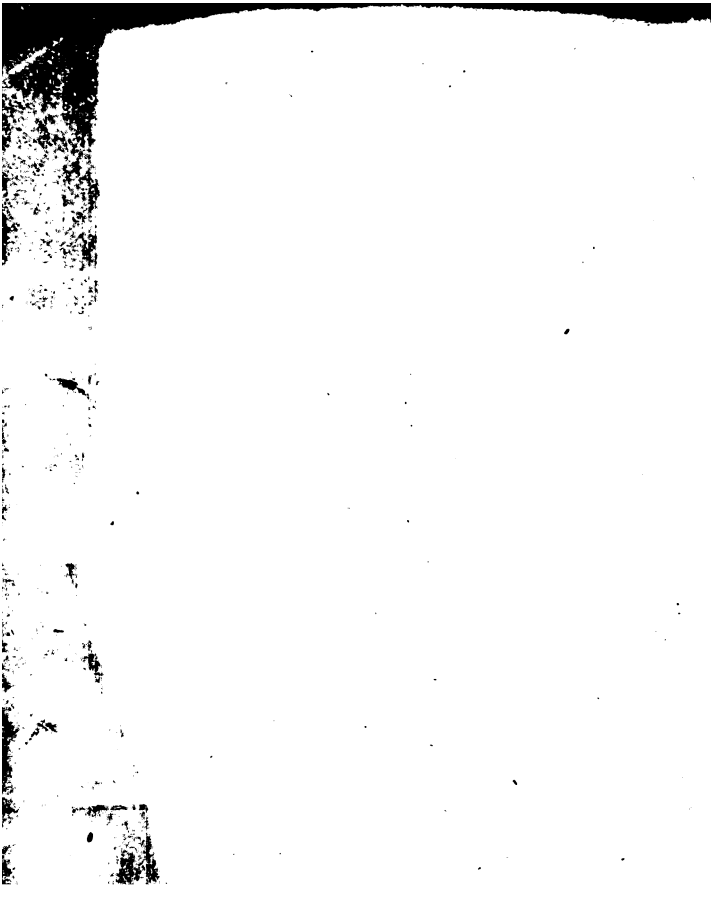
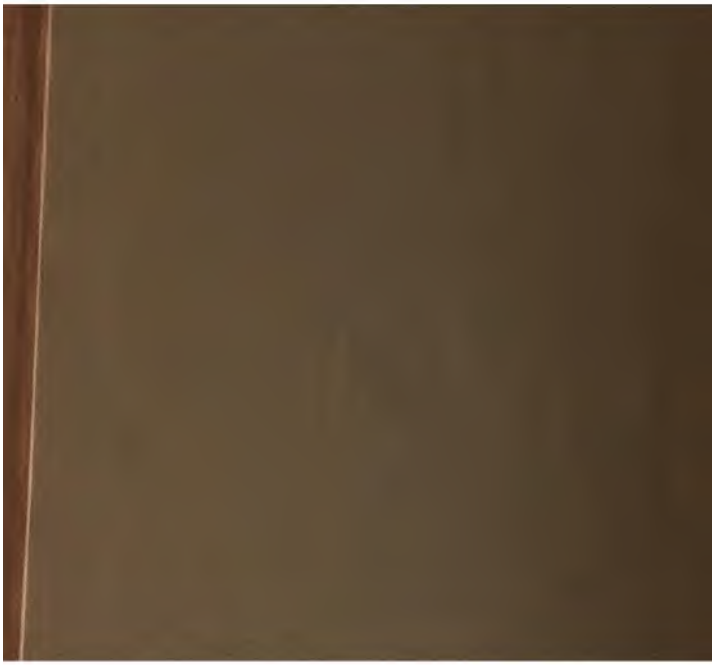
Yet in youth I *felt* I was born *one day to love!* To teach myſelf to intereſt the being I pictured to myſelf, I cultivated the endearments of my companions, for I thought that friendſhip would gently open my ſoul to love. I practiſed a thouſand attentions to their wants, that I might one day make the felicity of another's the ſweet habitude of my ſoul. Melville! Melville! thou wert loved before thou wert known!

O God, thou who haſt witneſſed all, wilt mercifully cleanſe a heart, *ſtained* with thoughts indeed —but it is not *rotten* with corruption! My martyred ſpirit accepts the death thou haſt ſent! Yet, yet, it cheriſhes the crime it dies—not to commit! And Melville's name ſtill delights my ear! The parting ſoul turns from the contemplation of it's God—to the memory of a Man!

She now having given a voice to her feelings, quitted the arbour, and left Melville motionleſs. Now all that had paſt was intelligible! In the horror of his mind, the thought of being loved, gave a faint pleaſure to his heart—faint and not chearful—like the flame of a ſepulchral lamp.

The feeling mind will wish to close the melancholy tale. Who loves to view virtue unhappy? Not long after this accidental view Melville had of his mistress, he saw her corpse carried to the grave! His first meeting with the only woman by whom he knew himself to have been beloved was at her tomb!—In that tomb he has buried all his passions. He has quit a world Clarissa no more inhabits; sometimes he is a wanderer in the light of the moon, and sometimes glides into the arbour Love has made holy, to think and to mourn—like that hermit-bird, who haunts desolate spots, the human MONATHREN *sits alone to lament* *.

* The MONATHREN is vulgarly called the *solitary sparrow*; as such birds are found in Greece, a Greek name is given to them, from two Greek words which signify ALONE and TO LAMENT. Linnæus calls it "*Lanius infaustus.*" It usually sits alone on the tops of old buildings, and on roofs of churches, singing very sweetly, especially in a morning. It is known in Germany, and the northern nations, under the name of THE HERMIT, or THE BIRD OF MISFORTUNE.

THE END.

Luke Hansard, Printer, near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.